

## Pretty Things "Cold Stone"

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In the sky you're runnin'  
white liquid at your feet  
mismercied through the darkness  
look so obsolete  
now the walls are falling  
now that you are free  
will you pin your hopes on lies  
don't pin them on me

we're goin' down slow  
we're in a hole  
to beg a please  
now rest for me

beneath the sky you're runnin'  
white mucous skin you throw  
chase out a bloodstained weasel  
just might be a stow  
through the velvet forrest  
white whitesses at hand  
oh brave soldier what's so sad  
don't you understand

we're goin' down slow  
we're in a hole  
to beg a please  
now rest for me

This world is just cold stone  
this world is just cold stone  
this world is just cold stone

we're in a hole  
we're goin' down slow  
to beg a please  
now rest for me

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