

When It's Cold

Hurt

When the sun is gone
it's surely not forgotten
it's surely not forgotten
by the likes of me
though the leaves may die
and a tree survives to blossom
so why does that wheel of life
want more from me? Why does it have to hurt
when it's... So when the season comes to pray
that God take mother to her grave
In an endless, frigid, bitter
boiling sea
I know what kind of son
hopes someone with a gun
puts a bullet through her brain
'cause I'm that bitch's
bitter, hateful seed
that's me Why does it have to hurt
when it's cold?
Yeah, why does it have to hurt
when it's cold? Why does my skin burn
off its bones? Yeah why does it have to hurt
when it's cold? So then I started losing days
around November
and then I fold into the grey
winter's coat
'cause the things that hurt the most
that I remember
seem to only show their face
when it's cold And then I start to bleed
because it's up to me
and then I start to believe
that I don't wanna be anymore So why does it have to hurt
when it's cold?
Yeah, why does it have to hurt
when it's cold? Why does the skin burn
off its bones? Yeah, why does it have to hurt
when it's home? Why couldn't we stay in church
like we were told? Yeah, why does it?

Why does it?
Why does it hurt
when it's cold?

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