

Mr. Cold

The Agonist

Tonight, I met a grinning man in a dark suit
A glowing reflection, to my surprise
Were vibrant orbs in place of eyes
His mouth never twitched as he spoke to me
Meaning no harm, he was passing by
In hollow times we'd meet...

If you ever meet the man named cold
You will feel the chill straight to your bones
If you ever stare into the eyes of the mothman
You will feel their fright

It's as if he knew
One day they'd wake and draw pictures of his face
It's as if he knew

One day they'd drive up and down this place
In hopes of looking into his mind

We eat, we breathe, we sleep, we bleed
We eat, we breathe, we sleep, we bleed
We bleed even as you do... we bleed

We will see you again... in time

The fascination passed so we dug the grave
And along we buried all the strange
The weirdly eloquent answers to life's mysteries

We eat, we breathe, we sleep, we bleed

Today is the day the questions stopped
Even the ghosts are too, they're too scared to talk
Today is the day I thought would never come
How strange it feels now that the weird is all gone