

(Once) They Were Eagles

Celtic Frost

No more rain, out in the cold
November gone, shatter all the bold
Gathering pure sleep, their eyes betrayed

Wings are in distress
No lost curtains falls
They were eagles
They were eagles

Pure reflections memories in a haze
Tied to the ground, Forced to bow,
You may see dancing faces

Wings are in distress
Still the spell fades
They were eagles
They were eagles