

Satyricon, Mother North

Mother North, How can they sleep while their beds are Burning?
Mother North, Your fields are bleeding

Memories... The invisible wounds
Pictures that enshrine your throne, Gone

A Future benighted still they are blind
Pigeonhearted beings of flesh and blood
Keeps closing their eyes for the dangers that Threat...Ourselves and our nature
And that is why
They all enrage me

Sometimes in the dead of the night I mesmerize my soul
Sights and visions prophecies and horror
They all come in one

Mother North, United we stand (Together we walk)
Phantom North, I'll be there when you hunt them down