

# Cold Is The Grave

The Crown

Through secrets of the dirty streets  
Searching for a revelation  
Wingless angels in the heat  
Knocking on the doors of damnation  
Come on baby - Kick 'em in!  
Feels like flying - When we are falling  
One more time

Ready to die  
Wild for the night  
Death comes pale  
Cold is the grave  
Blackout under neon lights  
Throwing up in desperation  
Laughing in the face of sorrow  
The heroes of my generation  
Come on baby - Knock 'em out!  
Dance on fire - Slip in blood  
One more time

Ready to die  
Wild for the night  
Death comes pale  
Cold is the grave

Through secrets of these blood drenched streets  
Still hunting for a revelation  
Wingcut angels in the heat  
Banging on the doors of damnation  
Come on baby - Kick 'em in  
Feels like flying - When we are falling  
Come on baby! - Knock 'em out!  
Dance on fire - Slip in blood  
One last time  
Ready to die  
Wild for the night  
Death comes pale  
Cold is the grave