

A Kiss or a Whisper

Celtic Frost

By masquerade of sleep madness ever lures
Resting soul's rebirth, denying the depths of fear
Necropolis Built from mortal bones
Death descends inside the darkened mind
A thousand cries in pain, spread beneath the fall
A kiss glowing above, feeding upon the heart
Spells... on glory they ride from within
Light, as they seed hate onto the path
A kiss or a whisper
Floods of hate without relief for all sinister sleep
Shadows of eternal belief