

City of Cold

Raised Fist

We live in the city of cold.
And even though I have to admit, that sometimes we love
to spit on it.
But I would take a million bullets for it, the centre
of this story.

And when I quit, to commit to the pit.
And when I've stopped to transmit, bury me in a hole
under my favourite tree.
Wait a bit, say goodbye, put a fucking lid on it and
split.

We live in the city of cold, strangely enough we're
proud of it.
When at home burning the flag, when away living in a
bag.
Getting mad, feeling sad.

City of cold,
on with the shoeshine.
Stepping on those fucking toes, now and forever.
The city of cold where you can't grow old.

And when I quit to commit to the pit.
And when I've stopped to transmit, bury me in a fucking
hole,
wait a bit, say goodbye and off you go.

We live in the city of snow.
So small and cold , five hundred years old .
No stories untold, no one is in control .
Sounds cute I know, small city with snow, one street,
no flow.

And even though I mostly hate the snow,
now and forever, it 's better then hating people I
don't even know.

And even if you want your own fame to grow,
I wouldn't talk shit about people I don't even know.