

# Tied in Bronze Chains

Satyricon

Sinful woman with me cause  
I'm the wolf on your shoulder  
But complain not to me,  
Cause I'm the accuser

If you dare to withhold the immense power and the greed  
You shall walk among us the subterranean fields  
Why don't you come with me  
And dance the snakepit dance

Rhythmic moves to the eerie bell,  
The boiling blood  
Evils breath on your neck,  
The morbid rite

I'm tied in bronze chains  
(So) where do all the flowers come from (In October 1997)  
I am tired, should I care anymore?  
The rusty claws who reach for me are too far away

Sense no anger for that,  
Be at one  
The sleaze on the  
Wall is all gone (anyway)

It's just flowers,  
Flowers  
Come, come let's join the orgy  
Decay and wine,

Sodomy all the way  
No rest for the holly  
Forbidden fruit is always best  
Drift'n filth tastes so good

I see the cross of Peter overwhelming their coward  
Countenance  
Oh you're so damned clean,  
Now take my dirty whore, hellfire  
Is inside her

Contaminate the clean,  
Woman, Let him feel you're woman  
It's the only way to release the chains  
My candle is burning at both ends,

I just want to be released Before I go  
It's a harsh voyage, To the land of sin  
I had to make sure to bring'em down with me  
I am the lost of my kind I'm tied in bronze chains