

The Beautiful Mistake, Cold Hands (For Dying He

this summer storm brings the breaking news
from the west horizon thus words are cold
their empty promises won't heal or feed us
we're losing hope

Don't even think we'll make it
through this brand new year
we've got the scars
we've got the bars erected all around us

cold are the hands
of the blessed americans
keep on looking
you can't quite feel them