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Cold Hands

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Cold Hands

I don't know how it ever came to this;
the bonds that confine us are not real.
By moonlight we dream fantastic escapes,
love brings remorse. Still we try.

The bonds that confine us are not real,
like the iron bars of a prison cell.
Love brings remorse. Still we try,
while futile attempts to escape bring pain

Like the iron bars of a prison cell,
she holds my heart in a frozen hand.
While futile attempts to escape bring pain,
we fall asleep fearing what we want.

She holds my heart in a frozen hand;
I don't know how it ever came to this.
We fall asleep fearing what we want,
by moonlight we dream fantastic escapes.
singular cry would not echo back unheard.

—Seth Ireland '99