Orphans

Beck

Think I'm stranded but I don't know where
I got this diamond that don't know how to shine
In the sun where these dark winds wail
And these children leave their rulers behind
As we cross ten leagues from a Rubicon
With matchsticks for my bones
If we could learn how to freeze ourselves alive
We could learn to leave these burdens to burn

Cast out these creatures of woe
Who shattered themselves
Fighting a fire with your bare hands

Now my journey takes me further south
I want to hear what the blind men sing
With their fossils and their gypsy bones
I'll stand beside myself so I'm not alone
And how can I new again
What rusts every time it rains?
And the rain it comes and floods our lungs
We're just orphans in a tidal wave's wake

If I wake up and see my maker coming
With all of his crimson and his iron desire
We'll drag the streets with the baggage of longing
To be loved or destroyed
From a void to a grain of sand in your hand