

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

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