

# Celtic Frost, Wine In My Hand

They're sleeping through the ages  
Faces bare of names  
Remembrance ever lies  
At the Bosom of the insane  
Death's cold embrace  
Across the restless seas  
Unfolding the wish to forget  
The eyes of the deceased  
Thirst for the wine in my hand  
Thirst from the sun  
The heart of death  
A thought for fake desires  
Starving through the night  
Engulfed in an earthbound fire  
Left all alone among the dances and cries  
They seed all the hate  
Within the shade of sights