

Through Chaos And Solitude I Came...

Woods of Ypres

Ripping down the valley of asphalt
Through a brainstorm of snow and ice
Where dynamite blasted the Canadian Shield, I ride
Highways 17 and 69

I understand the relation
Of black metal and modern life
How a cold winter scene
Can inspire distortion and screams

I am equal parts blood and ice
I am just as much man as tree
Through chaos and solitude I came
To become this black metal being

Each day I could see the changes
Each day I became more extreme
I understood how the sight of nature
Could inspire the sound of machines

I've traveled over dynamic earth at night
On highways 17 and 69
For the beauty of nature can lift my spirits
Even in the dead of winter.

Modern life can drive us to scream for the trees...(in harmony)
For those of us who can't find peace, at least we can have a release.

I understand the translation
Universal in human nature
A common expression and interpretation
Of Black Metal and modern life

Focused and strong
Without distraction, I look within
No one to talk me out of what I believe
Without reaction, I proceed.

I was on my own and alone to decide
Black metal was all that mattered, at the time
I found faith inspired by nature
And I was defined.

On this northern highway, under the starry sky
Mine was a cold, nocturnal, winter ride

And in the distance...
A stranger flashed his lights...