

# Frozen

Sebastian Bach

As I stare into the fire  
All my thoughts go up in flames  
Here I stare into the fire  
I'll be waiting on the rain

The box I keep myself in, closes out my air  
So I build a fire, so I can sit and stare

Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen

As I stare into fire  
My eyes drying from the cold  
As I stare into the weather  
I sense my thoughts growing old

I listen to the prophets predict the stem of tides  
I stare into the weather that's keeping me inside

Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen

Give me some lights, Tokyo  
Give me some fucking lights  
Can you hear the bass guitar?  
Can you feel the bass guitar?  
Then Larry, get over here, give them some bass!

As I stare into the fire  
Will the prophets change my mind  
While I stare into the fire  
All the colors treat me kind

I'll dust away the fallings the winter leaves for me  
I'll stare into the fire and set tomorrow free

Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be I'm frozen  
Can it be that I'm frozen  
Frozen