

# 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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