

Alp Man

Darkthrone

Half-hearted black-hearted rams
Interstellar fugitives
Doing their bit for the universal dam
Coined is the black metal prairie

Sharing your weapons
Will it lead to its dullness
Will you buy better ones?
Will they be forlorn?

Will you need a receipt, bounty hunter?
Your trade eventually took you to Swiss alps
Carefree void of everything, then might
High watcher; inner fear of scalping edges

This and these
Tear jerking calamities
Stuffed tightly with earth-like fears
Solemn shit no one hears

Prairie seems like a good choice now
The crimson sky is the limit
Although chances ahead are scarce
The racket is rigged as you die