

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
Surise Over Locus Mortis