

# His Master's Voice

Darkthrone

Only in sleep, some relief could be found  
Ninth circle bound  
Gorgeous radioactive structures  
Heaving with their dormant pulse

Tied to the mast  
With his master's voice  
This will never last  
Hearing his master's voice

Cling to collapsing towers  
Death flashes before your eyes  
Reel at what could have been  
Lost lives drain within

Tied to the mast  
With his master's voice  
Today will be the last  
Hearing of his master's voice

Howls inside the golden calf I welded  
Vengeant ghosts accompany your choice

Wishing  
You could have that life anew  
The silent crowd  
Point steadily at you

Tied to the mast  
With his master's voice  
Today will be the last  
Hearing of his master's voice

Cling to collapsing towers  
Death flashes before your eyes  
Reel at what could have been  
Lost lives drain within