

## Domain of Decay

Celtic Frost

Within these darkest walls.  
As I write these lines.  
In this domain of decay.  
Words fall on the soil beneath.  
Enfold, embrace, besiege, swathe.  
My domain.  
Within these darkest walls.  
How can I be human?  
They say they are blind.  
Smearing ashes across glass.  
In this forest of harbored thoughts.  
There's demons in my mind.  
And I entrust myself to the lure.  
Of leaving this existence behind.