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The Foreshadowing "Cold Waste"

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Cold in my land Whate'er the time I've been Running too fast or walking too slow For a long time.

Tomorrow I will hate And celebrate my greed Wandering the waste And tasting my heart, Smells like sour and filth.

Tears don't belong to me And no one else, I'm running to my hell 'Cause none of us can make a stand.

Running to my hell...

Cold rain, rush me into my hell All alone when light's off. We are born to procreate And subjugate

Tears don't belong to me And no one else, I'm running to my hell 'Cause none of us can make a stand.

Running to my hell...

Cold waste of a bloody Taste we're alone And ready to fall. Frontiers without volunteers. Who asked for a penny of love? Skyscrapers with hellish view from above We're ready to fall. Cold soul, if you're feeling old you can call When you can't go on...

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