

Dodheimsgard

"Sonar Bliss"

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[words 4/2-99, music 98]

I'm the scenery of vendetta
Mind and soul
I'm the shapeless victory
Order and suppression

All in the tower of the virgin
Triumphant in a pale gray light
In despire of how to deal with it
A sweet, turbulent intoxication

Rapidly I yearn to bare the mark
In a tragic understatement of the lions force
A tribe who's independence is no longer
Disturbed by the ragged interception of happy thorns

As I face the whispering
I answer to the master
A biochemical trembling
Voices in my head

And thus I appear with wakeful eyes
Trust insight
A tedious dramatic implant
Like swollen iron feeds itself,
Longing for the moon

Unbreakable and unborn
Sifting the contents of the surface
A ceremony of killers
A scorched fucking snale

In postures of gold
That might be recognized
But as long as there are shelters
You'll always find yourself detained

A huge defenseless atmosphere
Wretched and toiled for centuries
Is ever so tender as long as we're alive
For it is with great wealth that I, declare this

Flapping wings, tired monster
Ruthless in folly frames
Attempting gaiety upon sinister forces
All within, we will win...

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