

## A New Enemy

Satyricon

Retreat, divide  
What moved, what blurred  
What spun, what changed  
Our perception of reality?

Awaiting the battle, destined  
Reflecting the ending desired

On bloodstained soil  
The circles meet  
Face him  
On bloodstained soil  
The fog dispersed  
Come forth  
A new enemy

Unknown, begone  
It stirs, it tears  
It rips, it shreds  
The bizarre nature of our kind

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Reflecting the ending desired

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For what, for whom?  
No rule, no sense