

Celtic Frost, Domain Of Decay

Within these darkest walls.
As I write these lines.
In this domain of decay.
Words fall on the soil beneath.
Enfold, embrace, besiege, swathe.
My domain.
Within these darkest walls.
How can I be human?
They say they are blind.
Smearing ashes across glass.
In this forest of harbored thoughts.
There's demons in my mind.
And I entrust myself to the lure.
Of leaving this existence behind.