

## Satyricon

# "The Forest Is My Throne"

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Through years of knowledge, man rode the wings of  
evil

Through the enormous winter, three years without  
summer

Prepared for the battles of the north

I sat on my throne and watched between

The skies of a cold northern light,

Knowing this was my ground, but those who turned  
their backs

Against my throne, only got my sword in their back!

I rose from my throne and walked away with the wind

Through centuries of weakness

Only the strong follow me, on my crusade of darkness

In this land where the forest is my throne

I have come to re-hunt

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