

# Celtic Frost, Nemesis

Heaven and shores  
Beneath the death of the sun  
Suffering at will  
Slaves in the cavity of doom  
Wastelands without winds  
Cries cut through the lies  
The heat of the deserts  
Heart closes to my throat  
Will death cleanse me of this nemesis  
I taste the blood and all the pain  
In darkened depths  
A vision of fear becomes as real  
Nursing the dead  
No love, life is grief  
Dare to escape  
The claws of sleep of death  
No good, no cold  
Salvation we are praying for  
Days full of fear The silent eyes perceive  
Will death cleanse me of this nemesis  
I taste the blood and all the pain