

## Inner Sanctum

Celtic Frost

Sleep brings no joy to me  
Remembrance never dies  
My soul is given to misery  
And lives in sighs ...  
The shadows of the dead,  
My waken eyes may never see,  
Surround my bed  
That from which they sprung - eternity

Beneath the turf  
The silent dead

Sleep brings no wish to knit  
My harrassed heart beneath  
My only wish is to forget  
In the sleep of death  
Death is my joy  
I long to be at rest  
I wish the damp earth covered  
This desolate brest

Beneath the mould  
The silent dead

But the glad eyes around us  
Must weep as we have done  
And we must see the same gloom  
Eclipse their morning sun

Oh not for them - Should we despair  
The grave is drear - But they're not there  
Their dust is mingled - With the sod  
Their pale souls - Are gone, to god

Well, may they live in ecstasy  
Their long eternity of joy  
At least I wouldn't bring them down  
With me to weep, to groan  
And what's the future  
A sea beneath the cloudless sun  
A mighty, glorious, dazzling sea  
Stretching into infinity

My inner sanctum  
R.I.P