

# Celtic Frost, Idols Of Chagrin

What kind of race, lack of direction  
Just how lunatic, to have a nature so deceit  
Bewail my reverie, a gambol untried  
Lure of carnality and silence in forfeit  
Animals, enslaved to pearls of fictionalized worth  
Creatures, born from caves into simulated mirth

I'm talking, Idols of Chagrin  
Born of possession, complacency in disguise

Craving and candid, as to defy the character's fall  
The kisses you drain, pedestrian pedigree  
What's thought is pain might be desire after all