

Juices Like Wine

Celtic Frost

Thirst and desire, to rule the light
For crossing heavens, a futile fight
Bound to storm, our minds wave
Fervent to sail in deserts of mist
Juices like wine, like the blood in the sands
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Born of earth, we strive for skies
Obsessed with lies, in arms of sleep
Earning dreams, we blind our eyes
Challenging secrets, ancient the cries
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