

# Klaus Nomi, Cold Song

What Power art thou,  
Who from below,  
Hast made me rise,  
Unwillingly and slow,  
From beds of everlasting snow!  
See'st thou not how stiff,  
And wondrous old,  
Far unfit to bear the bitter cold.  
I can scarcely move,  
Or draw my breath,  
I can scarcely move,  
Or draw my breath.  
Let me, let me,  
Let me, let me,  
Freeze again...  
Let me, let me,  
Freeze again to death!