

Cold

Oliver Riot

Suicide, my valentine, I'll
Do you right the second time, just
Fumigate my wooden mind, so
I know I won't go stone-cold
Redefine the little lies, I
Set inside my little mind
I am yours but you ain't mine and
I hope we don't go stone-cold
You've got me in a choke-hold
I hope we don't go...

Cold, too cold
My soul's too cold

I'll wait and salivate 'cause
It's the way anticipation
Always beats the way it tastes so
My tongue stays tied around my throat
God, I hate how every day I
See my face and look away 'cause
I'm afraid I got on late, I'm
Too young to think I've grown

Cold, too cold
My soul's too cold

Find a place, begin to live
Hide away, forget to give
We're just fickle hearts scared to bruise
Run away, too far to find
Don't forgive me, you and I
We're just fickle hearts scared to bruise

Cold, too cold
My soul's (Soul, soul, soul, soul, soul) too cold