Celtic Frost, I Won't Dance

I did taste their only dream As denial was still unborn Secrets beyond those dethroned walls And echoes of a martyr's scream Deterrent vibrates the allurements face As my barque drowns toward conquest

Don't quieten the elder's tears For they've forseen our past Covered lies our remembrance As symbols turn to dust

I won't dance I won't dance I won't dance within despair I won't dance The elder's orient

Journey Into a wicked world My body beneath the skies Erotic wishes, my heart has failed Incalculable is the surface's breath Paralyzed form - the ring of death Steps on the stairs to my silent ecstasy

Caress of the mental space Thrones of fake life Eternal addiction towards those eyes (Gods) didn't you believe my earthbound call? Slipping into the hidden sun Intoxicated by an endless fall