

A New Enemy

Satyricon

Retreat, divide
What moved, what blurred
What spun, what changed
Our perception of reality?

Awaiting the battle, destined
Reflecting the ending desired

On bloodstained soil
The circles meet
Face him
On bloodstained soil
The fog dispersed
Come forth
A new enemy

Unknown, begone
It stirs, it tears
It rips, it shreds
The bizarre nature of our kind

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For what, for whom?
No rule, no sense