

Notre Dame

"Frost"

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...and as I was following the trail of blood in the snow, it led me further and further into a forest, that seemed to be beckoning me. The winterland stretched out like some painting by John Bauer where the mist of morning lay thick among the trees creating a vibe so magical it felt as if I had stepped right into a saga. Determined as I was to find my furry companion I kept walking without fear, ironically without whom I wouldn't normally have dared to walk this deep into an unknown forest, but the great whiteness came across as pure as innocent, not a bit frightening or threatening - I was seduced. Every now and then soft whiffs of wind blew and from branches, powder-snow gently was falling, amongst the treetops thousands of icecycles played their tinsel tingling music. Though he seemed to have ran out of blood I followed his limping footprints through the untouched snow, it seemed that no living thing had set its foot on this place for thousand years, a place this beautiful couldn't possibly possess anything evil..... it's funny what a little snow can do

I must have walked for hours when I finally came to a mountainside at the end of the enchanted forest. The traces now led into a crevice and through a narrow pathway, all the time I was thinking of my furry four-legged friend and it wasn't until I was totally engulfed by the white light that I became aware of the striking similarities with what many claim happens when we die, when our disembodied spirit enters the land of the dead. As the mist scattered from my snowblind eyes I saw that in a glade I was standing

staring out over a
beautifully snowclad valley down below. The silence
was deafening, the greenish
mass of ice-cycles reached all the way up and looked
as if they were attached
to the sky itself, raindrops were hanging like crystals in
the air as if time
stopped and them froze while they were falling, it was
like seeing the world
through frosted glass and I imagine this is what he had
in mind when he
invented the expression "when hell is freezing over". At
first I thought the
blood would freeze in my veins but after awhile I
adapted so well the chilling
bite began to feel like it was burning, by and by I
removed my clothes as I
went along. Just a stone's toss inside the entrance his
foot-prints suddenly
disappeared, as if he had been given wings

I looked up and saw I was standing in front of a gate so
gigantic it
dwarfed the two mighty statues of ice standing on
each side. In the sort of
dream-like state I was I didn't stop to marvel at what it
was I just passed by
between the two frost bitten guards and into the
garden. Freely and without
fear I wandered amongst an abundance of icy
sculptures so carefully carved they
looked human, there was a grotesque sculpture of a
man standing on his knees
with both his arms raised overhead, you could tell by
looking at his tormented
face that he was screaming his lungs out. Behind him
stood a mother and her two
children, whom she sheltered with her bare body. I let
my fingers run over the
sad face of an old man, every wrinkle was perfect and
so was the tears. The
whole bizarre scenery reminded me of an oft-told tale
when I was a child where
an entire village was turned into stone, could this be, it
was the different
but yet the same. I literally froze in front of a sculpture
of a naked young
woman who seemed to be smiling, fascinated I sat in
my own thoughts and didn't
notice the roar that quickly grew in the distance. When I
turned around it was

like the nightfall had already fallen, I began running as
fast as my legs could
bare me but it was too late the approaching blizzard
was already over me and I
got sucked into the whirl, the snow covered every inch
of my body, I tried to
scream but the whirling avalanche came down through
my mouth and nostrils and
filled my lungs. I knew now what had really happened
here and that I would soon
become an ice-sculpture myself. When I stopped
fighting it and gave in a
wonderful warmth washed over me and the closest
thing I can think of when
describing it, is an orgasm... I died with a smile on my
lips

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