

# Coldvenience

## Rotten Sound

One individual lies on a floor of an empty room  
In an apartment stuffed with functionality and a lonesome fool  
A midget size fridge full of novelties for oral needs  
Gorgeous little things to rip off the weakest of us all  
The attic above so heavy that it forces down the roof  
Inhalation made less possible by the walls closing by  
Noises coming far from below unattaching everything but a soul:  
The innermost, claimed to be divine, an object full of faults  
A hope for nobody to see  
The recession of normality  
Loaded with Hotel-TV  
Dark thoughts and mortality  
Voluntary way  
To drive you less sane  
Unexpected reactions  
From energetic persons  
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In an apartment stuffed with functionality and a lonesome fool  
A midget size fridge full of novelties for oral need  
Gorgeous little things to rip off the weakest of us all  
A hope for nobody to see  
The recession of normality  
Loaded with Hotel-TV  
Dark thoughts and mortality  
Voluntary way  
To drive you less sane  
Unexpected reactions  
From energetic persons  
Mostly weak, ruined and ruptured  
Mental abilities  
Unexpected reactions  
From energetic persons

Lyrics provided by

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