

God's Own Creation

Hackneyed

Cold death on your skin,
your world out of spin

The sky turns black, a storm approaches
Chills down your back like thunderbolts
Rush of cold sweat
Your mind is numb, your limbs like lead
Front row for judgement day

Cold death on your skin
You're buried deep, a tomb of ice
Your world out of spin
Round and round till its demise

Nature demands its sacrifice, it stops at nothing
Man will pay the fatal price, life's hanging by a thread
An avalanche it's our last call
For in the end we... fall

A wretched groan
Fight for survive
Ripped from your throne
squashed like a roach
Ice cracks your bones
Carried away, crushed onto stones
Buried and never found

Cold death on your skin
You're buried deep, a tomb of ice
Your world out of spin
Round and round till its demise

Nature demands its sacrifice, it stops at nothing
Man will pay the fatal price, life's hanging by a thread
An avalanche, it's our last call
For in the end we...

You think you're God's own creation
Think you have nothing to fear
You want to pray for salvation
But your god isn't here.