

Celtic Frost, Inner Sanctum

Sleep brings no joy to me
Remembrance never dies
My soul is given to misery
And lives in sighs ...
The shadows of the dead,
My waken eyes may never see,
Surround my bed
That from which they sprung - eternity

Beneath the turf
The silent dead

Sleep brings no wish to knit
My harrassed heart beneath
My only wish is to forget
In the sleep of death
Death is my joy
I long to be at rest
I wish the damp earth covered
This desolate brest

Beneath the mould
The silent dead

But the glad eyes around us
Must weep as we have done
And we must see the same gloom
Eclipse their morning sun

Oh not for them - Should we despair
The grave is drear - But they're not there
Their dust is mingled - With the sod
Their pale souls - Are gone, to god

Well, may they live in ecstasy
Their long eternity of joy
At least I wouldn't bring them down
With me to weep, to groan
And what's the future
A sea beneath the cloudless sun
A mighty, glorious, dazzling sea
Stretching into infinity

My inner sanctum
R.I.P