Phallic Tantrum

Celtic Frost

No more
Harassed Hearts Primeval wings of solitude
The cross has saved the soil
Traces given to sinister moods
Cavity of hate
Unborn faith, scorn beneath
The quest for death
Gold built the mortal feat
Into the phallic tantrum
Stronghold of eternal fearInto the phallic tantrum
Their only wish to reappear
Infinite space
No dreams of sleep of death
Humane, cold embrace
Concepts of might and reign
The apocalyptic raids
Shadows over the hearts beneath
Calls that forever fade
Their visions betrayed

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