

When Hell Freezes Over

Iskald

Of bloodwork and pain
And revelation to thy nine worlds beyond
Of lunacy from an arch-heretic
And failed believes from thy mortal souls

I am thy savage guard
Thy keeper of thy ninth gate of Ishtar
I conduct all your wishes and lusts
I am Mephisto himself

In a bed of roses and wine
Thou whilst she'd your last tears in life
When hell freezes finally over
Blood will be she'd in twilight of October

Of Blizzard winds and frost
And absence of love and celebrating survey
We envy thy beasts that fell
Into thy gloomy, freezing pits of hell

I am thy savage guard
Thy keeper of thy ninth gate of Ishtar
I conduct all your wishes and lusts
I am Mephistophilus himself

As we all where afflicted
By thy sacred beliefs, thy spiritual flesh
A high-priest of hell
Declared war of savage and sorrow

I mourn as I drink their purified blood
Of servitude and labor it taste
Thy dismal sorrow lies in freezing hell
Oh, what a pity, what a horrible waste

All our losses, all our pain
Afflicted by thy way they all where slain
Our glory, our tremendous feast
Their defeat in thy eyes of thy beast

I am thy savage guard
Thy keeper of thy ninth gate of Ishtar
I conduct all your wishes and lusts
I am Mephostophiel himself

Time whilst celebrate
In a world of blister and torture
Where all life has decayed
When hell freezes over

I am thy savage guard
Thy keeper of thy ninth gate of Ishtar
I conduct all your wishes and lusts
I am Satan himself