

Howling Primitive Colonies

Darkthrone

Cryptic extracts from the hollow island
Eradicate their minds, empty are the mines
Life was left behind
Drastic polarization of the bone pluckers and the wise
Excavation led to madness
The altars on the plains
Always at the zenith
The council gathered them

They only appear in the crystal ball
They are the essence of toil
Builders shipped to another planet
Howling primitive colonies recoil

They keep flying off the ledges
Dark angels donated that wing
Stellar belief in fairness
They hoard and rage away
At noon, the scholars watch them
Writhe in dismay

Howling wishes at the upper echelon
Left to rebel against themselves
If you want to be seen
The eye will forever be there

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