

Windir "Black New Age"

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Dressed in black with a pale expression,
I attack the world with extreme satisfaction,
I am the master, never more to be enslaved,
Broken free from the chains that restrained my needs,
There is time, but no time to waste,
There are rules, but they seem to fade,
I am the master of my own salvation,
A black cloud of obscure creation,
This new foundation, a new generation,
Bottled up on misanthropic hate,
A revolution, a new constitution,
From real hatred, rather than blind fate,
This new foundation, a new generation,
Bottled up on misanthropic hate,

Rebels in the face of conformity,
Founders of the black new age,

This is my life
This your hell
This is my exhibition
And it makes me well
What you can't stomach,
you no longer can stop,
You must eat your hatred or choke it up.
All things must be broken down,
Burned to ashes,
bombed to the ground,
A process of purification,
where old mistakes are cremated,
No carrier of infection will survive,
No corrupted thoughts shall sound,
The new empire has found its ground.

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