

Slow Death

Trapped Under Ice

In my dreams you're biting the curb
You know my pain and it hurts
Death walks close enough
To feel his sting
But doesn't spare you anything

Bleed you out
Slow death

In my dreams the tables are turned

You're standing in the fire now
And it burns
Death walks by your side
But doesn't spare you, not this time

Slow death
Bleed out
Close your eyes
Slow now