# Wicked World

## Cold(Superfiction)

There's blood on the gun.
That's in your hand
and a murder in front of you
Send out the wolves
The king is dead
Little pills taking over.This means war,
Did the sun just burn out
Leaving you alone
Living in a wicked world
There no way you can escape
No one ever gets awayLove was the fuel
That drove your sin,
When the majesty
Followed you
The witches dance the night begins
And the hearts taking over.The Royalty won't wash away
It's his scent that's inside of you
Off with her head
The queen she screams
Little pills taken over.

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