

Devin Townsend

"Cod Metal King"

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Bleeding hearts will never stop
What bleeding lips will start, I'll make your mother
Take your friends, and take your hands
And ride the feeding cart...

Your little dreams are nothing now
Your dreams are nothing to me, I'll make another
Piece from all the crap around and keep the best for
me
I seem never to get the message through
That shit should mean something to you
I tell you brother, it's easy to hold the imaging
Of the cod metal king

Falling, we're falling... Back at beginnings
Don't mean a thing when you come to the cod metal
king
You can't deny the power of the millions who are weak
They never bother to take a look
At what it takes, to get us through the sheep

3 am
I drive alone
I drive where no one will follow me
I keep it low
Inside my coat
I keep it there for me
And I can't believe
We've pass the point
I can't believe we're through, I take another
Look around
And track it down
And disease was right in you

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