

# 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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