

## Cold Waste

### The Foreshadowing

Cold in my land  
Whate'er the time I've been  
Running too fast or walking too slow  
For a long time.

Tomorrow I will hate  
And celebrate my greed  
Wandering the waste  
And tasting my heart,  
Smells like sour and filth.

Tears don't belong to me  
And no one else,  
I'm running to my hell  
'cause none of us can make a stand.

Running to my hell...

Cold rain, rush me into my hell  
All alone when light's off.  
We are born to procreate  
And subjugate

Tears don't belong to me  
And no one else,  
I'm running to my hell  
'cause none of us can make a stand.

Running to my hell...

Cold waste of a bloody  
Taste we're alone  
And ready to fall.  
Frontiers without volunteers.  
Who asked for a penny of love?  
Skyscrapers with hellish view from above  
We're ready to fall.  
Cold soul, if you're feeling old you can call  
When you can't go on...