

# Black Lips, Cold Hands

Subconsciousness been splayed on cankered brains  
We get along and their very boones decay  
Try to find what little else remain  
My heart still beating but I'm feeling so restrained

You try to make a living by using what you got  
But the way that it's been going  
Well you gonna get shot  
He's an old cold hand

Missfortune passed down from long times ago  
Been rendered senseless in a temple made of gold  
I heard you're really out here all alone  
I'm stuck in limbo and you're perched atop a throne

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But the way that it's been going  
Well you better run fast  
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