

Mudvayne, A World So Cold

When passion's lost and all the trust is gone,
Way too far, for way too long
Children crying, cast out and neglected,
Only in a world so cold, only in a world
This cold
Hold the hand of your best friend, look into their eyes
Then watch them drift away
Some might say, we've done the wrong things,
For way too long, for way too long
Fever inside the storm,
So I'm turning away.
Away from the name
(Calling your names)
Away from the stones
(Throw sticks and stones)
'Cause I'm through mending the wounds of us
Keep your thorns
'Cause I'm running away,
Away from the games
(Fucking head games)
Away from the space
(Hate this head space)
The circumstances of a world so cold
burning whispers, Remind me of the days,
I was left alone, in a world this cold
Guilty of the same things, provoked by
The cause,
I've left alone, in a world so cold
Fever inside the storm,
So I'm turning away.
Away from the name
(Calling your names)
Away from the stones
(Throw sticks and stones)
'Cause I'm through mending the wounds of us
Keep your thorns
'Cause I'm running away,
Away from the games
(Fucking head games)
Away from the space
(Hate this head space)
The circumstances of a world so cold
I'm flying, I'm flying away,
Away from the names
(Calling your names)
Away from the games
(Fucking head games)
The circumstances of a world so cold
Why does everyone feel like my enemy,
Don't want any part of depression or
Darkness, I've had enough
sick and tired, bring the sun, or I'm gone,
Or I'm gone
I'm backing out, I'm no pawn,
No mother-fucking slave to this,
Never lied
Never left
Never lived
Never loved
Never lost
Never hurt
Never worry about being me, or anyone else
Not a care, no concern, don't give a shit about
Anything

Backing out, giving up, no mother-fucking
Slave to this,
Never lied
Never left
Never lived
Never loved
Never lost
Never hurt
Never worry about being me, or anyone else
Not a care, no concern, don't give a shit about
Anything,
I need to find a darkened corner,
A lightless corner,
Where it's safer and calmer,
I'm turning away.
Away from the name
(Calling your names)
Away from the stones
(Throw sticks and stones)
'Cause I'm through mending the wounds of us
I'm running away,
Away from the games
(Fucking head games)
Away from the space
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The circumstances of a world so cold
I'm flying, I'm flying away,
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