

Beck, Orphans

Think I'm stranded but I don't know where
I got this diamond I don't know how to shine
In the sun where the dark winds wail
And these children leave their rulers behind

As we cross ten leagues from a rubicon
The matchsticks for my bones
If we can learn how to freeze ourselves alive
We can learn to leave these burdens to burn

Cast out these creatures of woe
Who shatter themselves
Fighting the 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 make 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