

## The collector - 1/1

**Interprété par Nine Inch Nails.**

I pick things up  
I am a collector  
And things, well things  
They tend to accumulate  
I have this net  
It drags behind me  
And 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 want to 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 you hurt sticks on me  
And I keep it warm  
They make me stay  
They won't let me leave  
There are so God damned 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

Are you listening?

Yes I am building something bigger than the world

Something terrible with all of this