

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....