

# A Blaze in the Northern Sky

Darkthrone

Hear a Haunting Chant  
Lying in the Northern wind  
As the Sky turns Black  
clouds of Melancholy  
rape the Beams  
of a Devoid Dying Sun  
and the Distant Fog approaches

Coven of forgotten Delight  
Hear the Pride of a Northern Storm  
Triumphant sight on a Northern Sky

Where the days are Dark  
and Night the Same  
Moonlight Drank the Blood  
of a thousand Pagan men

It took ten times a hundred Years  
Before the King on the Northern Throne  
was brought Tales of the crucified one

Coven of renewed Delight;  
A Thousand Years have passed since then -  
Years of Lost Pride and Lust

Souls of Blasphemy,  
hear a Haunting Chant -

We are a Blaze in the Northern Sky  
The next thousand Years Are OURS