

## Coverdale/Page

### "The Freeze"

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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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