

Corinna Fugate "Cold"

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How can you know what I'm feeling when it's locked
inside?

To wear it on my body tells what words cannot describe
A thin red line tells you where the blade has been
So many secrets hiding beneath my skin

And It's cold, cold, cold
Out of control

Locked in the bathroom stall
Leaning against the wall
I know they're all waiting for me so I'll be as quick as I
can be
I see the red but I feel no pain

It feels like I'm floating away and it seems
I've become my own prey

And it's cold, cold, cold
Out of control

No pain, no gain, no sane
No pain, no gain, no sane
No, not today

I'll find another way
Ice cube in hand to
Numb this pain

And it's cold, cold, cold
Out of control

Cold, cold, cold
Out of control

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