

A Blaze in the Northern Sky

Darkthrone

Hear a Haunting Chant
Lying in the Northern wind
As the Sky turns Black
clouds of Melancholy
rape the Beams
of a Devoid Dying Sun
and the Distant Fog approaches

Coven of forgotten Delight
Hear the Pride of a Northern Storm
Triumphant sight on a Northern Sky

Where the days are Dark
and Night the Same
Moonlight Drank the Blood
of a thousand Pagan men

It took ten times a hundred Years
Before the King on the Northern Throne
was brought Tales of the crucified one

Coven of renewed Delight;
A Thousand Years have passed since then -
Years of Lost Pride and Lust

Souls of Blasphemy,
hear a Haunting Chant -

We are a Blaze in the Northern Sky
The next thousand Years Are OURS