

One Dead Three Wounded "Cold Wars"

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Apparently I got world war three inside of me
I got a fucking war in me
Dear Tim, stop screaming. Who the fuck do you think
you're convincing?
You keep screaming about the things that you won't
change.
You keep screaming about the worst things in your
brain

Your El trains only illuminate bad scenes
Your own brain creates the war you wage
No, I think I did it again. I wrote about my pain with a
pen
No, I think I did it again. I wrote about the worst things
in my head
Yeah, I think we got a whole fucking lot to learn

Dear Tim, stop screaming. Who the fuck do you think
you're convincing?
You keep screaming about the things that you won't
change.
You keep screaming about the worst things in your
brain
Your El trains only illuminate bad scenes
Your own brain creates the war

When will you figure it out?
You find comfort in these cynical songs.
And if that's where you've been then it's where you
belong
Right now I'd rather play guitar than sing
To avoid all the bad news I feel so compelled to bring
To avoid all the sad song I feel so compelled to say

Dear Tim, stop screaming. Who the fuck do you think
you're convincing?
You keep screaming about the things that you won't
change.
You keep screaming about the worst things in your
brain
Your El trains only illuminate bad scenes
Your own brain creates the war

I got world war three

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