

## Satyricon "Suffering The Tyrants"

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Crawling down the road of life  
another hopeless epoch  
Gruesome soul numbness  
People stare, do they know  
a firm fist of misery

I am suffering the tyrants  
Every gesture is a malicious attack  
But it shall not coincide  
with the Lion's downfall

There are no tears  
Nowhere to channel the anger  
No feeling of guilt  
How can they feast upon the Lion without knowing?  
Nowhere to leave the pain  
...He will eventually rise again

Hunt him down (when He is at his weakest)  
Tempt him down (on His knees if you can)

Stronger than all (so it's futile)  
All there is left (right now) is personal pride  
Enough to return with rays of light

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