

Celtic Frost, Triptych: Totengott

I have never heard his voice nor have I ever seen his form.
Yet still he casts his dark shadow on the light of my being.
Death -- Negation of being.
Wraith of inner sanctum.
Apparition of my amorphousness.
Solemnity of my disembodiment.
Death -- Decay.
Creator of corpses.
Principle of annihilation.
Secret of negativity.
Unspeakable silence.
Despairing monologue.