

Angeli Di Pietra, Frost

Sleeping demons, colourful lies
The hands that sever mournful ties
Hands of winter caress my skin
Fuelling the fire raging within
Blinded by ice, raining down
Crows whisper, a sanctified crown
Mocking the survival of life
A barren desert, void of might
Touch the hands of Frost [x2]
Let the soothing cold dance over your skin
As his moonlit eyes ensnare you
Surrendered to his mercy
Frost is his name
Frost is his soul
Frost is his touch
Flawless, relentless, an eternal creature
Storm, blizzard, they are his allies
Pity the one who dares to defy him
For he cannot escape winter's deadly kiss
Touch the hands of Frost [x2]
Let the soothing cold dance over your skin
As his moonlit eyes ensnare you
Surrendered to his mercy
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