

## Cold Skin

Blitzkid

Never got a chance to say to you  
all the ways I ever cared for you.  
Bt now you're gone and locked inside this tomb  
You're sealed away in fate's cold and concrete womb.

I want to stay here forever.  
(though your prescence, it cuts like a knife)  
I want to wrap my arm's around you  
(though your cold skin, it grows cold as ice)

Peaceful one  
Laid in peaceful repose.  
Those eyes held skys  
The highest that I've known.  
Your arms do fold so silent 'cross your chest.  
Give you my life until I catch up with your death.

and it cuts like a knife.  
cuts like a knife.  
cuts like a knife  
cuts like a knife.  
(x 4)