

Cold Stone

The Pretty Things

In the sky you're runnin'
white liquid at your feet
mismercied through the darkness
look so obsolete
now the walls are falling
now that you are free
will you pin your hopes on lies
don't pin them on me

we're goin' down slow
we're in a hole
to beg a please
now rest for me

beneath the sky you're runnin'
white mucous skin you throw
chase out a bloodstained weasel
just might be a stow
through the velvet forrest
white whitnenses at hand
oh brave soldier what's so sad
don't you understand

we're goin' down slow
we're in a hole
to beg a please
now rest for me

This world is just cold stone
this world is just cold stone
this world is just cold stone

we're in a hole
we're goin' down slow
to beg a please
now rest for me