Dark Throne (Darkthrone) "To Walk The Infernal Fields"

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From the abode of demons A wing of the pentagram Comes the juice that painted My heart and my soul Swept in black they are Swept in black I am From this soul comes the eyes That will look upon your ten Beautiful heads with delight My heart is the one That will tend to your flames And make them mine We share this spirit -My heart is yours... I am your disciple And therefore my own Your weapon I will be With the demons that posesses me We'll ride the seven sins of death That takes me to Katharian The sign of your horns Is my dearest vision They impale all holy and weak You watch me face the mirror And see desecration With my art I am the fist In the face of god

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