

Rouge

Cultfever

I left a shroud in a town to be sorted out
Its like a leaf-flake brown kind of fabric gown.
Where the curve of the ground that they hear around
Is like the echo sound in a concave town. Stiff, starched shirts, cold feet, and chest, Ill keep it cleaner.
Ill wear their stiff, starched shirts, cold feet and chest, Ill keep it cleaner. Stung quiet but this is just frightening,
Im so concerned about hygiene
Stung quiet but this is just frightening, Im so concerned about... Eyes swept black like a smoke stack
Nothings wrong with that.
I said her eyes swept black like a smoke stack
Nothing here is like that.
Its like the word got out and its all around,
I feel the lines to my veins and theyre clamping down.
Thin loose wrists
Dear, I must insist,
We keep it cleaner. Stung quiet but this is just frightening, Im so concerned about hygiene
Stung quiet but this is just frightening, Im so concerned about... I think I am addicted to the drumming.
I said I think I am addicted to the drumming.
They said we recognize your eyes and we recognize your blood
And though its thinner than a knife you are similar enough. Stung quiet but this is just frightening, Im so
concerned about hygiene
Stung quiet but this is just frightening, Im so concerned about...

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