

## The land of ice

The Tiger Lillies

Now in this land of ice  
we pay for every vice  
Frozen in the snow  
each pleasure it goes  
Each lust and desire  
frozen every fire  
So we await our fate  
in this frozen waste  
But though the ice winds blow  
leave us in the snow  
Our evil is not spent  
we do not repent  
So if a saviour comes  
our vice will not have run  
The ice and the storm  
leaves us unreformed  
So we await our fate  
in the frozen waste