

Temple of Depression

Celtic Frost

Why am I cold, so devoid?
And why do I feel what I am?
Destroyed, all you bestowed
You're my all

I am
It falls apart
They recede
Oh, how I envy them
How I long
Everything I was is dead
Oh, how I long

Mine
In this lie
This is me
In this lie

I drown
I fall
I subside
Why do I feel?