

“In my own words”

origin and meaning  
of 7 songs from  
*Goddess* and  
*Into the Firelight*

*Ariel Adams*

<https://arieladams.hearnow.com/>



These songs on the 2-track "Goddess" EP and 5-track "In The Firelight" album come from experiences of the heart – tragic, elevating, painful, remorseful, pensive, passionate, courageous, and so many more that form the wholeness of human emotion.

The first track "The Watchers" presents a dark meditation on willful moral paralysis, collective apathy, and the corrosive effects of inaction in the face of suffering. Through recurring imagery of coldness, stone, fire, and mythic figures, I try to frame emotional detachment as both a personal failing (bordering on an ethical crime) as well as a rampant societal disease.

“Gorgons and goddesses” symbolize forces within humanity that petrify empathy – fear, voyeurism, and selfish desire. These emotions simultaneously possess the power to ignite change and act. This duality (that the same instincts capable of cruelty also hold transformative potential) is something I wanted to capture. We all have the power to be healing or hurtful.

The song repeatedly condemns passive observation: eyes feed the brain, but mouths remain silent and bodies unmoved. References to real places like Manhattan and Michigan piers attempt to pierce the veil of myth, grounding the song in real places because this disease exists everywhere - from modern metropolises to peaceful country fishing spots. It is a silent poison, a contemporary social crises, for which spectators who watch suffering from a distance are implicating as if they are dolling out the punishment and directly. Language of contagion like “anthrax cloud” and “poison the fruit” frames apathy as something infectious, spreading through communities unchecked.

Ultimately, the song's message warns that moral failure lies not only in overt evil but in preserved indifference. Humanity rises and falls cyclically, and without courageous action, mythic power turns inward, hardening hearts to stone while the world burns.

Beneath the weight of shadows, silence clings.  
A choir of grief where compassion never sings  
As broken hearts grow colder with years  
They hide the wounds and sharpen their spears.  
Cold bitterness becomes a watchful art  
Where mirrored pain hardens corroding heart.

*Gorgons and goddesses, dancing in the dark,  
Turning hearts to stone, then lighting up a spark,  
Legends in our veins, hear the old world call,  
Gorgons and goddesses -- they rise, and we fall.*

Silent the mouth while the eyes feed the brain.  
Conversations can happen, contrite and inane,  
But action to save or preserve another  
Only serves to perturb malevolent emotion.  
No motion to render the slightest commotion.  
Schadenfreude, malice, and souls torn asunder  
Is blissful joy to bitter ones hurt in the past  
And past forgiveness or gratitude steadfast.

Fear little fields of feral desire that turn  
To stoke selfish fires whilst others burn  
And reach for hands of philanthropic care.  
The evil in inaction, id preserved intact,  
Among the fire observed but never an act;  
The burning to receive mere apathetic stares.

Ghosts of Manhattan and Michigan piers  
Through windows of the soulless choked out by fear  
Of a caustic yarn spun by a mystic crewel lye  
An anthrax cloud to poison the fruit  
Observed by only the eyes of astute  
Voyeurs who cackle and watch the rest die

*Gorgons and goddesses, dancing in the dark,  
Turning hearts to stone, then lighting up a spark,  
Legends in our veins, hear the old world call,  
Gorgons and goddesses -- they rise, and we fall.*

In "Plano Star" I try to capture the dichotic compulsion to act constrained by the reasoned consequence of doing so. It tells a story of longing, attraction, and emotional risk, framed through a cosmic metaphor. The star functions as both a person and a guiding celestial object... something bright, beautiful, and powerful enough to change a life's direction.

The core theme is *love as gravity*. An irresistible, intractable, unavoidable force that pulls you toward it, and as you move toward it you risk destabilizing the universe. You know if you give in to the force there will be massive disruption, yet resisting the pull feels impossible to ignore despite the consequences.

