

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

the collector

Par Nine Inch Nails

Album : With Teeth (UK Bonus Tracks)

I pick things up

I am a collector

And things, well things

They tend to accumulate

I have this net

It drags behind me

It picks up feelings

For me to feed upon

There are times, plenty of times

I wish I could let it go

But they start to breathe

And they start to grow inside me

There are times, plenty of times

I wish I could let it go

But they start to make me think

Things I don't wanna know

I'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 all

I am the plague

I am the swarm

All your hurt sticks on me

And I keep it warm

They will make me stay

They won't let me leave

There are so god damn many of them

It gets hard to breathe

I'm trying to fit it all inside

I'm trying to open my mouth wide

I'm trying not to choke inside

I am a good boy and I will swallow it all

Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all

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, every last one