

# Gorguts, Stiff and Cold

Will I die or survive  
From this hell made of ice?  
It's up to this mountain to decide  
What will happen to my life

The more I climb  
The freezing ice  
Intensifies  
And paralyze me

A dreadful avalanche  
Behind me  
Enslaved to this mountain  
I shall be

[Lead: Luc Lemay]

Amputate my Chilblains  
Handless arm remains

My frozen body  
I behold  
Slowly turning  
Stiff and cold

Smell the sweet stench  
In wind's blow  
Of lost carcasses  
In the snow