

# Satyricon, Havoc Vulture

Wonder how it would be to be the great Redeemer  
The one to bestow upon you life and death  
The one to poison you when you're down  
Or to be the one to hand you the crown of thorns  
When your hands are sore  
(And) to save you from the everything you care for  
Are you bitter when you see how pale you are?  
Do you feel hate without direction?  
A kind of seed inside you that never blossoms  
It is at the gallows end one forgets that everything  
Has to have a greater meaning  
An unrecognisable call drags you towards the unspoken word  
To suffer Martyrdom for the others  
The Saviour cut off your wings, Somehow just to remind you that He exists  
Those who wait for His salt with open wounds have a way to Go  
The shadows of your must rest (first)  
Though I ask, Why do you dig your own grave when others do it for you?  
The force behind the hit can not be mistaken  
'Cause He's the saviour with magnanimity and  
...A light in the dark  
Maybe it is intimidating more than lighting the way  
Where is the road going? To a place where you can wash the Blood of your  
Hands?  
Where did the knowing go?... With a saviour to transcendental Kingdoms  
Or to the valley of the forgotten?  
Behind the vault of the sky's mystery lies a dream  
Damned or saved, How could we ever know?