

## Satyricon "Repined Bastard Nation"

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Do we need another bastard nation...  
another force-fed disgust  
aiming at us clinically  
Do we need another bastard nation...  
Like an insect-swarm  
of a dead whore  
towards the shapeliness mouth  
We need the spirit, the voice, the angel of light  
taking invincible shape  
We need the spirit, the voice, the angel of light  
arising from melted mass  
to standing ovation  
The unbearable feeling of hitting that  
Repossessing night and her hand's godly touch

dark wall is a scene that must come to an end

Earthly decay in front of your our eyes  
Now, not it's killing for a living

No more repined bastard nation  
A generous gesture to people so blind  
No more repined bastard nation  
It takes a non-poisoned creature  
fumbling, descending, away from the light  
to withstand a monster that has grown and spawned,  
a darkness, I can not tolerate  
A darkness we must bury  
the search to justify one truth  
Do they feel, do they absorb our pain...  
Do they feel, do they absorb our pain...  
the greater understanding

to defeat and destroy a monster,  
It takes a non-poisoned creature  
that has grown and spawned  
a darkness, a darkness we can not tolerate

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