

How To Beat A Dead Horse

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons

And if what you've got is still nothing, you feel the chill as summer leaves.
Breathe the cold into your lungs and known you truly are alone.
We walk the streets until we freeze and hope the warmth will set us free.
And know that you have lied and I wish I could be there on the day you die - alone.
We'll bury you in the snow and steel will break frozen ground
as these arms lower you down into a hole where you belong.
The feel of love is so gone. The blood in your veins was frozen from the start.
With a broken heart you left me here alone.
I wonder why I'm still dying for this.
And we've walked through these woods before on some cold October nights.
I didn't think I'd walk back out alone.
And without you by my side I just start to smile and see things for what they are
and not what you have shown. Fraudulence - you have shown nothing more to me.
Now you lie entombed in cold, frozen.
Now we'll sing a song so pure.
And what you've done is so incurable.
You lay alone under the ground.
What went wrong with us?

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