

The Rite of Our Cross

Satyricon

Freedom, urge, faith
And deeper he falls
Hatred, rage, fear
The stronger denial
Anger, heat, lust
The higher he climbs

Slave- the shackles are off
Act- do it your way
Horns- the abyss ascends

Now gather the earth
It's the coming of the dark lord
All tribes unite
This is the rite of our cross

Viewing, judging, killing
A formula known
Fading, paling, rotting
A story too old

Slave- the shackles are off
Act- do it your way
Horns- the abyss ascends

Now gather the earth
It's the coming of the dark lord
All tribes unite
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Wielding, might, just
Now throw me the fight
Glowing, thriving, winning
The truth will be told

Slave- the shackles are off
Act- do it your way
Horns- the abyss ascends

Now gather the earth
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