

View from Nihil

Mayhem

For everything around me which I experience is cold and dead
The blood of others are of a colder substance and taste
Therefore I must spill and serve,
The blood that in me runs vibrant
In the frost of the dying minds,
Of Western society I recreate
It will be the resurrection,
Of the brotherhood of holy death
In the year of the Holy Roman Empire,
Of night times to come and last
The day of which I shall,
Lay my sword upon your throats
Upon the mighty warriors,
Of the land of northern regions
Upon the shores of our desolate coast within the waves
I can see the wreckage floating ashore of the dying culture
And so I greet those who still have eyes to observe and see
And who still have courage to break through into the dying light