

## Vanity

Celtic Frost

Deep within my bleeding heart  
Stranded by the hold of fear  
Agony takes a final role  
Sipping the dew of tears  
Thorns and rites idols of false  
Tearing apart the skin of lust  
Forever still but never born  
Broken by the final quest  
Vanity, silent choir spreading lies  
Vanity, fallen shrine of muted sighs  
Surrender, dance and cry  
Their Tormented eyes perceive  
Grasps of fright, lusters crawl  
Tarnished grounds of faded beliefs