

Wine in My Hand (Third from the Sun)

Celtic Frost

They're sleeping through the ages
Faces bare of names
Remembrance ever lies
At the Bosom of the insane
Death's cold embrace
Across the restless seas
Unfolding the wish to forget
The eyes of the deceased
Thirst for the wine in my hand
Third from the sun
The heart of death
A thought for fake desires
Starving trough the night
Engulfed in an earthbound fire
Left all alone among the dances and cries
They seed all the hate
Within the shade of sights

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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