

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