

At The Gates **"Cold"**

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To rid the earth of the filth
To rid the earth of the lies
To will the rise above
Tearing my insides out

I feel my soul go cold
Only the dead are smiling

To rid your heart of all lies
Their poison tongues, poison hearts
Burning cold...
Now let the final darkness fall

I feel my soul go cold
Only the dead are smiling

"...The dream of the new disease
On wings of euphoria..
Sucking terror from the needle scars..."

22 years of pain
And I can feel it closing in
The will to rise above
Tearing my insides out

I feel my soul go cold
Only the dead are smiling

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