

# To Walk the Infernal Fields

Darkthrone

From the abode of demons  
A wing of the pentagram  
Comes the juice that painted  
My heart and my soul

Swept in black they are  
Swept in black I am

From this soul comes the eyes  
That will look upon your ten  
Beautiful heads with delight

My heart is the one  
That will tend to your flames  
And make them mine  
We share this spirit -  
My heart is yours...

I am your disciple  
And therefore my own  
Your weapon I will be  
With the demons that possesses me  
We'll ride the seven sins of death  
That takes me to Katharian

The sign of your horns  
Is my dearest vision  
They impale all holy and weak

You watch me face the mirror  
And see desecration  
With my art I am the fist  
In the face of god