Cold Waste

The Foreshadowing

Cold in my land
Whate'er the time I've been
Running too fast or walking too slow
For a long time.Tomorrow I will hate
and celebrate my greed
Wandering the Waste
And tasting my heart
Smells like sour and filth.Tears don't belong to me
And no one else,
I'm running to my hell
'Cause none of us can make a stand.Running to my hell...Cold rain, rush me into my hell,
All alone when light's off.
We are born to procreate
And subjugate.Tears don't belong to me
And no one else,
I'm running to my hell
'Cause none of us can make a stand.Running to my hell...Cold Waste of a bloody
Taste we're alone
And ready to fall.
Frontiers without volunteers.
Who asked for a penny of love?
Skyscrapers with a hellish view from above.
We're ready to fall.
Cold Soul, if you're feeling old you can call
When you can't go on...

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