

Cold Brains

Beck

Cold brains
Unmoved, untouched, unglued
Alone at last And no thoughts
No mind to rot behind
A trail of disasters A final curse
Abandoned hearse
We ride disowned
Corroded to the bone The fields of green
Are bent obscene
I lay upon the gravel And a worm of hope
A hangman's rope
Pulls me one way or the other A final curse
Abandoned hearse
We ride disowned
Corroded to the bone A bird of song
Is heard no longer
In the evacuated heavens And the drain is drawn
And drained and gone
And all and all it doesn't matter A final curse
Abandoned hearse
We ride disowned
Corroded to the bone

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