

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

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

Hold my hands up
And thank you
Gratitude
Hold my hands up