

Cold

At the Gates

To rid the earth of the filth, to rid the earth of the lies
To will the rise above, tearing my insides out
I feel my soul go cold, only the dead are smiling, oh
To rid your heart of all lies, their poison tongues, poison
hearts
Burning cold, now let the final darkness fall
I feel my soul go cold, only the dead are smiling
Twenty-two years of pain and I can feel this closing in
The will to rise above, tearing my insides out
I feel my soul go cold, only the dead are smiling, oh

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