

# Cold Creeps

## Owl John

Cold creeps through my fingertips like  
The frostbitten night, the frostbitten night  
Cold creeps up the length of my spine  
I'm surrendering, I am surrenderingCold creeps stole the innocence  
Look what they left me with, look what they left me with  
Cold touches instruments  
Dig into my head again, dig into my headOhhhhhhhA single silver thread  
Strung around my neck  
No one knows it's there  
Cause no one thought to checkThe creeps will curl then rot  
Whistle as they work  
Though they'll soon be gone  
They're certain to returnCold creeps in the silent attack  
Oh, I know you'll be back, know you'll be backCold creeps in the invisible hurt  
Oh, I know you'll return, know you'll returnCold creeps in the silent attack  
Oh, I know you'll be back, know you'll be backCold creeps in the invisible hurt  
Oh, I know you'll return, know you'll return

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