

Children Of Bodom, Chokehold (Cocked 'n' Loaded)

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Mine field is called the place I'm living in,
Carefully watching each and every step I take.

Bright white straight jacket chokes me off

My eyes are tired...

I... feel the cold steel on my forehead.

Like... binding pleasure of being dead.

Downward future! I descend...

Counterblast!

And chokehold 'til the end...

I'm flushed like the booze I hammer down,

Like a piece of trash to be kicked all around.

When would be a time for a better day?

My cocked 'n' loaded soulmate leads the way