

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