

Stone Cold

HammerFall

Outcast a time of war, when mankind lost control
Of life and death, under surveillance

I watch the children pray, while God just turns away
Out in the ruins they seek shelter
These streets were once my home, but those
Golden days are gone, now I'm fighting to survive
Stone cold, man or machine
Stone cold, the end of our dream

The word is on the street, it's kill or to be killed
With no exception you are on your own

We should have seen it all along, the writings
On the wall, tell me what have we become

Stone cold ...

Who do you believe in now, when the prophecy
Came true, the final deja vu

These streets were once my home ...

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