

Cold & Intimate

[Nitin Sawhney](#)

You see me walk, you see me fall
You touch the tears upon my face
I taste your words, I smell you fear
I feel your bitter sweet embrace Nothing mentioned, nothing gained
You're here and then your gone
Your complications keep me sane
We're cold and intimate I watch the news, I hear your words
I smell the lies beneath your smile
You hesitate, you deviate
From pictures filled with silence Nothing mentioned, nothing gained
We're here and then we're gone
A simple world appears insane
But we're cold and intimate We search within, we search without
We touch the corners of our minds
We play our lives, deceive our friends
We taste the fruit of our own lies Pointless ventures,
Endless games
We were never here at all
Nothing in this world could change
Are we cold and intimate

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