

Fake Problems, Cold On The Soul

I've been outside for ten long minutes, I'm freezing cold.

I am not used to all of this snow.

When I see the snow, it freezes me in place.

I cannot move my hands or fingers and I cannot feel my face.

But you, you aren't to blame.

I will stand here until you awake, and when you wipe that sand from your eyes,

I will still be outside waiting patiently unless I have died.

I'll fall backwards and be buried with those flakes that fall from the sky.

Oh but I will resurrect a man with three coal buttons on his vest.

And those eyes as black as death, just to whisper in your ear it's for the best,
it's for the best, it's for the best.