

# At The Gates, Cold

To rid the earth of the filth  
To rid the earth of the lies  
To will the rise above  
Tearing my insides out

I feel my soul go cold  
Only the dead are smiling

To rid your heart of all lies  
Their poison tongues, poison hearts  
Burning cold...  
Now let the final darkness fall

I feel my soul go cold  
Only the dead are smiling

"...The dream of the new disease  
On wings of euphoria..  
Sucking terror from the needle scars..."

22 years of pain  
And I can feel it closing in  
The will to rise above  
Tearing my insides out

I feel my soul go cold  
Only the dead are smiling