

## D?dheimsgard

### "Sonar Bliss"

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I'm the scenery of vendetta  
Mind and soul  
I'm the shapeless victory  
Order and suppression  
All in the tower of the virgin  
Triumphant in a pale gray light  
In despire of how to deal with it  
A sweet, turbulent intoxication  
Rapidly I yearn to bare the mark  
In a tragic understatement of the lions force  
A tribe who's independence is no longer  
Disturbed by the ragged interception of happy thorns  
As I face the whispering  
I answer to the master  
A biochemical trembling  
Voices in my head  
And thus I appear with wakeful eyes  
Trust insight  
A tedious dramatic implant  
Like swollen iron feeds itself,  
Longing for the moon  
Unbreakable and unborn  
Sifting the contents of the surface  
A ceremony of killers  
A scorched fucking snale  
In postures of gold  
That might be recognized  
But as long as there are shelters  
You'll always find yourself detained  
A huge defenseless atmosphere  
Wretched and toiled for centuries  
Is ever so tender as long as we're alive  
For it is with great wealth that I, declare this  
Flapping wings, tired monster  
Ruthless in folly frames  
Attempting gaiety upon sinister forces  
All within, we will win...

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