

Schaft "Cold Light"

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In your cold light, I make this gun my lawful wife
In your cold light, I come alive with a Stanley knife
In your cold light, I can see right through my life
Take me, my maker
Got the noose, got the neck
If only I could break her, hate her, save her
If only I could break her, hate her, save her from you

In your cold light, I walk into Tinseltown
In your cold light, these sheets are lit with broken
hearts
In your cold light, I will soon surrender
Here comes success
With your fear, with your fist, and a flick of the wrist

Here comes a candle to light you to bed
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head
Here comes a candle to light you to bed
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head

Here comes a candle to light you to bed
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head
Here comes a candle to light you to bed
Here comes a chopper to chop, chop, chop off your
head

I'm coming on success
With your fear, with your fist, and a flick of the wrist
Here comes a candle to light you to bed
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head
Here comes a candle to light you to bed
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head

SURRENDER!

Here comes a candle to light you to bed
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head
Here comes a candle to light you to bed
Here comes a chopper to chop, chop, chop off your
head

SURRENDER!

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