

Elegy, Icehouse

[Helmantel/Bruinenberg/Parry]

D'you ever get the feeling that, you're never welcome
You walked into a place feel the atmosphere change

My body's trembling, I sense a presence strange within
A ghostly silence, a place for the living dead

Icehouse... a sanctuary for strangers
Where evil's waiting
Icehouse... your darkest secrets are known
In this icehouse... a pure demoralization
A cold frustration
Icehouse... darkness glows

No sign of life, the air you breathe is thick and frozen
A shallow grave awaits, a home for the living dead

Don't venture in, you'll just regret this sight appalling
It feeds on frightened souls, the lost and the weak of heart