The themes, imagery, narrative arc, and songwriting of "Plano Star" are inspired by a specific woman; however, the feeling is one that many of us have felt before. I gave into the cosmic magnetism and it did change my life. For many of us though this song relays memories of a complicated relationship, possibly an unavailable love, someone tied to an existing relationship, someone emotionally out of reach, or maybe someone whose culture is so different that we don't have the courage to deal with that disruption to family, friends, or other pressures in our life. In this way the star is beautiful, distant, powerful, and yet unreachable... like an actual star.

Where "Plano Star" starts with hesitation and awareness of risk, the chorus strips away complexity to an almost childlike simplicity: Plano star, I love you so. I like using this contrast: the verses representing the intellectual struggle, and the chorus conveying raw emotional truth. As the verses evolve so does the momentum of movement... first staring then leaning and ultimately falling (fast.) I also use double meanings a lot, not just here but also in other songs. In "Plano Star" there is falling physically toward the star as well as falling in love.

In such a complicated relationship as is reflected in this song, the imagery darkens when consequences and realization come to the forefront of the mind, e.g., staring at threads of emotions worn thin, face to face with fate when the damage is done. Emotional entanglement and the price of such ardor is the cost the obsession such attraction brings.

Before giving in to the compelling seduction, there is doubt, waiting, and anguish. History and extenuations prevent the relationship; time is no friend as it marches on relentlessly, but hope always remains, "I'm still holding on." The sweet release of finally giving in to the emotion is reflected in the use of playful words like catnip (irresistible but irrational attraction) and the nonsensical doo-dah... a smile through the sadness. Silly, foolish, and fun... but isn't that love?

I tried to paint an emotional progress of a journey from caution to attraction, surrender, realization, and finally blissful acceptance.... a gravitational descent into love.

A plain ol' star burns hot to illuminate  
A path I want but dare not contemplate  
One step amiss, one step awry  
Could tip the balance of the cosmic sky  
And pull them tempting stars  
From their place up high  
Plano star, where have you gone  
Plano star, I'm all alone  
Plano star, I love you so  
So bright in the night My Plano star

That pull's all I feel, that road wrapped in haze  
Concealment and wonder, I'm caught in its gaze  
I stare, then I lean, let my footfall fall true  
Moving faster, then falling for you  
Heat weighs heavy, hesitation fades  
Every doubt I had just slips away  
Plano star, where have you gone  
Plano star, I'm all alone  
Plano star, I love you so  
So bright in the night  
My Plano star

That dark road desire's hard to outrun  
A blind spot opens, but I still feel one  
Sharp senses cut clean, leave me undone  
Face to face with fate when the damage is done  
I stare at the threads of emotions worn thin  
Wondering how deep this love goes in  
Plano star, where have you gone  
Plano star, I'm all alone  
Plano star, I love you so  
So bright in the night  
My Plano star

Those sultry eyes at the turn of a hip  
Set fires burning from a cornered lip  
Doubt burns out in a passionate flame  
But the past won't loosen its grip on her name  
A friend and no friend, time's cruel hand  
Wears down love I can't command  
Still I stumble, still I chase  
Down this breathless, breakneck pace  
Mind don't mind what my heart already knows  
She don't notice, but still I go  
Plano star, where have you gone  
Plano star, I'm still holding on  
Plano star, I love you so

If I ever get to say "ahhh,"  
Or sigh content, let the moment slip  
Light fantastic, plain ol' star — my catnip  
I'll laugh and sing, "Oh la la, doo dah!"  
Plano star... oh doo dah Plano star... oh doo dah

"Fire Within" is a feral, sexy, wanton groove - something we've all felt before. The simple but burning desire of wanting someone.

The song centers on overwhelming desire and dangerous attraction. We've all been drawn to someone who ignites a primal, uncontrollable passion within us. That fire, sin, danger, and surrender we all feel compelled to jump into. The key thematic tensions of this song (which was meant to be fun) is desire vs. self-control, will vs. thrill, sin vs. celebration, and loss of control vs. willing surrender

The repeated idea is that we know the relationship may be destructive, but embrace it anyway. There is clear perceived danger in the desire we see... passion-driven relationships are often thought of as something forbidden or reckless. Ultimately, I enjoy the celebration of "the fire" instead of resisting it; a simple resignation of acceptance of desire as part of oneself. Others may see such a relationship as dangerous, a temptation leading to ethical or moral wrongdoing; hence, the inclusion of images of crime: lips like a loaded gun, judge and jury, etc.

