

Pieta Brown

"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 your 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
Chop
Chop off your head

I'm coming on success
With your fear with your fist and a flick of your wrist

Surrender! Surrender! Surrender! Surrender!
Surrender! Surrender! Surrender!
Surrender!

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