

## Progeny

Celtic Frost

(Ooh!)

I am you.  
Stillborn.  
Into this state of being numb.  
I am the temple and the sacrifice.  
The shrine, entombed within lies all I am.  
And you, the womb from whence I came.  
I am you.  
If I am you, no life is sacred in my hands.  
If I am you, no love will prosper in this world.  
If I am you, I am the faith to end all faith.  
If I am you, you shall not live to save yourselves.  
I bring no God, no afterworld.  
I am no more than a lie.  
I love your life not for you.  
I am a throne made from dust.