

# When Hell Freezes Over

Iskald

Of bloodwork and pain  
And revelation to thy nine worlds beyond  
Of lunacy from an arch-heretic  
And failed believes from thy mortal souls

I am thy savage guard  
Thy keeper of thy ninth gate of Ishtar  
I conduct all your wishes and lusts  
I am Mephisto himself

In a bed of roses and wine  
Thou whilst she'd your last tears in life  
When hell freezes finally over  
Blood will be she'd in twilight of October

Of Blizzard winds and frost  
And absence of love and celebrating survey  
We envy thy beasts that fell  
Into thy gloomy, freezing pits of hell

I am thy savage guard  
Thy keeper of thy ninth gate of Ishtar  
I conduct all your wishes and lusts  
I am Mephistophilus himself

As we all where afflicted  
By thy sacred beliefs, thy spiritual flesh  
A high-priest of hell  
Declared war of savage and sorrow

I mourn as I drink their purified blood  
Of servitude and labor it taste  
Thy dismal sorrow lies in freezing hell  
Oh, what a pity, what a horrible waste

All our losses, all our pain  
Afflicted by thy way they all where slain  
Our glory, our tremendous feast  
Their defeat in thy eyes of thy beast

I am thy savage guard  
Thy keeper of thy ninth gate of Ishtar  
I conduct all your wishes and lusts  
I am Mephostophiel himself

Time whilst celebrate  
In a world of blister and torture  
Where all life has decayed  
When hell freezes over

I am thy savage guard  
Thy keeper of thy ninth gate of Ishtar  
I conduct all your wishes and lusts  
I am Satan himself