

2 Pistols

"Frozen"

Visit "[Frozen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Bleed, weep, screach 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

Visit [2 Pistols](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.