

Becoming Cold (216)

Mushroomhead

Never heard my name called
Never any one at all
Never in the right
At the heart of every fault
Time to write me off

(Demand the antidote
To rescue this stranded soul
Cast away the last you know
That the dream is gone)

Every day life takes it's toll
Every day life takes it's toll
When are we going home
Becoming cold
How did we get here
How did we get here
What are we alive for
Give me a reason
Give me a reason
To murder my idols

(save your faith for the faithless we need it most
Need something to believe in but nothing comes close
Hindsight won't let me sleep at night amputate this foolish pride
Minds eye pickled in cyanide and I can laugh at myself)

The deviants will deviate rewrite the rules alleviate
A martyrs meant to mediate messiahs mend the word

Never heard my name called
Never any one at all
Never in the right
At the heart of every fault
Time to write me off

I feel no pulse
No vital signs
A forced impulse
Among idol minds
Every day life takes it's toll
Every day life takes it's toll
When are we going home
Becoming cold

How did we get here
How did we get here
What are we alive for
Give me a reason
Give me a reason
To murder my idols

(save your faith for the faithless we need it most
Need something to believe in but nothing comes close
Hindsight won't let me sleep at night amputate this foolish pride
Minds eye pickled in cyanide and I can laugh at myself)

How did we get here
How did we get here
What are we alive for
Give me a reason
Give me a reason
To murder my idols
Some heads have got to roll

Every day life takes it's toll
Every day life takes it's toll
When are we going home

You made me what I am today
The toll that my life's taken everyday
Don't think I'll ever make it home
(Not going home)
I won't forget where I came from
Or what you made me
Some heads have got to roll