

## Mad Season

### "Locomotive"

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No sleep, you're counting those fallen  
Turn white as a sheet in the face of the rain grown  
colder  
The wild flower waltzing, the locomotive crawling  
Blood on the wheels where the rust don't stain  
Your self chosen cure is your self chosen pain

No time to ride  
On the back of a beast such as suicide.  
Charm me, completely (?)  
The black light suits you baby

Too sweet, it's there for the killing  
Lie there at your feet, but the face in the mirror's grown  
older  
A bell's distant ringing, the scorpion stinging  
Mirrors making noise, but your mind don't care  
Words screaming in like you're not even there

You sigh, inside  
To the back of a train they call suicide  
Charm me, completely  
You know the black light suits you baby

You sigh, inside  
To the back of a train they call suicide  
Charm me, completely  
You know the black light suits you baby

No time to ride  
On the back of a beast such as suicide.  
Charm me, completely  
You know red light suits you baby

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