Old Star

Darkthrone

Der, Ved evighetens Utkikkspost
The old star dies for us all
An equator of tragedy
Stick out your fistfuls of hope

And out there in the fringes
The caravans are going in loops
Oblivious to the old star
while atlas cringes

Juggle your fears in the shadows
of altars to the diminishing beacon
No need to circle those wagons, even
The fingerless marble play ensues

And out there in the fringes
The caravans are going in loop
Oblivious to the old star
While atlas cringes

Paying for forests you separated
Atoning for hiding the rivers
Mankind dies
In a shroud of introvert mumbling

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