Celtic Frost, Vanity

Deep within my bleeding heart
Stranded by the hold of fear
Agony takes a final role
Sipping the dew of tears
Thorns and rites idols of false
Tearing apart the skin of lust
Forever still but never born
Broken by the final quest
Vanity, silent choir spreading lies
Vanity, fallen shrine of muted sighs
Surrender, dance and cry
Their Tormented eyes perceive
Grasps of fright, lusters crawl
Tarnished grounds of faded beliefs