

Black Gold

"After the Flood"

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you can't be well enough alone
you're twisting, going further from home,
we're spinning out of control

no touch, no feel
you take you steal
you're slipping into patterns again
another night of cigarettes and short breath

it's hard to keep it holy
i try to keep it clean, but honesty is wearing thin
don't make me give in

it went too far,
it left us scarred
and you've come apart
it went too far,
far from the start
and changed who we are

you're desperate, you're used to being cold
so wounded; now go do what you're told
another night of cigarettes and short breath

it's hard to keep it holy
i try to keep it clean, but honesty is wearing thin
don't make me give in

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it went too far,
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