

Cold Specks "Holland"

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Rotterdam, goddamn
This starving go against,
And then tar mulling up the opposed modernity
And I heard them scream
We are many, we are many, we are
And in the Hague, I did proclaim
'cause then I'll find god in the gutter
You'll catch the dead and bury them with old words
When the hours begin to flee I will sing
Recover me
We are many
We are many
We are dust
We are many
We are many
We are dust
Into dust we will all return
Oh I, whole night, I heard you sing
Only dreamers, dead times, and dirty kings
Oh I, whole night, I heard you sing
O death, where is thy sting?
Does it feed on eager limbs?
How will the body know?
I was caught in the eye with a nightingale
Hold the water, let it burn
Some lives may dig deep but my cold crime is clean
If I show you my hands, will you carry the beast?
We are many
We are many
We are dust
Into dust we will all return

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