Celtic Frost, Under Upollyon's Sun

The face of Nemesis Under pandemonium's heat Parched my yearning whisper In this world of deceit

To lie, to cry, they die To drown in their well of sighs All their pain bears their name Ignorance dies by its own lies

Tears of indignation Crying under Apollyon's sun In faith for love Underground, a dream apart

Flesh from soil Disparate, no less the same Sift my tears The lasting spring

We were raised to fade To deluge by carnal claims

To lie, to cry, they die To drown in their well of sighs