

Children Of Bodom, Northern Comfort

You`re the one who plays with fire in the night,
you`re the one who scares people with the scythe

You`re the one to tell Him to ever live by,
you`re the Lord to shaking all alone

(You're alone!)

Now you left me out to drop His sight:
I wasn't ready for the sunlight to come to my heart

Take me with you, take me far; take me away from the painless soul
Drop the haze; save the skies... reaper never lies

Now running out to forever alone,
sweating and shivering; cold right to the bone

Pain is come; control to fall...
become for the mad to escape with a bottle from this world

You`re far too alive: try back to the sky
I wasn't ready for the scythe... get me down to the trough

Like lightning from the sky,
the moon is up with pride; go listen, take away

Your place for my lying out... being high, come Heaven above
Drop it now: it falls alive; take me to the sky