

# Gratitude

IDLES

I was having visions of ten million ways to die  
I was having visions of ten people that might cry  
I forgot the path I'm on  
Forgot to sing my song  
So karma paid  
Now no righteous hand will hold the stories I have told  
So I will say

That gratitude cuts through my veins  
I hold my hand up and I say  
That gratitude cuts through my veins  
I hold my hand up and I'm awake

More old bloody murder from a bastard's old cake hole  
Ripped-up cuticles and morons wistful  
An acid to wash my soul  
Doomsayer's swords and lies for your lores  
He crippled the mason's shake  
I'm soft to the core  
I'll die before bored  
Held fingers does not a man make

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That gratitude cuts through my veins  
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Hold my hands up  
And thank you  
Gratitude  
Hold my hands up