

411**"The Freeze"**Visit "[The Freeze](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Invading my system
At an alarming rate
No boundaries, no restriction
Programmed to infiltrate
No Cure, no cure, I've got to escape
When death comes knocking, I don't want to be home
This tormenting pain
Sweet sleep awaking to horror
Sleep brings relief
But just 'til tomorrow

The doctors want to freeze me
In a century of slumber
Doctor! Doctor!
What a suggestion!
This is no longer just a...
Scientific question

I want to feel that blade sharp cold solt
Shooting through my veins
Driving my lifeblood before it
Deadening my pain

Locking my lungs
In a endless icy breath
Holding me in a state
Between comatose and death

The doctors want to freeze me
In a century of slumber
Doctor! Doctor!
What a suggestion!
This is no longer just a...
Scientific question

Where will my spirit dwell
When I'm in the icy time - machine
I'm haunted by fears of the unknown
Seduced by a science - fiction dream
Doctor! Doctor! What a suggestion!
This is no longer a medical question

Even if they have the ability
Will they decide to resuscitate me
Will I awake to ecstasy
Or emerge as a freak show novelty

Freeze my body... Freeze my soul?
Freeze my body... Freeze my soul...

Will I awake to ecstasy
Will I awake at all
Will I be wrenched from a land of the dead
Damned to relive humanity
A Frankenstein of the future
A ghost imprisoned in body
Or remain a fossilized entity
Locked in eternal purgatory

The doctors want to freeze me
In a century of slumber
The Doctors want to freeze me
In hundred years they'll have the cure
For the ills which pull me under

Please Doctor, come on, freeze me!

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