

Satyricon, Suffering The Tyrants

Crawling down the road of life
another hopeless speech
Gruesome soul numbness
People stare, do they know
I am suffering the tyrants

Every gesture is a malicious attack
a firm fist of misery
But it shall not coincide
with the Lion's downfall

There are no tears
No feeling of guilt
Nowhere to channel the anger
Nowhere to leave the pain

How can they feast upon the Lion without knowing?
...He will eventually rise again

Hunt him down (when He is at his weakest)
Tempt him down (on His knees if you can)
Stronger than all (so it's futile)

All there is left (right now) is personal pride
Enough to return with rays of light