

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

Inside, inside
To the back of a train they call suicide
Join me,
Come meet me, you know the black light suits you baby

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