

Cold

Foo Fighters

I can feel the black wind blowing
Cold
I can feel the red blood flowing
Cold
I can feel my black heart going
Cold
I can feel my dead skin growing
Cold
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Dreams of annihilation
Are washing over me
A wicked premonition
Something I cannot see
A vision stands before me
Her eyes begin to weep
I beg that you may join me
In this eternal sleep

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The sacred incantations
Another vow to take
Pleasure I find in feeling
Another spirit break
My weary soul is finished
Believing all their lies
I cannot rest until the
The faith inside you dies

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