

Euphoria's Depression, The Epitome Of Cold

She came wrapped up like a christmas gift. So delicately put together with all its folded corners and

There is nothing warm about her. She is the epitome of cold.

I liked her hidden behind the beautifully deceitful wrapping paper because I couldn't see her true co

There is nothing warm about her. She is the epitome of cold.

She was the package... of anthrax... that eventually killed me.

I seem unaffected, I'm not. You seem unaffected, you are.

There is nothing warm about her, yeah. She is the epitome of cold