Return to the Eve (1985 Studio Jam)

Celtic Frost

Dreaming eyes
Hope to return
As shadows fall onto
Distorted pathsDelivered from the fetters of light
Drifting back into my reality
The subconscious deprecates the day
In the twilight of my own intellectDull is my mind
Captive of illusion
Remaining awake
Is just dustTake my soul away into the dark
Dreaming a thousand morbid dreams
No tomorrow when the wind caress my mind
Could I ever return, it would be my doomObsessed by the nightmare's sound
Drifting back into realms of chaos
Reality has become my dream
I'll be covered by the abyss' groundAn endless fall
Memories in the light
Frontiers of chaos
Return to the eve

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