

Celtic Frost, I Won't Dance (The Elder's Orient)

Celtic Frost
Into the Pandemonium
I Won't Dance (The Elder's Orient)
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