

## Repined Bastard Nation

Satyricon

Do we need another bastard nation...  
another force-fed disgust  
Do we need another bastard nation...  
aiming at us clinically  
Like an insect-swarm  
towards the shapeless mouth  
of a dead whore  
We need the spirit, the voice, the angel of light  
arising from melted mass  
We need the spirit, the voice, the angel of light  
taking invincible shape  
to standing ovation  
Repossessing night and her hand's godly touch

The unbearable feeling of hitting that  
dark wall is a scene that must come to an end

Earthly decay in front of our eyes  
Now, now it's killing for a living

No more repined bastard nation  
A generous gesture to a people so blind  
No more repined bastard nation  
fumbling, descending, away from the light  
It takes a non-poisoned creature  
to withstand a monster that has grown and spawned,  
a darkness, I can not tolerate  
A darkness we must bury  
Do they feel, do they absorb our pain...  
the search to justify one truth  
Do they feel, do they absorb our pain...  
the greater understanding

It takes a non-poisoned creature  
to defeat and destroy a monster,  
that has grown and spawned  
a darkness, a darkness we can not tolerate