

Celtic Frost, Idols Of Chagrin

What kind of race, lack of direction
Just how lunatic, to have a nature so deceit
Bewail my reverie, a gambol untried
Lure of carnality and silence in forfeit
Animals, enslaved to pearls of fictionalized worth
Creatures, born from caves into simulated mirth

I'm talking, Idols of Chagrin
Born of posession, complacement in disguise

Craving and candid, as to defy the character's fall
The kisses you drain, pedestrian pedigree
What's thought is pain might be desire after all