

Satyricon, Repined Bastard Nation

Do we need another bastard nation...
another force-fed disgust
Do we need another bastard nation...
aiming at us clinically
Like an insect-swarm
towards the shapeless mouth
of a dead whore
We need the spirit, the voice, the angel of light
arising from melted mass
We need the spirit, the voice, the angel of light
taking invincible shape
to standing ovation
Repossessing night and her hand's godly touch

The unbearable feeling of hitting that
dark wall is a scene that must come to an end

Early decay in front of our eyes
Now, now it's killing for a living

No more repined bastard nation
A generous gesture to a people so blind
No more repined bastard nation
fumbling, descending, away from the light
It takes a non-poisoned creature
to withstand a monster that has grown and spawned,
a darkness, I can not tolerate
A darkness we must bury
Do they feel, do they absorb our pain...
the search to justify one truth
Do they feel, do they absorb our pain...
the greater understanding

It takes a non-poisoned creature
to defeat and destroy a monster,
that has grown and spawned
a darkness, a darkness we can not tolerate