

Celtic Frost, Return To The Eve

Dreaming eyes
Hope to return
As shadows fall onto
Distorted paths

Delivered from the fetters of light
Drifting back into my reality
The subconscious deprecates the day
In the twilight of my own intellect

Dull is my mind
Captive of illusion
Remaining awake
Is just dust

Take my soul away into the dark
Dreaming a thousand morbid dreams
No tomorrow when the wind caress my mind
Could I ever return, it would be my doom

Obsessed by the nightmare's sound
Drifting back into realms of chaos
Reality has become my dream
I'll be covered by the abyss' ground

An endless fall
Memories in the light
Frontiers of chaos
Return to the eve