

Come Warfare, the Entire Doom

Darkthrone

Now the time has come
Creep, bleed, pain, you die
Regret, confess, tears, you lie
Mourningstar, the coldest steel

From the beginning, ignorant, bare and cold
Learning slow, no real path to go
Struck by the stars, again and again
Growing in confidence, but still without balls

You are not welcome
Scraping on the door, but it's sealed
The false agenda, biting its tail

The times of glory lies dead, crawling backwards
Remorse is just a distant treasure

All systems fail, organic doom
Fear planted, seeds of steel.