

Hollow

Trampled by Turtles

Little did we know, that the world was dying.
That the birds outside, they never sing for us.
Winter time is slow, and the pain she'll be crying.
My blood runs cold, they never sing for us

Hollow, hollow... I'm empty

Guess we'll go outside, and face the slaughter.
Of a dead end life, and a world getting smaller.
Shortly you'll be here, my little darling.
All the birds can crow, and the winter doesn't matter.

Hollow, hollow... I'm empty