

The Classic Crime, The Coldest Heart

A couple of years and I'm a silhouette
My halo is broken now and I'm all that's left
I hate to disappoint but it's the way things went
I was blind to the things I did
And deaf to what was said
Tie up these loose ends
'Cause voices are calling me out
I've got the solution:
You can feed me to something
That is leaving this town

Whoa, I'm losing hope
There's a hole in my heart
That's been cut out of stone
Whoa, cold comes cold goes
Could you fill this hole?
'Cause I can't do it alone

A couple of tears and I'm a broken mess
The sadness has taken me far too deep in regret
So sing me a song about something good
My heart's on the threshing floor
And I've done every single thing I could

I used to believe in some kind of feeling
That could change everything I thought I knew
But that door is closed and
My heart feels like it's frozen
If you hear me I can't feel you

Whoa, I'm losing hope
There's a hole in my heart
That's been cut out of stone
Whoa, cold comes cold goes
Could you fill this hole?
'Cause I can't do it alone

The coldest heart can be brought to life
When it's thrown into the fire of goodbyes

I've got the coldest heart