

Your Hate Could Power A Train

Madison Cunningham

Under blue lamp light and radio waves
A lab full of white coats examine the frame
Of the mind and its suffering, but no one can say
How someone reclaims a little autonomy
Sold it to the land, tossed it like seed
Saw it grow hands and fold me underneath

Your name is a torch to the skin, and I've heard it
Spoken it so many times it hardly sounds like a word
You're not to be crossed, but then you never were
You say God and men have always raced to be first
And I'm under the table catching the excess
Left to be strung over two thousand frets

What does it say about you?
Your hate could power a train
And what does it say about me?
Your love could get away with anything
With anything

I put the needle to the groove and let it play out
While you're playing on virtue, what could I say now?
Plain as the limb on your family tree
I know the way they hurt you is the way you hurt me
Quietly I'm losing my mind, losing my mind, losing my mind
And you don't seem to mind now

What does it say about you?
Your hate could power a train
And what does it say about me?
Your love could get away with anything
With anything

I'm not messing around, not ready to laugh about it
I don't worship the ground that's holding you
I think it's wrong, the way you harm
But no one ever looks too hard at it

What does it say about you?
Your hate could power a train
And what does it say about me?
Your love could get away with anything