As in most of my writing, I juxtapose images that struggle to coexist: water and fire heighten the feeling of being overwhelmed by emotion. Here the psychological arc moves from attraction to loss of control, conflict, and defiant lusty resignation.

Simple animal passion where you can't tell the difference between heaven or hell. Ring the warning bell and enjoy!

Your skin so succulent, I want to devour  
Deep eyes so opulent, dark as a storm cloud  
Every hour we're not melting skin on skin  
Oh girl, you make me want to sin  
Bad, so bad — that beastly fire within

Your love it drowns me, steals away my air  
Pulls me under in wonder — I don't even care  
And somehow, don't know how, I'm caught in the spin  
You wake the wild thing I've buried within

Burn, burn — baby how I burn  
You're ragin' hot and I cannot  
Burn you off my brain  
Sane or insane, I'm aflame the same  
I'm branded and stranded — so baby what's your game?

You move like trouble in a tight black dress  
Every step's a promise I shouldn't confess  
You move like trouble in a tight black dress  
Every step's a promise I shouldn't confess  
Lips like a loaded gun beggin' to begin  
You pull the trigger on the fire within

Burn, burn — baby how I burn  
You're raging hot and I cannot  
Burn you off my brain  
Sane or insane, I'm aflame the same  
I'm branded and stranded — so baby what's your game?

I try to run but the rhythm won't quit  
Your name in my veins like a hit after hit  
They say I'm in danger, but danger's my kin  
If loving you's a crime — let the trial begin

Is it heaven? Is it hell?  
Ring the warning bell  
I'm dancing on the wire of your desire  
And loving the farewell  
Judge and jury, gasoline and spark  
Strike the match and kiss me in the dark  
If I'm going down, I'm going crowned in sin  
Long live the fire within

Burn, burn — baby how I burn  
You're ragin' hot and I cannot  
Burn you off my brain  
Sane or insane, I'm aflame the same  
I'm branded and stranded — so baby what's your game?

Burn! (Ohhh I burn!)  
Burn! (Let it burn!)  
Long live the fire within

We return to The Watchers series with “The Watchers’ Prayer.” This song is a sequel that flips the lens: the watcher becomes the one petrified, and now has to beg for the very mercy they refused to give. The watcher finally makes a confession of moral passivity (if only to themselves) ... someone who spent years observing suffering, intellectualizing it, and distancing themselves from action, and is now confronting the guilt and emptiness that resulted. I

I wanted to continue the mythological imagery from the first song and blend in historical trauma with personal self-indictment to explore the danger and consequence of being only a “watcher.” The central idea is that detachment can become a form of complicity.

Early lines establish the watcher as someone who observes but does not intervene. They maintain an intellectual distance—like someone analyzing the world rather than engaging with it, but these are revealed as self-deceptions. Apathy disguised as wisdom becomes moral decay.

“Watchers” often portrays themselves as someone who studies suffering like an academic subject rather than confronting it. All too often, they later admit this identity openly only when they need help themselves, e.g., “I am the watcher who needs to be seen.” Ironic pain for one who refused to alleviate the same. The watcher’s inaction turned him to stone emotionally, tying in the mythical gorgon theme.

Together, the refrain of gorgons and goddesses symbolize that we human beings contain both forces: the petrifying watcher (gorgon) and the compassionate actor (goddess) – mythic forces that are psychological archetypes inside us all. I was compelled to portray apathy as a religious ritual... this apathy is not passive observation; it feeds on the spectacle of ruin and compassion becomes currency hoarded rather than spent. Stillness in the face of suffering can itself be evil.

