

# Out Of The Sun

## Motorhead

The wind is cold where I live, the blizzard is my home  
Snow and ice and loaded dice, the Wizard lives alone  
The wind is cold where I live, [unverified] and cold and clean  
White and cold and bought and sold and  
heartbreak in between  
And so we shall see what is done and done and done  
Trees are stone where I live, leaves of razor steel  
High and low and ice and snow, broken on the wheel  
Trees are stone where I live, flowers made of glass  
Cold and white and wrong and right and voices from the past  
And all our yesterdays are now undone, out of the sun  
Frozen and insane, I alone remain held in the vice of my  
disdain  
There is now way that anyone will ever, make me warm again  
Life is death where I live, frozen grin my smile  
Sun is moon and out of tune, broken strings and bile  
Death is life where I live, hearts turned into stone  
Frozen breath, and froze death and prisons made of bone  
And so we shall see what becomes become, out of the sun

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