The Inevitable Factor

Celtic Frost

I stalk alone the buried seas
Dead and white, weak memories
Below 0, I'm turning blue
Why does the ice burn so hot?Frozen waters, a strange land
I know I live as the frost bitesMy eyes are closed but I can't sleep
Moving forward for sleep means death
A white shroud covers me
I buried myself to stay aliveTime's passing slow on my pale face
Beneath the snow, beneath the ice
I stalk alone the buried seas
Dead and white, weak memories

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