

Colour Revolt

"The Cradle"

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Fat, stoned hearts bleed for rent;
melt down tv's, and pawn off old pants.
And worry too much, "Should I curb my past?"
If you've never had it done,
we pray it happens to you fast.

Even though, it is tacky.
I deserve eternal laughing.
So I walk into the stable,
burn what I am able then I run with the cradle.

Truthful lips lead lost thoughts and the body follows
that,
so you can take nothing.
If it's not deserved what would you do?
Put voodoo on your man.
Put something on my head.

Even now, I am thinking.
And all the while, I can leave with it.
So I walk into the stable,
take what I have paid for then I run with the cradle.

So, I scream until I'm stable.
Walk when I am able then I talk with the cradle of love.

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