

Nobody Likes a Hero

The Ghost of a Thousand

It's just a common cold, brought on by a lack of trust ,it's just a small stone hanging from an iron cross, it's just a black mark picked up by a fucking nurse, we walk away, walk away like it's not our fault. Can't see, mouth fills up with tar, black tar, if only you could see. I can't see it, my mouth fills up it's just that we're dazzled in the homes of the magistrates. Tongue, whip, gold, no choice, we're dazzled in the homes of the magistrates. Can't see it, my mouth fills up with tar, black tar, if only you could see, we're dazzled in the homes of the magistrates, we're dazzled in the homes of the magistrates, we're dazzled by the magistrates.

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