

City of Cold

Raised Fist

We live in the city of cold.
And even though I have to admit, that sometimes we love
to spit on it.
But I would take a million bullets for it, the centre
of this story.

And when I quit, to commit to the pit.
And when I've stopped to transmit, bury me in a hole
under my favourite tree.
Wait a bit, say goodbye, put a fucking lid on it and
split.

We live in the city of cold, strangely enough we're
proud of it.
When at home burning the flag, when away living in a
bag.
Getting mad, feeling sad.

City of cold,
on with the shoeshine.
Stepping on those fucking toes, now and forever.
The city of cold where you can't grow old.

And when I quit to commit to the pit.
And when I've stopped to transmit, bury me in a fucking
hole,
wait a bit, say goodbye and off you go.

We live in the city of snow.
So small and cold, five hundred years old.
No stories untold, no one is in control.
Sounds cute I know, small city with snow, one street,
no flow.

And even though I mostly hate the snow,
now and forever, it's better than hating people I
don't even know.

And even if you want your own fame to grow,
I wouldn't talk shit about people I don't even know.