

Celtic Frost, Juices Like Wine

Thirst and desire, to rule the light
For crossing heavens, a futile fight
Bound to storm, our minds wave
Fervent to sail in deserts of mist

Juices like wine, like the blood in the sands
Juices like wine

Born of earth, we strive for skies
Obsessed with lies, in arms of sleep
Earning dreams, we blind our eyes
Challenging secrets, ancient the cries

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