Blitzkid
"Dead Again (Cold Skin)"

It was a late summer evening
of flowered simplicity.
Two lovers walked down a path
bound by their mutual anxiety.

The breeze was warm and it passed with no threat
of any of the orange tinged leaves.
Two lovers gazes locked inside a season that more
than breathed...
it was alive.

She's not coming back, my friend.
She's not coming back, my friend.
She's not coming back, my friend.
Bring on the Fall. She's Dead Again.

That quiet girl that he loved
Followed, always, the clockwise sun.
Sun rays, and dandaelion parades
trumpeted all of her returns.

He waded, waiting, wistful, all alone
in the singing grass, the singing grass.
Who's song withered to a brown, deathly moan saying
"She's not coming back.."

She's not coming back, my friend.
She's not coming back, my friend.
She's not coming back, my friend.
Bring on the Fall. She's dead again.

If that boy ever thaws again,
his blue eyes will blacken.
If happiness ever returns to him,
it's trust he'll be lacking.
God, stop this icy season
and its hungry branches.
Bring on the Fall
Bring on the Fall, again.

She's dead again....

Never got a chance to say to you
all the ways I ever cared for you.
Bt now you're gone and locked inside this tomb
You're sealed away in fate's cold and concrete womb.

I want to stay here forever.
(though your presence, it cuts like a knife)
I want to wrap my arm's around you
(though your cold skin, it grows cold as ice)

Peaceful one
Laid in peaceful repose.
Those eyes held skys
The highest that I've known.
Your arms do fold so silent 'cross your chest.
Give you my life until I catch up with your death.

chorus.

and it cuts like a knife.
cuts like a knife.
cuts like a knife
cuts like a knife.
(x 4)