

## 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