

# Mad Season, Locomotive (feat. Mark Lanegan)

No sleep, you're counting those falling  
Turn white as a sheet in the face of the rain grown colder  
The wild flower waltzing,  
The locomotive crawling  
But on the wheels where the rust don't stain  
Your self-chosen cure is your self chosen pain

No time to ride on the back of a beast such as suicide.  
Join me, come meet me  
Black lights suit you baby

Too sweet, it's there for the killing  
Lie there at your feet, but the face in the mirror has grown older  
A bell's distant ringing, the scorpion stinging  
Bells making noise, but your mind don't care  
Words screaming in like you ? there  
Inside, inside  
To the back of a train they call suicide  
Join me,  
Come meet me, you know the black light suits you baby

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