

The Collector

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I pick things up, I am a collector

And things, well things they tend to accumulate

I have this net and it drags behind me

It picks up feelings for me to feed uponThere are times, plenty of times I wish I could let it go

It's time to breed and it's time to grow inside me

There are times, plenty of times I wish I could let it go

But this time to make me think, things I don't want to knowI'm trying to fit it all inside

I'm trying to open my mouth wide

I'm trying not to choke and swallow it all

Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it allI am the plague, I am the swarm

All your hard steps on me, I'm keeping at war

And they'll make me stay they won't let me leave

There are so goddamn many of them it gets hard to breatheI'm trying to fit it all inside

I'm trying to open my mouth wide

I'm trying to make them choke inside

I am a big boy and I will swallow it all

Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it allEvery last one, every last one, every last one, every last one

Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one

Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one

Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one

Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one

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