

Hall of the Fallen

Burzum

Hung in the tree of life.
Wounded. Bleeding.
I fall from the hall of gods!

The bond has been cut.
I cannot stand, nor speak.
I cannot crawl, nor think clearly.
I start over again. And again. And again.

The bond has been cut.
The tree has fallen.
The life of a god,
returns. Again.

There is no death for the honourable.
There is no end for the honourable.

Only eternal rebirth.