

# Cold Is the Grave

Crown

Through secrets of the dirty streets Searching for a revelation Wingless angels in the heat Knocking on  
The doors of damnation Come on baby - Kick 'em in! Feels like flying - When we are falling One more  
time Ready to die Wild for the night Death comes pale Cold is the grave Blackout under neon lights  
Throwing up in desperation Laughing in the face of sorrow The heroes of my generation  
Come on baby - Knock 'em out! Dance on fire - Slip in blood One more time Ready to die Wild for the night  
Death comes pale Cold is the grave Through secrets of these blood drenched streets Still hunting for a revelation  
Wingcut angels in the heat  
Banging on the doors of damnation Come on baby - Kick 'em in Feels like flying - When we are falling  
Come on baby! - Knock 'em out! Dance on fire - Slip in blood One last time  
Ready to die Wild for the night Death comes pale Cold is the grave

Songwriters

MAGNUS OLSFELT, MARCUS SUNESESSON, MARKO TERVONEN, JOHAN ERNST LINDSTRAND,  
JANNE SAARENPA

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