View from nihil I

Mayhem

For everything around me i experience is cold and dead
The blood of others is of a colder substance and taste
Therefore i must spill and serve
The blood that in me runs vibrant
In the frost of the dying min
D.S. of western society i recreate
It will be the resurrection
Of the brotherhood of holy death
In the year of the Holy Roman Empire
Of night times to come and last
The day of which i shall
Lay my sword upon your throats
Upon the mighty warriors
Of the land of northern regions
Upon the shores of our desolate coast within the waves
I can see the wreckage floating ashore of the dying culture
And so i greet those who still have eyes to observe and see
And who still have courage to break through into the dying light

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