The song expands from personal guilt to historical catastrophe with Manhattan in black velvet rain meant to conjure images of 9/11, urban tragedy, and mass suffering. “Anthrax clouds in a jeweled sky” references bioterror fears, human-made catastrophe, and technological violence, implying the watcher saw history’s horrors unfold from a distance. But the turning point comes with the mirror symbolizes self-recognition. The past that was only watched now demands accountability and the watcher becomes the watched. I then collapse the tone into exhaustion that is meant to feel spiritual rather than physical. It is the fatigue of someone who has finally confronted years of moral avoidance.

Has the watcher gone too far to be saved?

# The Watcher's Prayer

I lived in the rafters of merciless years,  
A candle unlit in a cathedral of sneers.  
I watched the world bleed through a glass I called "wise,"  
Let strangers drown while I sharpened my eyes.  
No hands in the fire, no breath in the smoke—  
Just silence as armor, and distance as joke.  
I named it "peace," but it rotted my core,  
Now I can't tell what I'm living for.

Gorgons and goddesses, circling my name,  
Turning my spine into statues of shame,  
Legends in our veins, hear the old world call—  
Gorgons and goddesses... we rise, and we fall.

I spoke in the language of "not my concern,"  
Like incense of apathy, slow as a burn.  
I held my compassion like coins in a fist  
And called it "control," and I called it "a gift."  
I fed on the ruin like it was a rite,  
Schadenfreude communion in the dead of night.  
And when mercy approached, I looked away—  
Now mercy won't look at me the same.

Gorgons and goddesses, circling my name,  
Turning my spine into statues of shame,  
Legends in our veins, hear the old world call—  
Gorgons and goddesses... we rise, and we fall.

There's evil in stillness that dresses as calm,  
A serpent that sleeps in the cradle of "harm."  
I watched hands reaching, I watched them recoil,  
I watched good intentions get dragged through the soil.  
I never threw water—just measured the flame,  
Like tragedy's scholar, like grief's little saint.  
Now the ash in my throat is the price that I pay,  
For the years I spent looking... instead of being brave.

And now the mirror is hungry,  
now the mirror remembers

I see Manhattan in black velvet rain,  
Michigan piers where the cold says my name.  
Ghosts in the windows, with salt on their teeth,  
All of them grimace with menace at me.  
The mystic crewel, the caustic thread,  
I wore it like silk while the living bled.  
Anthrax clouds in a jeweled sky—  
And I laughed, and I watched...  
And I let it fly.

But I'm tired. Good Lord, I'm tired.  
Oh gods, I'm tired and who'll help now?

I am the watcher who needs to be seen,  
Not as a judge—just a man in between.  
My hands are empty, my mouth full of rust,  
My heart is a temple that swallowed its dust.

If anyone's listening beyond this stone,  
If any goddess still answers alone—  
Teach me to touch what I feared to feel.  
Teach me to kneel where I used to conceal.

Gorgons and goddesses, circling my name,  
Turning my spine into statues of shame,  
Legends in our veins, hear the old world call—  
Gorgons and goddesses... we rise... and we fall.  
Gorgons and goddesses, dancing in the dark,  
Turning hearts to stone, then lighting up a spark,  
Legends in our veins, hear the old world call—  
Gorgons and goddesses... we rise... and we fall...

“Back in My Sky” continues the “Plano Star” journey from mythologized longing to grounded presence. It moves through time, distance, self-correction, and finally arrival. The recurring “burning star” metaphor anchors the emotional arc while evolving in meaning as the star becomes closer to being within reach.

At its core, the song traces a shift in how love is understood. I chose a slow country ballad for the tempo because I felt it gave the loving emotional weight the lyrics deserved. Maturing from the frantic pace and worry of “Plano Star” here the belief is that the lover’s separation and longing was governed by destiny or tragedy. But as the song progresses, those grand explanations fall away. By the end, love becomes something simpler and more grounded: “Face to face, no myth, no mist, no borrowed dream to coexist.”

