

# 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