

Throne Of Chaos "Cold Bits Of Fire"

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Smoggy october sea opens
And the silent heat
Of the birds is mine
Everything's seen by the invincible stars
Cold bits of fire
Just nearby

Wing moves along your thigh
And the harbor's full of departures

I count the months
Like my memories
Six white ones, six cold ones
You cannot imagine numbers like that
The whistle's like a dream
And I have returned
From the stars

Wing moves along your thigh
And the harbor's full of departures

I count the months
Like my memories
Six white ones, six cold ones

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