

# Cold

## Aqualung

God and his priests and his kings  
All were waiting, all will wait as they go over  
Held between heaven and hell  
As they're dancing, as they dance over and over...over  
Cold, Cold

Crimson and bare as I stand  
Yours completely, yours as we go over  
Sing for the lion and lamb

Their hearts are haunting  
Still hearts hold ever and ever...ever  
Cold, Cold

God and his priests and his kings  
Turn their faces, even they feel the cold, oh...oh  
What you are given can't be forgotten and never forsaken  
What you are given can't be forgotten and never forsaken  
Cold, Cold

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