

## Cold Calls

Neva Dinova

You tried to call  
You tried to fall down too  
The news was right  
There's a fire inside you

Unclean deserter  
I dream of murder and you  
And you

The train rolls past  
Wish I was on it too  
The lights go black  
I'm blind but honest  
You should have wanted the truth  
The truth

House to house, festering  
With one burning question  
Was it you? Was it you?

Town on the hill  
And I got sixty-five shells  
I'm back to track to you down  
And kill you myself  
Myself

Sixty-five shells  
And nothing else to sell  
Someone betrayed me  
Now I'm out making  
Cold calls designed to kill  
Cold calls designed to kill