

## Dead Early

Darkthrone

I got the chance  
on a silver plate  
to do things right, to do things straight

The worlds are clear to me  
I'm not going to last

Deep is the lake of thoughts  
onlookers stare like apes

Tangled in a web of lies  
energy constantly rotating  
reaching my end

This starry night  
I'm shooting silverplates  
Applauding apes  
send me to the depth of space.