

The Inevitable Factor

Celtic Frost

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