Stone Sour, The Frozen

The girls on the streets look all sad in this gold encrusted little town Why is that? Isnt this the town of dreams? Yeah, but it comes with a price

Its a town that never does anything and takes all the credit A place that promises so much and never has a thing to say Or a care in the world There is no memory here No dream for itself but the dreams of others

And all over the world you talk about a place youve only seen in the re-runs Immortalized by its vice and deified for its carnage

Theres money in the air there All you have to do is reach up and grab it.

In basements, garages, parking lots, empty lots, school yards, town cars, Back rooms and more Diamonds are fashioned from expectations and fortified on a steady diet, Of simple lives and red carpets

The ejaculating zeitgeist in night vision Culture is a punch line in a motionless blood in the water The sharks here play games you cant fathom But you flock here anyway

On college money and credit cards Spend a week bullshitting yourself that it was all true,

All of it

Just to watch in horror as it all falls into pieces into the gravity of reality The starry eyes fade as it dawns on you, Nothing is guaranteed

You are a part of the great divide, the chosen, or the frozen Now your miles away without an egg, Your college money is a collage of debt And your credit cards are all snapped in fucking half.

Time to wander a landscape in berethed of mercy This is now the back lot of your failed movie A waking dream re-written without your permission The real luster, the soft focus, the soap opera vision Is just the hindsight of a world whos just been lied to Of sad surfs, and untouchable lords

You took a chance didnt you? The chance didnt have a par for you this time around Maybe next life.

And you cant even walk home

The girls on the street all look sad in this cardboard cut-out little town No wonder, thats the only thing here thats real The gold is for fools and paradise is lost But the hungry have never bothered with the cost

Day by day they fall away like rose petals Like ink that wont dry or fade It just runs wild down cracks and crevices, grooves and folds So I hope someone saves you, before you get cold I really do.

Because the girls are on set in this little black book

If you dont believe me take a closer look. If you can..?