Mayhem, View From Nihil, Part I

For everything around me which I experience is cold and dead The blood of others are 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 minds, 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