

# Celtic Frost, A Kiss Or A Whisper

By masquerade of sleep madness ever lures  
Resting soul's rebirth, denying the depths of fear  
Necropolis Built from mortal bones  
Death descends inside the darkened mind  
A thousand cries in pain, spread beneath the fall  
A kiss glowing above, feeding upon the heart  
Spells... on glory they ride from within  
Light, as they seed hate onto the path  
A kiss or a whisper  
Floods of hate without relief for all sinister sleep  
Shadows of eternal belief