

Celtic Frost, Wine In My Hand (Third From The S

They're sleeping through the ages
Faces bare of names
Remembrance ever lies
At the Bosom of the insane
Death's cold embrace
Across the restless seas
Unfolding the wish to forget
The eyes of the deceased
Thirst for the wine in my hand
Third from the sun
The heart of death
A thought for fake desires
Starving trough the night
Engulfed in an earthbound fire
Left all alone among the dances and cries
They seed all the hate
Within the shade of sights