

# Chaos - 1/1

**Interprété par Skold.**

Power, money, holy roads,  
information overload,  
leave me in the bitter cold to die.  
Killing time has just begun,  
clinging to a holy gun,  
leave me in the blazing sun to die.  
You get nothing for nothing,  
except what you steal.  
I've got a cut in my soul,  
that just won't heal.  
Inject myself with cyanide,  
break on through to the other side,  
gimme one more try, one last lie goodbye.  
Chaos, you got a one way ticket to, Chaos,  
you go down,  
Chaos, you got a one way ticket to, Chaos, Chaos.  
Breaking every promise made,  
redefine a better way,  
asphyxiating while I pray,  
I'm dead.  
Destroy, offend and terrorise,  
with noting left to vandalise,  
you can't make me compromise,  
I'm dead You get nothing for nothing,  
except what you steal.  
I've got a cut in my soul,  
that just won't heal  
Inject myself with cyanide,  
break on through to the other side,  
gimme one more try,  
one last lie goodbye.  
Chaos, you got a one way ticket to, Chaos,  
you go down,  
Chaos, you got a one way ticket to, Chaos, Chaos.  
So if you think you're in control,  
its dragging you further down the hole.  
Right when you thought it all would end,  
all of the pain is back again.  
Every attempt to make it stop,  
is taking you right back to the top.  
Nothing you do can change it now,  
not that it matters anyhow.