

## Nocturnal Rites

### "Under the ice"

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The sinners are waiting in line at the doorway to hell  
As they're rubbing their bellies and pushing the crap  
that they sell  
Now send us your money and we'll give you blessings  
by mail  
We're building empires and no one will stand in our  
way

And they know, you're walking the endless mile  
Your colours are fading, the hangman they smile

Cause you're under the ice  
And now you are fated to pay the price  
While heaven is waiting  
The sinners are laughing alone  
You are under the ice  
Just like the others have been before  
While heaven is waiting  
You're all going under the ice, again

Follow the masses, obey like you're puppets on strings  
In the eyes of the world you are sacred, it's making us  
kings

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