

## Visual Aggression

Celtic Frost

Thousand decades in vain  
(Again) they strive for final completion  
Forgotten are the fast sins  
And the perfect creation calls

What will the wind bring these days?  
The smell of self-deception?  
Masses of dullness, a spiral cage  
As they ride on visual aggression

Once, I slept in confidence  
Sounds like I've been a fool  
Now, as my will is invisible  
(They shall) face the evoked curse alone...

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The smell of self-deception?  
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Just fool yourself - a world of ignorance  
Will tear the walls - of dreams apart  
Vast signals - memories in black  
Sense is beyond - distorted any balance

Flood of tears - you'll have to drink  
As the grail - is lying on the floor

Don't ask for another messiah  
No martyr will save the stupid (again)  
Is truth what you believe?  
A prophet's tears will dry...

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The watcher's eyes are closed  
As the dust covers the madmen again  
There'll be a new king  
And I was born to encounter him...

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