

Skin Me

Strapping Young Lad

sit here
blue light
washed outborrowed
pin me up and boil
welcome to the wrong...skin me...
silent filtersucks in the resting
whipping
children
posture frozen god.
hungry muted nations...skin me...it's just a feeling I have
it's like a feeling of death
you can't be in it for the cash
you must be in it for life
and if your houses I need
and if the payment is real
and if your mind is at ease
that is the death of music.

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