

The End

## Monolink

Its cold

Through the walls, the end you feel it calling  
There's not so much about it you could do  
Out the window skies, oh skies are falling  
But the last thing you would want is something new

Its cold

Not sure, where we are  
But I can say that we're not far  
Bright lights, in my head  
They're turning, turning red

Through the walls, the end you feel it calling  
There's not so much about it you could do  
Out the window skies, oh skies are falling  
But the last thing you would want is something new

Its cold

Its cold  
Its cold  
Its cold  
Its cold