

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 this way of life want more from me
So 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?
Why does it have to hurt when it's cold?
Why does the skin burn off it's bones?
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 worst that I remember
They seem to only show their face when it is 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?
Why does it have to hurt when it's cold?
Why does the skin burn off it's bones?
Why does it have to hurt when it's home?

Why couldn't we stay in church like we were told?
Why does it, why does it, why does it hurt when it's cold?