Dark Throne (Darkthrone) "In The Shadow Of The Horns"

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Face of the Goat in the Mirror Eyes Burn like (an) October Sunrise As Once they Gazed upon the Hillside Searching for the Memories... In the Shadow of the Horns only seen by the Kings of the Dawn (of the) First Millennium upon the Thrones In the Shadow of the Horns Cleansed like the air in the Night World Without End (we've become) a Race of the Cursed Seeds for five United Forces in the Eternal Dawn the Kings that held (their) heads high The Triumph of chaos - Has Guided our Path we Circles the holy Sinai - Our Swords Gave Wings Invisible force of our Abyssic Hate Our seeds Boil as we gaze upon the New Millennium Weeping by the Graves of the Glorious Ones (so) the hardened Frost Melts Away Clouds Gather across a Freezing Moon I kiss the Goat - Witchcraft Still Breathes

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