

Yellow Tricycle, Cold Heart

Faceless nameless what're you thinking of
Your head hanging low in the city of angels like a moth in box
Walking barefoot, you lost
Like a living deadman you stalk the empty streets your dirty clothes in shreds
Sickened by your lust it's all the same to you
Dust to dust no one to blame
Cause we are all the same
We're all losing the game
You can suffer sure you can't see if you still feel
Yeah you can hurt yourself
You can laugh you can cry
Carry a cross but it won't make you a man
Little boy ride away don't stare at me that way v I'm reaching for a hand
Now the flames are closing in
I don't know who i am
But i can see through you