

Suicidal Winds

Celtic Frost

Listen
As the mist is rising
And uncovers all that`s lost
Try and mend what you can barely feel
Even if it is forgotten and done
Watch out who is still on the throne
While the sighs of life are borne
The bloodless race of old
As startled
The flow of denial without remembering
The flood is still in motion
The ground on fire all along
Leave the thought of crying
Deny and harm the endless day
Where will be vulgarity
In these immune sights
Along the way i`m leaving this wreck
Without the suicidal horde
The day will come
And I`ll be able to see
The flag rising of the free
Until eternity