

# 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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