

Rope Of Regret

Marduk

Cold heart hammering hard - no sanctuary to find
Death stands firm and tall - bell cracks its iron spine

The hunter and the hunted
Closing in, poised to sting - ring of fear
Circle of pounding death
Counting ribs, weighing blood - searching the sky

Solemn black manner
Blood-drenched banned whips in the jagged wind
Sour milk, blackened flesh
Deciduous forest - devoid of life

Burning hate - flaming sword
Repeatedly severing the heads of the hydra
Stalemate - corrosion
Stillborn resistance - unquenchable thirst

Now see the Rope of Regret - Around the Partisan neck

Dead eyes glowing cold - no sanctuary to find
Breathing damp and mould - through hell with a firm smile

Hunting high and low
Sowing seeds of blood, deep into the folk soul
Bonfires burning bright
Kingdom come ! Kingdom gone - praised be the flame

Buzzard feathers swirl
Ruthless night and fog merging together
Murky waters flow
Sulphurous skies, sulphurous cries - funeral daze

New-sprung world of blades
Apocalyptic raids throughout the nations
Black breath, hand of death
Iron wills - blood red hills; swet and decay

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