

Make Me Pure

Boy Hits Car

I'm feeling something about today
The way the rain has settled on the ground
Makes me think

The drops in sky go from cloud like worms into
The world unkind where they now lay and die
Wonder what it's like to die

So don't tell me a thing
The more I know the more uncertain I will be
I just wannabe naked all the time upon this mountain
Fucking myself into oblivion

Then I will be free
Set me free of brother

Pure
Make me pure, make me pure
Make me pure, make me pure
Make me pure, make me pure
Make me pure, make me pure

Make me pure in the morning when you feel me come
Make me pure in the morning when you feel it come
Pure in the morning when you feel it come
Make me pure in the morning when you feel me come

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Pure
Make me pure