

Celtic Frost, Eternal Summer

The pyramids tremble, darken the sun, (the) sky turns red
They reached the wall of no return (and the) breeze has stopped
Who wore the crown will never be known - might is broken
For all we'll drown into the sand - what will remain?

Inverted horizons, denied truth and blinded eyes
The Titans arise, the monuments fall, we cannot halt
Wishful pleads at last came true, some always knew
The clouds burn - or is it fire? ... the gods wince

Human pride and megalomania - The Titans watched it all
The trace led to nowhere - Wrath had to come
As ushers at the gates - To ecstasy and excess
All turn their backs - They won't give us any rest

(The) fires won't redeem, illuminated's the night - the eternal summer
When they came high from the sphere on shrieking wings ...
Now they're trapped to the ground, to heat and dust
And the eye is glowing above ...