

## The Watchtower

Darkthrone

Nocturnal flight, no shadows cast  
a distant symbol of our beyond  
life lies in front of us  
Sacred Ground, Rotten Earth  
Ashes To Dust  
Flesh Decomposed  
Caressing the sacred ground  
where the deadened corpses lie  
A sepulchural misty night  
with a whiff of the Macabre  
Silently watching the stones  
put there as a symbol of death  
Our minds united; A force is lit,  
and insight creates  
A humanoid watchtower, reaching for  
their souls to the Sky  
For a glance onto  
The Other Side.....