

Satyricon, Metal Wercury

Past tense icons

locked up in cages

A disgrace to us, (and) a vital sight of (impending) doom

Upheld by insane aggression

No tender repentance, (just) denial of ugliness

With the rain come their conquest

Behold those who ride black winds

Satan, the kings are heading home

No harmony on the horizon

when our haven burns silently

An image of absolute mutiny

against those who pertain to the dearest hell

Monotonous graveyard plains -

The soul exile

Quintessence of pain -

a higher form of suffering!

(Why should man be protected,

what has he done to justify it?

This is why we embrace animals;

they represent the innocence man doesn't have)

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Quintessence of pain -

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