

## Juices Like Wine

Celtic Frost

Thirst and desire, to rule the light  
For crossing heavens, a futile fight  
Bound to storm, our minds wave  
Fervent to sail in deserts of mist  
Juices like wine, like the blood in the sands  
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Born of earth, we strive for skies  
Obsessed with lies, in arms of sleep  
Earning dreams, we blind our eyes  
Challenging secrets, ancient the cries  
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