

Dawn of Megiddo

Celtic Frost

Humiliated in human form
We have to die to be reborn
Awaiting the final judgment
The dawn now lifts
Subjects of flesh
Slaves of lust
The cross has failed
You won't see the coming fall A diviner's fire and soil
Flames, like flowers, like blood
Fires of freedom, flowers of doom
A surface of hateful hope Oh subjects of pain
Lovers of death
You will feel
The yearning flames Flames like tongues, like cries
Pant for kisses
For bites
Seven steps
And we're one
Humiliated
In human thoughts The frost, it bites
Your inner heart
Frozens the flame
In every eye
The lord will come
Broken ice
The fire will burn
Gleaming ways Well never be reborn
Prenatal death's redeemed (our lives)
(Into his hand) we demand our hearts
The lord and we are one

Songwriters

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