# Inner Sanctum

## Celtic Frost

Sleep brings no joy to me
Remembrance never dies
My soul is given to misery
And lives in sighsThe shadows of the dead
My waken eyes may never see
Surround my bed
That from which they sprung eternity, hey heyBeneath the turf
The silent deadSleep brings no wish to knit
My harassed heart beneath
My only wish is to forget
In the sleep of deathDeath is my joy
I long to be at rest
I wish the damp earth covered
This desolate breastBeneath the mold
The silent deadBut the glad eyes around us
Must weep as we have done
And we must see the same gloom
Eclipse their morning sunOh, not for them
Should we despair?
The grave is drear
But they're not thereTheir dust is mingled
With the sod
Their pale souls
Are gone to GodWell, may they live in ecstasy
Their long eternity of joy
I wouldn't bring them down
Weep to groanWhat's the future?
A sea beneath the cloudless sun
A dazzling sea
Into infinity[Incomprehensible]My inner sanctum
R.I.P

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