

Cold

Psychotic Waltz

flashes of the devil's eye
crying at the shadow of the sun
faceless, and godless
the killing floor is only killing me
with the sream of the morning cold

faces, and gazes
dancing through the mazes of the sky
they steal the breath of the sleeping dogs
to steam the great machine and start the ride
shaking, and breaking
with the silence of a stranger passing by
with the breath of the morning cold
just like the death of the morning cold