

## **Cone Of Silence "Frozen"**

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I have been chosen  
For mortal art  
My hallow call  
Of sculpturing with those who die

I look into your face  
Ornated with your blood  
Your eyes focus me  
I am aroused by what's to come my dear

Welcome to your death  
I'll let you die in pain  
There is no escape  
I'll get my artwork done  
Now you suffer from my hands that cut your skin  
Begging for a rapid death in vain

My soul is frozen  
So is my heart  
Your passing, my kind of art

Ripping in your flesh  
I like that tearing sound  
Painting with your blood  
Until I'm satisfied  
No, you can't expect me to have mercy  
Cause you're serving for an upper purpose

My soul is frozen  
So is my heart  
Your passing, my kind of art

Bleed, weep, screech for me  
As I pierce through your eyes  
Blind, tied, on your back  
I finalize my art

Bleed, weep, screech for me  
As I remove your eyes  
Blind, tied, on your back  
My work is done

Yeah!

Welcome to your death  
I'll let you die in pain  
There is no escape  
I will get my artwork done  
Now you suffer from my hands that cut your skin  
Begging for a rapid death in vain

My soul is frozen  
So is my heart  
Your passing, my kind of art

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