

# Come Warfare, the Entire Doom

Darkthrone

Now the time has come  
Creep, bleed, pain, you die  
Regret, confess, tears, you lie  
Mourningstar, the coldest steel

From the beginning, ignorant, bare and cold  
Learning slow, no real path to go  
Struck by the stars, again and again  
Growing in confidence, but still without balls

You are not welcome  
Scraping on the door, but it's sealed  
The false agenda, biting its tail

The times of glory lies dead, crawling backwards  
Remorse is just a distant treasure

All systems fail, organic doom  
Fear planted, seeds of steel.