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 cleanWhite 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 steelHigh 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 sunFrozen and insane, I alone remain held in the vice of my disdain
There is now way that anyone will ever, make me warm againLife 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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