

Black Hearts and Evil Done

Jerry Cantrell

Too many heads broke too many times
Tired of the same joke, tired of the grind
Coming down's a bit low, harder to stay
Same punk in the mirror, different the day

I want to build something, something alive
Digging for a fossil suspended in time
I want to build something, something alive
Missing like a sunrise, too cloudy to shine

Oh, here it comes
Equal to the sum
Oh, here it comes
Equal to the sum
Oh, black hearts and evil done

Too many heads hung, too few can be
Tired of the lies spun in the land of the free
Selling out's a mission, kneel, settle, assume
Same crook in the White House respecting me and you

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So many visions faded and slain
Slammed home in a prison, forgotten like the way
Comes a decision, break your heart in two, yeah
Out with the old stuff, in with the new

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