

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 surrendering Cold 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 head Ohhhhhhhh A single silver thread
Strung around my neck
No one knows it's there
Cause no one thought to check The creeps will curl then rot
Whistle as they work
Though they'll soon be gone
They're certain to return Cold creeps in the silent attack
Oh, I know you'll be back, know you'll be back Cold creeps in the invisible hurt
Oh, I know you'll return, know you'll return Cold creeps in the silent attack
Oh, I know you'll be back, know you'll be back Cold creeps in the invisible hurt
Oh, I know you'll return, know you'll return

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