

## Cold Grave

Zyklon

A ferocious circle of fiends  
A paragon to follow  
A derisive laughter, created by winds  
No wonder everyone thought it was hollow  
A place for everything  
Grace me with sleepless nights  
A time for anything  
Praise me with clear-cut fights  
A dead end street  
Shut your bedroom and block herein  
Lift and uncover your sheet  
Addictive like goddamn heroin  
The chasm of reality  
Sanctions through folly  
Still no overdrive capacity  
Never seen anything so holy  
This is the night of the cold grave blues  
Be sure it's all wrapped well and tucked  
I ain't got no short fuse  
Hell, this is when we'll all be fucked