

Satyricon, A New Enemy

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 fears
It rips, it shreds
The bizarre nature of our kind

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

For what, for whom?
No rule, no sense
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