Burial Bliss

Darkthrone

Against these files
You're necro civilization
The debris he makes

Chapels from the deep call my name
You will not understand
The age of sickness from beyond the wasteland

Breathe in trash clean and natural
I believe you to bask in confusion
Our answer will remain justified

Run, now run around
The circles will not be broken
A death of my own, your necro civilization
The debris he makes alone

Chapels from the deep call my name
Drink the drink clean and natural
I believe you to bask in confusion
Run, now run around
The circles will not be broken

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