

# Garret, So Cold

So cold here  
cause if I could I know I would  
Change the way I used to be  
Wheres my choice I want to chose?  
Let me out from this cold room  
It all returns when I wake up  
Brace the walls the doors are shut  
Didnt have to be this way  
Its too late, I have to stay (say Im sorry)  
These white edges of life  
Are too high to get to the field of roses  
Sharp thorn here in my vein  
The scent of roses gave me the sky  
And the pricking made me lie  
I lost myself, I lost control  
I lost the chance to save my soul  
It all returns when I wake up  
Brace the walls the doors are shut