

Revenge... Best Served Cold

Prong

Looking out of windows, looking under cars
Like to keep you thinking, staying on guard
Nothing ever happens, you wonder why
The constant paranoia is of someone's design
Doorbell is ringing, no one's outside

I like my revenge... best served cold
For a lack of respect and a lack of a soul

Best served cold

Suddenly a shadow under your door
A click of a magazine, your door's not secured
Find an old photograph, was that ever there?
Are those really footsteps walking up your stairs?

I like my revenge... best served cold
For a lack of respect and a lack of a soul
I like my revenge... best served cold
With total contempt of an arctic storm

Best served cold
I like my revenge... best served cold

Me and you
There's a history unattended to
It's a story with no ending to
With a mystery of who's after you
Me and you
You wonder why it never happens to you
With no one really getting back to you
This history of me and you

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