The song rejects the idea that love must be dramatic, tragic, or cosmic to be meaningful. Instead, it arrives at steady presence. The emotional thesis is that true love is not the fire you chase across the sky, but rather it’s the warmth that stays. At first the star represents a beloved who feels distant and unreachable (“tracing the space where your light had been”); later, the star becomes something constant but obscured (“not lost, just out of sight”) with the implication that the love never disappeared; circumstances only hid it. Ultimately, in the final verse, the star is no longer distant; the emotional turning point has arrived and the star transforms from destination to orientation to home (“my burning star my shining home”) where the cosmic metaphor collapses into something intimate, tangible, and real.

Like “Plano Star” this song follows an emotional arc, but here the stepping stones are different:

- Wandering, roaming through time and space confused and sad
- Recognition where a reliable navigational metaphor replaces the earlier cosmic confusion (“True north finds its way”)
- Transformation through time patiently carving slow and moving immature love (fevered flame, reckless spark) to a mature one (banked coal and steady heat). Lasting love is quieter than passion, but stronger.
- Demythologizing love and dismissing the concept that love must contain dramatic suffering. “The sky’s no stage for tragic art” helps hammer home the realization that it wasn’t fate, nor tragedy, nor cosmic irony... it was simply two people who belonged together.
- Arrival where the lovers resolve everything. They don’t promise eternal passion or youthful fantasy; instead they promise presence. This is where the choice of country ballad is perfect in my opinion... it allows for the tone to become almost conversational and grounded. The emotional resolution of “I’ve found my axis once again” is meant to symbolize no more circling orbits that never meet. The lovers are centered.

“No blaze to chase, no dark to spar  
Just open sky...”

Years wheeled wide in their wandering arc,  
A pilgrim orbiting absence and dark,  
Tracing the space where your light had been  
With maps half-torn and a trembling pen.  
I called it fate, I called it chance,  
Called it the ache of circumstance—  
But every road I roamed too far  
Bent back toward you, my burning star.

This plain old star is burning bright,  
Not lost—just out of sight.  
Turns out the heavens shift and sway,  
But true north finds its way.  
No more wishing where you are—  
You're here, you are, my burning star.

Time did its patient carving slow,  
Cutting what pride refused to know.  
Seasons scissored sharp and clean,  
Left only what had always been.  
Not fevered flame nor reckless spark,  
But banked-coal steady in the dark—  
A heat that waits, that does not mar,  
That keeps its watch, my shining star.

This plain old star's still burning bright,  
Not lost—just out of sight.  
Turns out the heavens drift apart,  
Then realign the heart.  
No more reaching from afar—  
You're here, you are, my burning star.

Face to face, no myth, no mist,  
No borrowed dream to coexist—  
Just breath and pulse and present tense,  
No need for grand coincidence.  
The sky's no stage for tragic art,  
No cosmic joke to play its part.  
What fell away was what we're not;  
What held was all we ever got.

I won't swear forever loud and wild,  
Nor promise youth's unweathered child.  
But I will stand where I now stand,  
With open eyes and open hand.  
Let galaxies debate their spin—  
I've found my axis once again.

That bright star, she's burning clear,  
Close enough to almost touch from here.  
The night still stretches far and wide,  
But you're no longer on the other side.  
No more naming what we are—  
You're here. You are. My burning star  
No blaze to chase, no dark to spar—  
Just open sky to make it all right...  
My burning star my shining home  
Ain't never leaving you alone

“The Porchlight” is the final song in The Watcher’s trilogy. I chose a Southern-Gothic style for third chapter because it can do what the mythic songs can’t: make the watcher sit in the human wreckage (s)he created and make it painfully intimate.

This is a confession about moral cowardice and guilt. The watcher doesn’t confess to a single act of violence, but to complicity through inaction, watching harm happen over a lifetime and doing nothing. The repeated image of the porchlight becomes a symbol of guilt, vigil, and a hope for redemption. The watcher leaves the porchlight on in hopes of spotting another soul because he is alone in his misery ... reflecting late in life, isolated, sleepless, and haunted..

