

# Temple of Depression

Celtic Frost

Why am I cold, so devoid?  
And why do I feel what I am?  
Destroyed, all you bestowed  
You're my all

I am  
It falls apart  
They recede  
Oh, how I envy them  
How I long  
Everything I was is dead  
Oh, how I long

Mine  
In this lie  
This is me  
In this lie

I drown  
I fall  
I subside  
Why do I feel?