

## Mr. Red

### "World So Cold"

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When passion's lost and all the trust is gone  
Way too far, for way too long  
Children crying, cast out and neglected  
Only in a World so cold, only in a World this cold  
Hold the hand of your best friend  
Look into their eyes  
Then watch them drift away  
Some might say, we've done the wrong things  
For way too long, for way to long

Fever inside the storm  
So I'm turning away  
Away from the name (Calling your names)  
Away from the stones (Throw sticks and stones)  
'Cause I'm through mending the wounds of us  
Keep your thorns  
'Cause I'm running away  
Away from the games (Fucking head games)  
Away from the space (Hate this head space)  
The circumstances of a World so cold

Burning whispers, remind me of the days  
I was left alone, in a World this cold  
Guilty of the same things, provoked by the cause  
I've left alone, in a World so cold

Fever inside the storm  
So I'm turning away  
Away from the name (Calling your names)  
Away from the stones (Throw sticks and stones)  
'Cause I'm through mending the wounds of us  
Keep your thorns  
'Cause I'm running away  
Away from the games (Fucking head games)  
Away from the space (Hate this head space)  
The circumstances of a World so cold

I'm flying, I'm flying away  
Away from the names (Calling your names)  
Away from the games (Fucking head games)  
The circumstances of a World so cold

Why does everyone feel like my enemy?  
Don't want any part of depression or darkness  
I've had enough  
Sick and tired  
Bring the sun  
Or I'm gone, or I'm gone

I'm backing out, I'm no pawn  
No mother fucking slave to this  
Never lied  
Never left  
Never lived  
Never loved  
Never lost  
Never hurt  
Never worry about being me, or anyone else  
Not a care, no concern, don't give a shit about anything

Backing out, giving up  
No mother fucking slave to this  
Never lied  
Never left  
Never lived  
Never loved  
Never lost  
Never hurt  
Never worry about being me, or anyone else  
Not a care, no concern, don't give a shit about anything

I need to find a darkened corner  
A lightless corner  
Where it's safer and calmer

I'm turning away  
Away from the name (Calling your names)  
Away from the stones (Throw sticks and stones)  
'Cause I'm through mending the wounds of us

I'm running away  
Away from the games (Fucking head games)  
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I'm flying, I'm flying away  
Away from the names (Calling your names)  
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