

Satyricon, Black Lava

Grey heavens, no light shed
Bleak day, change is ahead
Oval mountainside, naked cold
Unreleased powers, no fright

Slide down sorrow, smell what comes with the breeze
Cold chambers, punishment awaits
Hollow tone haunts, anticipation's choir sings
Turn around, face the depth of inner sanctum

Autumn in the air, (the) smell of Black Metal 90-95
World moves, in mysterious ways
Body onwards, mind drifts
You die, then we hail (to our relief)

New age dawns
Face all wrath
Sickness; won't understand,
Burning first
Grace falls
Volcano shaking
Fates are being sealed

Heavens blunder,
no turning back
Will you or will you not
to heroism walk

Black Lava, drifting down the mountainside
Black Lava, you can't fight

Pernicious flow, redemptive perpetuity
Unholy drive, the gods arrogant grin
If my world's a joke, do you see them smile?
Hellbound me - on a throne of gold

Wastelands prey on dying cattle
Desert sucks on poor man's thirst
Glimpse of glory, walk ahead
Slaves of Nazareth, can not be fed

Black Lava, drifting down the mountainside
Black Lava, you can't fight