

Cold On The Soul

Fake Problems

I've been outside for ten long minutes, I'm freezing cold.
I am not used to all of this snow.
When I see the snow, it freezes me in place.
I cannot move my hands or fingers and I cannot feel my face.

But you, you aren't to blame.
I will stand here until you awake, and when you wipe that sand
from your eyes,
I will still be outside waiting patiently unless I have died.
I'll fall backwards and be buried with those flakes that fall f
rom the sky.

Oh but I will resurrect a man with three coal buttons on his ve
st.
And those eyes as black as death, just to whisper in your ear i
t's for the best,
it's for the best, it's for the best.