

# Cold Day in Hell

## Foetus

If Moses had heard about it  
There would've been another commandment  
Thou shalt not slaver on thine cadaver  
Whilst all thine fat is in the fire This isn't the melody that lingers on  
It's the malady that malingers on  
There's the devil to pay, he can keep the change  
I can't stand the thought of another cold day I ain't got a Chinaman's chance in limbo Mass breathing, mass  
seething  
Mass bleeding, mass seeding, mass debating  
Mass existence is the cause of my problems  
Gotta choose between suicide and genocide I've been impaled by the sins of World War Two  
Can't sleep for the skins of six million Jews  
I'd join the Ku Klux Klan just to get the uniform  
Or a good night's sleep All hell breaks loose The jig is up, my fate is sealed  
I'm stood at the gallows again  
The inscription on my tombstone reads  
Wish you were here I died every night for a thousand years  
The tearing of my flesh, the thud of my carcass  
The rhythmic crunch of bone  
Crucifixion is my addiction I spent a month of Sundays in a cold day in Hell When it's one man against the world  
I shouldn't have so much time to complain  
I found there was a hole in my spiritual parachute  
After I jumped from the astral plane No escape from four stone slimy walls  
I built up while trying to knock them down  
Death warrant, death watch, death rattle, death's door  
Ain't I died enough before? Deliver from this treachery  
Deliver from this agony  
Stop trying to make a man of me  
I ain't got the raw materials, see I'm a killer with a label and a blueprint  
Of Babel and all of my dead, cards are on the table  
I meet my maker and I don't like what I see  
Medusa is fondling me Blut und Boten are strictly verboten  
It's a classic case of mort subite  
But what I thought was the quickest solution  
Turned out to be Satanic destiny All hell breaks loose  
All hell breaks loose I spent a month of Sundays in a cold day in Hell  
I spent a month of Sundays in a cold day in Hell  
I spent a month of Sundays in a cold day in Hell  
I spent a month of Sundays in a cold day in Hell

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