

# Cold Hands

Carl Anderson

How I regret what I must do  
But you've left me no choice  
    Though I still strain  
I can't recall the beauty of your fey voice  
Now that I've heard come through the walls  
    A song I've heard many times  
I must return all you gave me  
    In the company of swine  
We had found sacred ground  
Oh, we had found sacred ground  
    You burn down  
I thought you sang so tastefully  
    But now I see I was wrong  
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave  
    So, please cut the love song  
How I regret what I must do  
    But you must be replaced  
For I cannot go on suffering  
Such simple and common tastes  
    When you met my eyes  
You sang to me of passion, pain and will  
When I blinked you turned away  
    To kiss the hand of filth  
We had found sacred ground  
Oh, we had found sacred ground  
    I'll burn down  
I thought you sang so tastefully  
    But now I see I was wrong  
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave  
    So, please cut the love song  
Tell me, who will hear your voice  
Your song, when the smoke has cleared  
    And the lights are gone?  
Tell me, who appears when I'm gone  
I thought you sang so tastefully  
    But now I see I was wrong  
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave  
    So, please cut the love song  
I thought you sang so tastefully

I see I was wrong  
This serenade turns to filth when I leave  
So, please cut the love song, cut the love song

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