

Arctic Death "Golden"

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i sat down in the dirt i was born again
with a pain in my back
received and sent
a sharp reminder of my favorite approach
he spat in your face and he expected a note

he was a golden boy
i was a problem child
the blood of god is staining my hands
can we sit and cry a while?

i beg for position like a broken seam
a permanent argument for another man's dream
i bit down and tasted myself deep in you
with steel in my teeth i look to the sky and said:

if this is free then i won't take it
my forgiving tongue remember when i made it
with my broken heart i said i'd look over you

how numb are we?
how numb are you?
blinking lids on hollow faces
saw this empty situation

this misconception we painted
on a postcard simple and naked
i'm the savior that betrayed you
i'm your maker
i display you.

if this is free then i don't need it
you shook your head
i gave you someone to bleed with
you promised every breath i took that i'd look over you

a subtle smile that i never had
a bleeding heart that i never had
i owe nothing to you
i only suffered with you

if this is free then i won't take it

my forgiving tongue remember when i made it
with my broken heart in hand i look over you
over myself

if i'm free then you won't take me
how impossible do you have to make me?
with my broken heart in hand
you look over me
over yourself

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