

# Psychotic Waltz, Cold

flashes of the devil's eye  
crying at the shadow of the sun  
faceless, and godless  
the killing floor is only killing me  
with the scream of the morning cold

faces, and gazes  
dancing through the mazes of the sky  
they steal the breath of the sleeping dogs  
to steam the great machine and start the ride  
shaking, and breaking  
with the silence of a stranger passing by  
with the breath of the morning cold  
just like the death of the morning cold