

## Hurt

# "When It's Cold"

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When the sun is gone  
it's surely not forgotten  
it's surely not forgotten  
by the likes of me  
though the leaves may die  
and a tree survives to blossom  
so why does that wheel of life  
want more from me?

Why does it have to hurt  
when it's...

So when the season comes to pray  
that God take mother to her grave  
In an endless, frigid, bitter  
boiling sea  
I know what kind of son  
hopes someone with a gun  
puts a bullet through her brain  
'cause I'm that bitch's  
bitter, hateful seed  
that's me

Why does it have to hurt  
when it's cold?  
Yeah, why does it have to hurt  
when it's cold?

Why does my skin burn  
off its bones?

Yeah why does it have to hurt  
when it's cold?

So then I started losing days  
around November  
and then I fold into the grey  
winter's coat  
'cause the things that hurt the most  
that I remember  
seem to only show their face  
when it's cold

And then I start to bleed  
because it's up to me  
and then I start to believe  
that I don't wanna be anymore

So why does it have to hurt  
when it's cold?  
Yeah, why does it have to hurt  
when it's cold?

Why does the skin burn  
off its bones?

Yeah, why does it have to hurt  
when it's home?

Why couldn't we stay in church  
like we were told?

Yeah, why does it?  
Why does it?  
Why does it hurt  
when it's cold?

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