

Cities of Frost

Orange Goblin

Salvation seems a million miles away
A generation wiped out in one day
The sun is setting on a rancid town
Lady solace has been gagged and bound
Brand a cross on the door of hope
Asphyxiating, we begin to choke
My head is pounding like a funeral drum
Awaiting the angel of death to come
If this isn't hell, it's the next best thing
A city of frost for a leper king
The fruits of Empire will not numb the pain
And in our weakness, the lord's to blame
Raping and robbing the dead on the ground
Light of humanity will not be found
All of our morals will now rot away
Down on your knees for forgiveness you pray
If this isn't hell, it's the next best thing
A city of frost for a leper king
The fruits of Empire will not numb the pain
And in our weakness, the lord's to blame
Lord come and take me far away from my home
Lead me to refuge down the path you have shown
Am I condemned to this delirious way?
Forever toiling in my watery grave
Brandish your daggers and come all ye men
This is our kingdom, the walls we'll defend
Crows of the tower will peck out our eyes
And lead us to victory under black skies
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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