

Turning Gold

The Pretty Reckless

Love is a vengeance
Put upon this breed
It takes the highest mountain
And brings it to its knees
Down below it hits me
And keeps me wearing this mask
But if I ever meet him
I'll be sure to ask for the light
For the light
For the light
For the light

In the seventh hour
Waiting in the cold
I can feel the power
I'm turning gold
I'm turning gold
I'm turning gold

Life is an ending
Starting in the womb
You build a home of brick and mortar
Then it is your tomb
And I don't know real, I don't know right
I don't know if I should lay down or fight
But I know that somehow
It'll be alright

In the seventh hour
Waiting in the cold
I can feel the power
I'm turning gold
I'm turning gold

Time is relentless
A mathematical curse
Put upon by god above
To make your body hurt
Through the burning, the bleeding
The itch of the healing
The screams carry on through the night
But I know that somehow
It'll be alright

In the seventh hour
Waiting in the cold
I can feel the power
I'm turning gold
I'm turning gold
I'm turning gold
I'm turning gold
I'm turning gold