

# Celtic Frost, Phallic Tantrum

No more... Harassed Hearts Primeval wings of solitude  
The cross has saved the soil  
Traces given to sinister moods  
Cavity of hate  
Unborn faith, scorn beneath  
The quest for death  
Gold built the mortal feat  
Into the phallic tantrum  
Stronghold of eternal fear  
Into the phallic tantrum  
Their only wish... to reappear  
Infinite space  
No dreams of sleep of death  
Humane, cold embrace  
Concepts of might and reign  
The apocalyptic raids  
Shadows over the hearts beneath  
Calls that forever fade  
Their visions betrayed