

Zyklon, Cold Grave

A ferocious circle of fiends
A paragon to follow
A derisive laughter, created by winds
No wonder everyone thought it was hollow
A place for everything
Grace me with sleepless nights
A time for anything
Praise me with clear-cut fights
A dead end street
Shut your bedroom and block herein
Lift and uncover your sheet
Addictive like goddamn heroin
The chasm of reality
Sanctions through folly
Still no overdrive capacity
Never seen anything so holy
This is the night of the cold grave blues
Be sure it's all wrapped well and tucked
I ain't got no short fuse
Hell, this is when we'll all be fucked