

Scarred Core

Abbath

Too fierce for the flares of hell
Too tempestuous for the swell
Too bloody for the leech
Too brazen for the breech
Too sharp-edged for the razor
Too bright for stellar gazer
Too sentient for the brain
Too hungry to be tamed

Too rock 'n' roll to die!

Tied to dying root
Tumult tends to overshoot
Tenacity smashed will inculcate
Tomorrows torn from loop of fate

Too toxic for the viper's fang
No noose too tight, condemned to hang
Catch sabre tooth by the tail
Too committed to fail
Built from scar of every flaw
Cut from shard fragmenting core
Standard raised, we march on high
Too rock 'n' roll to die!

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Too hungry to be tamed!