

Blood Cracks Open the Ground

Satyricon

At the gate of nightfall
with the sword of ages
comes the spring of darkness
on the plains of nowhere
blood runs hot with my buried fathers

screams
wounds
scars
tombs

will to stand
(to) stand alone
face the loss
face the glory
now

River runs down the upstream
light forcing its way, through the surface
anarchy and free will
thus spoke the elders

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Ravens flee
Pitch black
Another mind
Another dawn

Blood Cracks Open the Ground

Distant Roars
Dying Stars
Fading Blades
Never forget
At the gate of nightfall
with the sword of ages
comes the spring of darkness
on the plains of nowhere
blood runs hot with my buried fathers