

## Satyricon "Prime Evil Renaissance"

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He would kill the whitedraped men  
He would kill all holly men  
He would kill the powers in control  
to waste these jokers in this pathetic game  
He would choke the sleaze pig  
He would shepherd the sheep off the cliff  
He would crush all organs of speech  
to start the process of renewal  
He would avenge the dead  
He would crave divine protection  
He would sing the songs of darkness  
to call upon it to manifest  
He would "mirror" himself in the tundra frost  
He would rape its virtue  
He would disable its ways of hurting him  
to give him that advantage  
This would be the way of the misanthrope  
in order to create you must destroy  
We would greet the nuclear morning mist  
We would smile at all life dying  
We would cherish each and every moment  
and celebrate the return of Sin  
We would bow to the planet's Iconoclast  
we would march under the flag of Dominion and Hate  
we would burn all conspirators  
and their works with'em  
We would reveal the only truth  
we would make them really sorry  
we would show them Sovereignty in true fashion  
and then be a reflection of their loss  
We would soak up the last joys of our lives  
we would Hail that grotesque destiny we would walk on  
the last glory  
and hope for blessing to come

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