

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