

Celtic Frost, Downtown Hanoi

Four arc lights. Moving stealth.
Two ride up north. Into the barrel fear.
Desire to share. My valiant care.
Downtown Hanoi.

We are drowning in purple wine.
Standing as one, as one we line.
Gold and light did stop their dance.
A fever obscene, a wicked romance.

I'm tasting sweat on my tongue.
Fane of wicked green.
Faith to the heart.
Passion and death.
Downtown's breath.