

The Cold

Flotsam and Jetsam

It all comes down to this
How to hold on to life I once had with you
An addiction like this
The supply slips away without warning
Don't know how to survive
I still need you to fill all the voids inside

You're the blood inside
You're the beat of my soul
You're the breath inside
You're the thought that I hold
You're the blood inside
You're the beat of my soul

How should I keep time from ticking away
Stop tomorrow from coming
How can I hold the craving at bay
So better off when I didn't know
Coming at me so fast I can't run
Years of minutes of seconds of time
Put inside all I am, all I have
Pay the toll to hear what's on my mind

Where do I go from here
The sun doesn't rise where I am
Spring never rises from fall
And the nightingale doesn't sing

Where do I go from here
There is no yellow brick road
No reference for my dreams
And no warmth to hide the cold

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What is left for the time that I have
What is forward for looking to
Every path that I take is washed out
Every star is burnt out to follow
Passing by me so fast motion slow
Years of minutes of seconds of time
Generations learning what I know
Pay the toll to hear what's on my mind

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