

## **Broken Hope "Freezer Burnt"**

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Intensely gelid, shivering uncontrollably in a frozen hell,  
As the meatlocker cold chills me to the core  
Locked inside an icy room, among rows of hanging  
meat  
Beef slabs on chrome metal hooks offer no warmth at  
all  
My gooseflesh skin begins to cake with frost  
Inhaling algid thinning air into my icy lungs  
I scream for help, my breath turns to snow  
No one hears me in these soundproof surroundings  
As I pound my hands against glacial steel walls  
My palm flesh instantly sticks to the frozen metal  
The extreme freeze bonds me into the wall  
I pull away, tearing off my skin in gruesome, panging  
strips  
Now scorching, bloody pain in joined with the cold  
This hurtful infridgate situation becomes inhumanly  
unbearable  
I long for heat in any type of form  
For flames I would give my soul  
To be free of this frozen doom

It is my only concern, my wish, my hope  
The deadly cold encloses and shrouds  
As my desperate cries go unheard - go unheard  
Fingers, toes, and limbs become rigidly numb  
My blood slows to a cool, congealed flow  
Inside this giant ice-chest, the cold nips and bites

The inclement conditions are no less than arctic  
My entire body involuntarily curls as frostbite  
consumes  
Frosty clumps of hair fall out and shatter to the floor  
My scalp and face crack from the sub-arctic cold  
Countless pieces of flesh brake off like broken  
eggshells  
A plunging cold so brutal it actually burns  
My lips, nose, and ears crackle, snap and bust  
The digits on my hand - frozen  
Skin turns dark blue  
And purple as blood vessels chill  
I bang my wintered arms together to induce circulation

My efforts split and fracture my frosted flesh, frozen  
into frigid claws  
Blood streams from the cuts immediately turning to  
crimson rime  
The lacerations become frozen gashes of red ice  
This rigor winter atmosphere seeps deep into my being  
The cruel freeze cuts to the nucleus of my corpus  
My body temperature has dropped at an alarming rate  
There is no doubt that this locker is my sepulcher  
My skin continues to split and cleft across my coiled  
anatomy  
Internal fluids iced, my organs in stiffed horripilation  
Jaws are frozen shut, my teeth cease their shatter  
A brainfreeze will be the chilling coup de grace  
Desensitivity, I cannot feel any portion of my  
benumbed carcass  
Immobilized, I cannot move any body part  
As I lay on my back, the cranreuch overwhelms  
My eyeballs freeze over into icicle orbs  
Entwined in the clutches of a deep polar grasp  
I will never leave to see myself thaw  
These severly boreal circumstances will take my life  
Only to leave a frost preserved body - freezerburnt

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