

Cold.Metal.Place

Code Orange Kids

The rain and the thunder
It's dragging me under
But the hammer of judgement
Is crushing you

Into the cold metal place
Without a sound, without a trace
An echo sound
The fall from grace
Reflective glass and a butchered face
It's all gone and you'll try not to show it
The whole world's laughing
You don't even know it
Whispering souls, they placate the herd
This fire burns down our 3D world

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Into the cold metal place
Without a sound, without a trace

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But it's crushing you