

Dead Early

Darkthrone

I got the chance
on a silver plate
to do things right, to do things straight

The worlds are clear to me
I'm not going to last

Deep is the lake of thoughts
onlookers stare like apes

Tangled in a web of lies
energy constantly rotating
reaching my end

This starry night
I'm shooting silverplates
Applauding apes
send me to the depth of space.