

## 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