

# The Coldest Survive

## Malevolent Creation

Pain and suffering fall on the mortal world.  
The life you're given is your living hell.  
Brought up on tumultuous times.  
Accumulation of this the killing crime.

Gunsmoke blazes, glochs crack.  
Casket encases, bodies stack.  
Kill for the stature of this game.  
Yearn to kill or learn to die lame.  
Drugs or money, not always the main cause.  
It's how many lives snuffed outside of the law.  
To not take a life is your life lost.

Load in the rounds, take a victim down, claiming his ground.  
Never doubt your gun, just get the deed done,  
claim your trophy in blood.  
For drugs or for war, or the lust of the sport, attention to the  
e poor.  
GUNPLAY!

Spray of the shot, lead lands hot.  
Ending the game on the coroner's cot.  
Taking of lives, ignoring the cries.  
Only the coldest survive!

Fear of a world turned dark with despair.  
Any way out other than violence is all too rare.  
Only way to win is take the other one out first.  
The unbridled violence is this modern day curse.  
WAR - ZONE!

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