

## Cold Colours

### Rotting Christ

the cold twilight  
was giving way  
to that frozen night  
when he started to say

through you eyes  
I can see  
none of your lies  
convince me

the dancing shadows  
I wait to appear  
the omen that shows  
you are here

away from you untrackable  
and yet near you untouchable

a sudden fear came into me  
the night is here it circles me

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came into me  
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the silver of the moon  
so intoxicating  
I'll see them soon  
it's almost scaring

undoing hatred  
reflected the gold colours  
golden fire and red  
the black of death follows