

## **Cold** **"Wicked World"**

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There's blood on the gun.  
That's in your hand  
and a murder in front of you  
Send out the wolves  
The king is dead  
Little pills taking over.

This means war,  
Did the sun just burn out  
Leaving you alone  
Living in a wicked world  
There no way you can escape  
No one ever gets away

Love was the fuel  
That drove your sin,  
When the majesty  
Followed you  
The witches dance the night begins  
And the hearts taking over.

The Royalty won't wash away  
It's his scent that's inside of you  
Off with her head  
The queen she screams  
Little pills taken over.

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