

Becoming Cold (216)

Mushroomhead

Never heard my name called never anyone at all
Never in the right at the heart of every fault
Time to write me off
Demand the antidote to rescue this stranded soul
Castaway the last to know that the dream is gone
Everyday life takes its toll
When are we going home, becoming cold
How did we get here what are we alive for
Give me the reason to murder my idols
Save your faith for the faithless we need it most
Need something to believe in but nothing comes close
Hindsight won't let me sleep at night amputate this foolish pride
Minds eye pickled in cyanide and I can laugh at myself
Everyday life takes its toll
When are we going home
Everyday life takes its toll
When are we going home
The deviants will deviate rewrite the rules alleviate
A martyrs meant to mediate messiahs mend the word
Never heard my name called never anyone at all
Never in the right at the heart of every fault
Time to write me off
I feel no pulse no vital signs
A forced impulse among idol minds
Everyday life takes its toll
When are we going home, becoming cold
How did we get here and what are we alive for
Give me a reason to murder my idols
Save your faith for the faithless we need it most
(How did we get here)
Need something to believe in but nothing comes close
(And what are we alive for)
Hindsight won't let me sleep at night amputate this foolish pride
(Give me a reason)
Minds eye pickled in cyanide and I can laugh at myself
(To murder my idols)
Heads have got to roll
Everyday life takes its toll
When are we going home

Everyday life takes its toll
When are we going home
You made me what I am today
The toll that my life's taken everyday
Don't think I'll ever make it home, not going home
I won't forget where I came from or what you made me
Some heads have got to roll, roll

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