

# The Serpents Harvest

Darkthrone

Feel the burning flame  
as the sun in the desert sand  
Sense the grief as the knives of torment  
Shreds your soul  
Behold the harvest storm of spiritual rape  
Hordes from infernal wastelands united  
Under blackened wings  
Souls under the serpents banner  
with common flesh  
But a heart of scorn and painful anger

Orgy of destruction - a "gesture of might"  
Gaze at the grey sky - hatred and poison

And from the vast towers of the underworld  
one could see shadows of Them in dark  
caves and endless halls  
Trample down bronze gate of tartaros  
Patient earthly men with (raised) bloodfilled chalices  
Greeting Their arrival for the battle of the  
ages is at hand and when the garish slave  
of the seeds of life has turned into a  
torrent of blood and the wolf has eaten the sheep

Stare into the galactic fog  
- armageddon has been achieved