Cyanide

The Dead Color

Well, let me bend your ear
'Cause I'm never really there
When shadows turn to light
And hope into despair
There was an only one
But the broody skies above
Brought down a shameful stain
And not a single drop of cleaning rain
Well, let me say
Oh whoa, well, there's no place left to hide
Oh whoa, from the loneliness inside
The road to you is paved right through
With bloody good intentions
And missing you is like kissing cyanide
Well, in this world of things
One of them is lost
I've been it in my dreams
But not without a cost
Down a lonely street
It was our destiny to meet
Nobody asked you twice

We found purchase then
With no requite, nothing nice
Oh whoa, well, there's no place left to hide
Oh whoa, from the loneliness inside
The road to you is paved right through
With bloody good intentions
And missing you is like kissing cyanide
Would you believe in something good
That's so wrong?
And have you worshiped our invention?
Well, I've paid my debt in coin and sweat
With trifling hesitation
Because the road to you is paved
With good intentions
Oh whoa, well, there's no place left to hide
Oh whoa, from the loneliness inside
The road to you is paved right through

With bloody good intentions
And missing you is like kissing cyanide
Cyanide, cyanide, cyanide
Cyanide, cyanide, cyanide, cyanide

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