The emotional core of the song is admission of justifying standing by while others suffered. Moral passivity, fear disguised as wisdom, and a lifetime of rationalizing inaction has caught up to the conscious... the song isn’t about evil acts committed; rather, it’s about evil allowed. Regret, watching, wretched apathy, and consequence.

The porchlight is a symbol of both guilt and vigil. The watcher is waiting for judgment while hoping for mercy, forgiveness, and finally willfully exposing oneself to whatever moral reckoning is to come. The porchlight signals someone is expected, waited for. The watcher has failed spiritually and morally. The hymn that can’t be sung is loss of faith, spiritual estrangement, and moral disqualification from humanity. The rest of the physical images I use are to relay decay and stagnation: broken frame, rusted swing, cracks in the floor, and the broken wooden chair. They all represent someone who never moved when they should have. Standing still is a metaphor for moral paralysis. Meanwhile, nature acts as a witness to the watcher’s sins... living observers in the moths, crickets, snakes, moon, and tall grass which also create a haunted rural atmosphere that are truths the watcher ignored.

The snakes represent a philosophy of self-interest and disengagement; that belief that allowed injustice to flourish. The snakes also bring in the Medusa and mythic imagery, figures of conscience and judgment. The watcher’s crime is spectatorship, choosing to not intervene when others were harmed. Now the memories have become voices that “settle in” like black-winged birds, scavengers that feed on rotted meat. The resignation of the watcher is final and not dramatic. The watcher is weary, reflective, and accepting, sitting in judgment of themself.

This song is about someone haunted by the realization that the worst thing they did in life was nothing ... and now they wait, symbolized by the porchlight, to see whether mercy exists for someone who stood by while others suffered.

There's a porchlight burning on a broken frame  
Moths keep circlin' like they know my name  
Gravel road hums that same old sound  
Crickets sing as the moon looks down  
I sit where the shadows fall so deep  
Been years now I've lost my sleep  
Used to watch the world through a window pane  
Now I just watch the highway rain  
Called it wisdom called it grace  
But it was fear I wouldn't face  
Let 'em drown while I stayed dry  
Told myself that wasn't my fight

I leave the porchlight on  
Like a hymn I can't sing along  
For the hearts I turned to stone  
For the poison in my bones  
If there's mercy in the dark  
Let it find what I've become  
With the aches and the silence  
Yeah I leave the porchlight on

There's a rusted swing that won't move right  
Like these hands forgot how to hold tight  
I was good at standin' still  
Letting others climb that hill  
Now the night comes whisperin' low  
Through the cracks in the floor below  
Every voice I never heard  
Settles in like a black-winged bird

I leave the porchlight on  
Like a hymn I can't sing along  
For the hearts I turned to stone  
For the poison in my bones  
If there's mercy in the dark  
Let it find what I've become  
With the snakes and the silence  
Yeah I leave the porchlight on

There's snakes in the tall grass by the fence  
I used to say they made good sense  
Mind your business guard your own  
That's how a man's heart turns to stone  
Now every goddess I laughed about  
Roils like thunder rolling out  
And every gorgon in my head  
Whispers "you watched 'em bleed instead"

So I leave the porchlight on  
Like a hymn I can't sing along  
For the hearts I turned to stone  
For the poison in my bones  
If there's mercy in the dark  
Let it find what I've become  
With the snakes and the silence  
Yeah I leave the porchlight on

If there's grace for a man  
Who just stood there and stared  
I'll be right here waiting  
In this broken wooden chair

The Porchlight

“Hollow Flame” is the sequel to “Fire Within” and we close the album with another fun, funky, rhythm-pounding song. “Hollow Flame” dowses the heat of “Fire Within” with the realization that the woman lusted after in that first song turns out to be an emotional void of self-serving and unreciprocated passion. The song has a dark, emotionally charged disillusionment narrative, centered on one-way desire and emotional coldness. It mixes themes of lust, obsession, humiliation, and eventual self-realization.

