

## Sunrise Over Locus Mortis

Darkthrone

The dark and cold wastelands of  
Grey dust softens when my downturned  
triangular teardrops covers the ground  
This secret got lost to the shepherd's flock  
My burning skin connects with the sands of time  
and thus the holy angels appear...  
"Drag THEM through the mud" I cried  
"Instead of me"  
"This is not the death I choose -  
your christian trials are wrong!"  
I speak of what I want  
And my heart lies therein  
Blackened you say -  
Then black is my way  
And call me an Enemy -  
I shall only stand proud  
Awaiting the rise of the DarkSide  
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