

Mud

Himsa

Young dumb fools Here we come Dragging what's left of our dirty thoughts We're feeling young and dumb
Because they come Out of nowhere And without a warning Good morning Slide out of bed It's going to take a
million cold showers to wash away this mud We've been slinging Hey, everyone gets lonely Even when we're
not alone It can be very scary Wearing these earth suits Alien from Mars And Venus came and made this mess
It's no fault of ours That we're all unclean She's unclean He's unclean Just like our mothers and our fathers
And their mothers and their fathers And their mothers and their fathers They all died and Have soiled
themselves And it leeches up through the roots To the flowers Where the birds and the bees pollinate The land
with toxic shame Shame begets shame Guilt and shame Toxic shame End this strain

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