

Old Gold

36 Crazyfists

Holding on to sickness, kept me tied to the road of old
What was once a hand of faith turned to rust from gold
Weakening position where I place my eyes alone
There is loss all around, there is birth again I know

Pull me out of the dirt
Let the light cleanse me
Second chances were mean to
Divide the death of our woes
Of our woes

I'm surfacing again
Let the light come clean my bones
From the ice and snow below
It's buried deep in hope

Clean my bones
In ice and snow
Deep in hope
Old gold

Violence, the color outweighs lines of magnitude
Where a cold brush with death makes it hard enough to chew
Poisonous, the bottle that takes shape in solitude
Where the numbing outlives hell until the ends just come unglued

Pull me out of the dirt
Let the light cleanse me
Second chances were mean to
Divide the death of our woes
Of our woes

I'm surfacing again
Let the light come clean my bones
From the ice and snow below
It's buried deep in hope

Clean my bones (I'm surfacing again)
In ice and snow
Deep in hope
Deep in hope
Old gold

Empty the tank, leave it all on the floor
Empty the tank, leave it all
Better to breathe in the sinking of the coast
Inside the throats, inside the throes of the bend

I'm surfacing again
Let the light come clean my bones
From the ice and snow below
It's buried deep in hope

Clean my bones (I'm surfacing again)
In ice and snow
Deep in hope
Deep in hope
Clean my bones