

Golgotha

Iron Chic

You can't hold much
When you break everything you touch
Even time's fine sands
Seem to blister and pop as they turn to glass in your hands
But you hang on tight
You're holding on for your life
Just hoping you'll get it right
Just hold on for one more night

It's a new day
When it breaks, it breaks all the way
Little pieces all across the state
Really shows the years on your face
Close your eyes
Trust in every step you take
As we clear a path to your grave
It's calling out to you

Then we're met with silence
Like a bomb, it's a calm kind of violence
And I have my doubts
That we'll make it out of life alive
So it rots inside us
So cool, but cruel and mindless
Just speak out loud
And bring yourself back to life

But you can't say much
When you speak, the words turn to dust
Just hoping that you can trust
I'm holding on to you