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## 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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