

Beck, Cold Brains

Cold brains,
Unmoved,
Untouched,
Unglued
Alone at last
No thoughts,
No mind
To rot
Behind
A trail of disasters
A final the curse
Abandoned hearse
We ride disowned
Corroded to the bone
The fields of green
Are bent, obscene
I lay upon the gravel
A worm of hope
A hangman's rope
Pulls me one way or the other
A final curse
Abandoned hearse
We write this song
Corroded to the bone
A bird of song
Is heard no longer
In the evacuated heavens
The drain is drawn
And drained and gone
And on and on, it doesn't matter
A final the curse
Abandoned hearse
We rock the salt
Corroded to the bone