

Perfection

The Butterfly Effect

You make me dirty make me feel like a whore
Right here where you want me down with the fleas in the floor

Still you tried to clean me bleach away like stains
Blackened ash in your mouth won't distil your distain

It doesn't matter when you say I'm not clean anymore
It doesn't matter when you say I'm dirty like a whore

Here it's nothing
For you there is nothing pure