

Cold

Jag Panzer

Ivory skin, so porcelain smooth and cold to the touch
Eyes and lips as black as the night lead me in to drain

You're so cold; cold as ice, you're so cold

Ice you feel, feel to the bone
Ice that burns, burns inside

The moves of a slithering ghost, perfect and slow
Evil beckons me stay, cannot break away

With one touch you are still
Lust for the touch and for the feel

Your body's heat is what she craves to keep her alive
Drains your warmth in her eyes out of your soul