

Throw Me Through the Marshes

Darkthrone

Carry me through thick and secret walls
Wedge me into stone
Throw me through the marshes
Hide me in the dreams of the blind

Drag you screaming through my ignorant bliss
Fly you under each lake
Pedestal you in caves and dungeons
(And) engulf us in bone

These are the blue collared masonists
Yearning for transparent reign
Constructor of nine worlds
Built by force of bitter refusal

He had something to show you
(A) dramatic ancient slab in the mountains
A fragment of your life, it follows
Clings on towards that dying day

Deathbed