

Celtic Frost, Jewel Throne

Once prayed to my gods, searching for the whistled memories
Empty eyes are staring now, to my feet a land of sorrow
I'm the king, sitting in the dark hiding from the shadows of the wind
Wafts of might, wine of fire, I was called to taste

Silver horses brought us here, to the edge of the universe
We left the falling walls as the stars' collapse began
Now I rest on the highest steps, revealed the eternal frontier
As I gaze from the Jewel Throne to the portal of infinity

Fallen have the "chosen ones", debris remain in the dust
Far behind, beyond the sands, the wind sings to those who fell
Forever now, my hands laid down the poisoned weapons
I will pray to my gods, searching for the mysteries