

Dark Throne (Darkthrone)

"Rust"

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I come from a land
of systematic erasure of optimism and positiveness
You don't want to encourage me
Slowly corroding your fortified norm
Leaving you bitter, grim and sober
With rigid cramp or silent fear
I strangle what you do hold dear
With rigid cramp or silent fear
evoking addiction, limp, severe
It's sin again
Like charcoal on flaming nuns
Consistence unknown like early black metal
We're born without armor -
don't you think I'm watching my back ?!
With rigid cramp or silent fear
I strangle what you hold dear
With rigid cramp or silent fear
evoke addiction; limp; severe

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