Cold

Aqualung

God and His priests and His kings
All were waiting
All will wait
As they go over

Held between heaven and hell
As they're dancing,
As they dance over and over
Over

Cold
Cold

Crimson and bare as I stand
Yours completely,
Yours as we go over

Sing for the lion and lamb
Their hearts are hunting
Still hunts hope ever and ever
Ever

Cold
Cold

God and His priests and His kings
Turn their faces
Even they feel the cold

What you are given
Can't be forgotten
And never forsaken

What you are given
Can't be forgotten
And never forsaken

What you are given
Can't be forgotten

Cold

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