

Dissonant

Satyricon

The nihilist trapped
in the corner of his head
Deconstruct and destroy
(This), the pathway out
of the corner of his head
Troubled, warped and mislead

Blasting through
The winds of misery
Hellbent and broken

My energy, my strength
My given right to march
No deep unvisited
Embrace the twisted
Accursed or not
It's Dissonant

Flying high
Above the storm
Freight train coming
Hellbent, broken and patched up

The abyss of man
His own worst enemy
Where is the awe?
Ambition stranded on the
doorstep of hope
Torn down by his (own) shadow

The prince of darkness
(His) distorted patterns
across the landscape

Dismantling the chord of pain
The longest ride
On the muddy roads of destiny

Behold—it's the nihilist
On the shores of madness

My energy, my strength
My given right to march
Embrace the twisted
It's dissonance