The Inevitable Factor (Alternate Vox)

Celtic Frost

I stalk alone the burried seas
Dead and white, weak memories
Below 0, I'm turning blue
Why does the ice burn so hotFrozen waters, a strange land
I know I live, as the frost bitesMy eyes are closed, but I can't sleep
Moving forward, for sleep means death
A white shroud covers me
I buried myself to stay aliveTime's passing slow on my pale face
Beneath the snow, beneath the ice

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