

Frost "Sickness"

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With ice in his breath
And fire in his stride
Pagan shadows in his eyes
He's got the devil inside

Eastern desolation
Crypts of flagellation
Dancing into ecstasy
Driving out this sickness

Heavy like a cancer leech
Draining all life from you

A maniac stare
Impure carnal sin
On a spiritual journey
Open wide, let me in

Spiritual temptation
Of the antichrist

Hunting down the devil
Can't drive out this sickness

Heavy like a cancer leech
Draining all life from you

Let me breathe your poisoned breath
My love, my life, my misery
The death is on your lips
It is dripping, it is sleeping
It is pulling me under

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