

Mudvayne

"A world so cold"

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When passions lost
and all the trust is gone
way too far, for way too long
children crying
cast out and neglected
only in a world so cold
only in a world this cold
hold the hand of your best friend
look into their eyes
then watch them drift away
some might say we've done the wrong things
for way too long, for way too long

fever inside the storm
so im turning away
away from the name (calling your names)
away from the stones (throwing sticks and stones)
'cause im through the mending the wounds of us

keep your thorns
'cause im running away
away from the games (fucking head games)
away from the space (hate this head space)
the circumstances of a world so cold

burning whispers, remind me of the days
i was left alone, in a world this cold
guilty of the same things
provoked by the cause
ive left alone, in a world so cold
fever inside the storm
so im turning away
away from the name (calling your names)
away from the stones (throw sticks and stones)
'cause im through mending the wounds of us

keep your thorns
'cause im running way
away from the games (fucking head games)
away from this space (hate this head space)
the circumstances of a world so cold

im flying, im flying away
away from the names (calling your names)
away from the games (fucking head games)
the circumstances of a world so cold

why does everyone feel like my enemy
dont want any part of depression or darkness
ive had enough
sick and tired
bring the sun
or im gone, or im gone

im backing out
im no pawn
no mother fucking slave to this
never lied
never left
never lived
never loved
never lost
never hurt
never worry about being me or anything else
not a care
no concern
dont give a shit abot anything

backing out
giving up
no mother fucking slave to this
never lied
never left
never lived
never loved
never lost
never hurt
never worry about being me or anyone else
not a care
no concern
dont give a shit about anything

i need to find
a darkened corner
a lightless corner
where its safer and calmer

im turning away
away from the names (calling your names)
away from the stones (throwing sticks and stones)
'cause im through mending the wounds of us

im running away
away from the games (fucking head games)
away from the space (hate this head space)
the circumstances of a world so cold

im flying, im flying away
away from the names (calling your names)
away from the games (fucking head games)
the consequences of a world so cold

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