

# In His Lovely Kingdom

Darkthrone

Lover of all  
Face the Apocolypse  
You fade away under the black rain  
And flowers remain

Flowers to step on  
Flowers to burn

Am I ready for the god below  
Red flesh to penetrate my skin  
To steel my soul away  
To the grave I seek  
Until I'm feeling weak

But there's fire  
In my heart, in my eyes  
In his body, in his eyes  
And in his lovely kingdom