

Cold Blood

Birdpen

Close down the shutters.
Listen to the thunder.
On old video cassette.
Leave all this confusion.
The wrong way's always chosen.
Same old face on the screen.
Who says it's good for your brain.
Where is the ideal.
Nothing warm to feel.
Cold blood in our veins like operational cranes.
Emergency call.
Broadcast the downfall.
We'll turn the switch.
Lights out.
Goodbye.
Cold blood.
Cold blood in our veins.
Nothing will remain.