

## Where Cold Winds Blow

Darkthrone

Where Cold Wings Blow I (was) laid to Rest  
I Can not reach my Rusty Weapons  
the Blood and Sword that Guided my Path  
for they Drowned in the Sands of Wisdom

I was, indeed, a King of the Flesh  
My Blackened Edges; still they were Sharp  
Honoured by the Carnal Herds  
but asketh thou: Closed are the Gates?

My Mind cut my Winged Weapons  
and Teeth that was my Pride  
And from the Forest all would hear:  
"Wisdom Opens the Gate for the King"

My Weapons Sighted - My Tears they Tasted  
Summon my Warriors - To the Land of Desire  
To the Domain of Hate - Where Cold Winds Blew  
For Lust for Hell - We Rode with the North Wind

Only I could accomplish a fucken Self-deceit  
There are only Two Paths - the Mind or the Sword  
And the Mind was Open like the Sights in a Dream  
But the Sword was like a Stone around my neck

I Entered the Soul of the Snake  
and Slept with the Armageddish Whore  
(but) without my Throne and my Weapons;  
Where Cold Winds Blow became my Grave