

Satyricon "Black Lava"

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Grey heavens, no light shed
Bleak day, change is ahead
Oval mountainside, naked cold

Unreleased powers, no fright
Slide down sorrow, smell what comes with the breeze
Cold chambers, punishment awaits
Hollow tone haunts, anticipation's choir songs
Turn around, face the depth of inner sanctum

Autum in the air, (the) smell of Black Metal 90-95
World moves, in mysterious ways
Body onwards, mind drifts
You die, then we hail (to our relief)
New age dawns

Sickness; won't understand,
Face all wrath
Grace falls
Burning fist
Volcano shaking
no turning back
Fates are being sealed
Heavens blunder,
Will you or will you not
to heroism walk
Black Lava, drifting down the mountainside

Pernicious flow, redemptive perpetuity
Black Lava, you can't fight

If my world's a joke, do you see them smile?
Hellbound me - on a throne of gold
Unholy drive, the gods arrogant grin

Wastelands prey on dying cattle
Glimpse of glory, walk ahead
Slaves of Nazareth, can not be fed
Desert sucks on poor man's thirst

Black Lava, drifting down the mountainside
Black Lava, you can't fight

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