

Cold

Brymo

All of my friends are old, or cold
Or both, both
And all of my foes hold that I'm cold
Cold, I'm cold

And I feel like the muzzle of a gun
Like I know where bullets go before they do
I'm so cold, I'm cold, I'm cold
Blazing hot when a bullet goes

The feel of my touch
Is chill to your bones
The shooter dies when I say No
The whole gun knows