

Stiff And Cold

Gorguts

Will I die or survive
From this hell made of ice?
It's up to this mountain to decide
What will happen to my life

The more I climb
The freezing ice
Intensifies
And paralyze me

A dreadful avalanche
Behind me
Enslaved to this mountain
I shall be

Amputate my Chilblains
Handless arm remains

My frozen body
I behold
Slowly turning
Stiff and cold

Smell the sweet stench
In wind's blow
Of lost carcasses
In the snow