

Cold Brains

Beck

Cold brains
Unmoved, untouched, unglued
Alone at last

And no thoughts
No mind to rot behind
A trail of disasters

A final curse
Abandoned hearse
We ride disowned
Corroded to the bone

The fields of green
Are bent obscene
I lay upon the gravel

And a worm of hope
A hangman's rope
Pulls me one way or the other

A final curse
Abandoned hearse
We ride disowned
Corroded to the bone

A bird of song
Is heard no longer
In the evacuated heavens

And the drain is drawn
And drained and gone
And all and all it doesn't matter

A final curse
Abandoned hearse
We ride disowned
Corroded to the bone