

Celtic Frost, Visual Aggression

Thousand decades in vain
(Again) they strive for final completion
Forgotten are the fast sins
And the perfect creation calls

What will the wind bring these days?
The smell of self-deception?
Masses of dullness, a spiral cage
As they ride on visual aggression

Once, I slept in confidence
Sounds like I've been a fool
Now, as my will is invisible
(They shall) face the evoked curse alone...

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Just fool yourself - a world of ignorance
Will tear the walls - of dreams apart
Vast signals - memories in black
Sense is beyond - distorted any balance

Flood of tears - you'll have to drink
As the grail - is lying on the floor

Don't ask for another messiah
No martyr will save the stupid (again)
Is truth what you believe?
A prophet's tears will dry...

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The watcher's eyes are closed
As the dust covers the madmen again
There'll be a new king
And I was born to encounter him...

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