

## Blasphemer

Darkthrone

In the quest for shudders I was as the absence  
melted in my hand  
As clear as my gleaming sorrow

A spectral fascination  
For irony to serve  
are the glorious those who triumph  
in a kingdom of eternity?  
...a castle of sand  
whose roof has sheltered my  
I sense "the absence of triumph and lust  
abruptly rising to cover the glory in sand"

A whore gave birth to the flies  
...who flew away with my beauty  
A virgin gave birth to my masks

I simulate the absence  
"To enter a kingdom of  
flesh - a ghastly worn shadow  
A fiery picture of poet in hel"

Forlorn I was as poets should be  
I am as chosen as the weaver himself.