

Cold Hands

Black Lips

Subconsciousness been splayed on cankered brains
We get along and their very boones decay
Try to find what little else remain
My heart still beating but I'm feeling so restrained

You try to make a living by using what you got
But the way that it's been going
Well you gonna get shot
He's an old cold hand

Missfortune passed down from long times ago
Been rendered senseless in a temple made of gold
I heard you're really out here all alone
I'm stuck in limbo and you're perched atop a throne

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