

Mayhem "View From Nihil"

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For everything around me which I experience is cold
and dead

The blood of others are of a colder substance and
taste

Therefore I must spill and serve,
The blood that in me runs vibrant

In the frost of the dying minds,

Of Western society I recreate
It will be the resurrection,

In the year of the Holy Roman Empire,
Of the brotherhood of holy death

Of night times to come and last
Lay my sword upon your throats
The day of which I shall,
Upon the mighty warriors,
Of the land of northern regions
Upon the shores of our desolate coast within the waves
I can see the wreckage floating ashore of the dying
culture

And so I greet those who still have eyes to observe and
see

And who still have courage to break through into the
dying light

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