The struggle between desire and emotional emptiness is obvious and painful. The joy of getting what you sought leads to fulfillment that’s hollow because the other person is emotionally detached – physically present but essentially dead inside. This power imbalance is a relationship portrayed as one-sided and exploitative. It is possession without care, the singer being used as an object, much as he saw the woman in “Fire Within.” The coldness contrasts with the burning passion for something that is attractive but intangible (“skin and smoke”).. something that has cruelty hidden behind charm (an “ice-grin.”)

The turning point is the pinnacle of addiction vs self-awareness. Addiction to a toxic relationship which is compulsion rather than healthy love. Realization of being used for comfort, not loved, powers the shift from despair to defiance in the emotional climax. Something maybe we all wished we had done in some past relationship: instead of begging for warmth from someone incapable of giving it, we choose self-respect and independence.

The lover is portrayed as a femme fatale archetype: seductive, emotionally void, and destructive to create a contrast between appearance and reality... an angelic face with a destructive heart. The final line. “So get your flame some C-O-2” is a sarcastic jab meaning “put your fire out”, reinforcing the rejection of the femme fatale and evolution into self-respect.

This song was not meant to be the deep meditations like The Watcher series. Rather, it means to be a fun song about a familiar situation – falling for someone who can only offer physical pleasure but no emotional connection, realizing the relationship is exploitative, and finally choosing dignity over toxic attachment. Hope you enjoy it and all of the songs!

I got what I wanted, I got what I chased  
That sweet little sinner with the angel face  
Now you're in my bed like a crown you wear  
But you don't look at me like I'm even there  
You touch like a habit, no hunger, no heat  
Like I'm just a rhythm underneath your feet  
And when it's over, you don't pull me in  
You just turn away with that ice-grin

You don't say my name, you don't say a word  
Just give me that look like I should've learned  
It's always a script and I missed my cue  
You want what you want, but you don't want me too  
You take and you take like it's all you know  
Like love's just a room where you come and go  
And I'm left wide awake with a stupid grin  
Still feeding the fire you don't keep in

Cold, cold, baby you're cold  
You're skin and smoke, and I'm the joke  
I'm doing what I'm told  
I burn and I break, you don't even shake  
You don't feel a thing, you just take and take  
I'm wrecked and rejected — so baby what's your game?

You only want it when the lights are low  
When you can pretend I'm a shadow show  
Hands on my chest like a claim you stake  
But your heart's a locked room I'll never break  
And I keep on trying like a fool in love  
Looking for heaven in a leather glove  
But every kiss is a hollow win  
A little less fire, a little more thin

Cold, cold, baby you're cold  
You're skin and smoke, and I'm the joke  
I'm doing what I'm told  
I burn and I break, you don't even shake  
You don't feel a thing, you just take and take  
I'm wrecked and rejected — so baby what's your game?

You don't want a lover, you don't want a friend  
You want a good time that will never end  
You want me waiting, you want me wired  
You want me aching, but never admired  
And I see it now, like a punchline lands  
I'm just something warm for your empty hands  
I wanted the flame, but I let you in  
Now I'm stuck with the dark underneath your skin

Is this desire or a dead-end street?  
A perfect body with a missing heartbeat  
I begged for your fire, I prayed for your sin  
But you're only a mirror I'm trapped within  
Oh, queen of nothing, dressed to kill  
You take your pleasure, you take your fill  
And I'm on my knees but I'm finally free  
'Cause I'd rather burn alone than freeze with you next to me

Cold, cold, baby you're cold  
You're skin and smoke, and I'm the joke  
I'm doing what I'm told  
I burn and I break, you don't even shake  
You don't feel a thing, you just take and take  
I'm wrecked and rejected — so baby what's your game?

Cold! You're cold! You got no soul.  
Cold! So cold baby got no soul!  
I'd rather burn alone than freeze with you  
So get your flame some C-O-2