

# 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 bites My eyes are closed but I can't sleep  
Moving forward for sleep means death  
A white shroud covers me  
I buried myself to stay alive Time'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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