

Celtic Frost, Caress Into Oblivion

is it addiction to prevail
or mute marble words
my heart. coarse and fallen
into the sand
oblivion into grief
millenniums perish
pillars of desire
therefore I have seen
meurt et seduction
des comptes morbides
tasting rhetoric hate
an attraction verified
fall of luster
and fake caresses
mundane beggars
costume of death
a purified doctrine
and communal repentance
my mortalized quest
the enigma still unborn
oceans of grime and stone
shores of wasted might
soaring remains forfeit
my visionary dream
wings of lust
temptation and fame
temples of prowess
left a man among ruins
caress into oblivion