

Burzum, War

This is war
I lie wounded on wintery ground
With hundred of corpses all around
Many wounded crawl Helplessly round
On the blood red snowy ground
War war war war
Cries of the suffering sound
Cries for help to all Their dear moms
War war war war
Many hours of music
Many drops of blood
Many shiverings and now I'm dead
And still we must never give up
War war war war