

# Satyricon, The Forest Is My Throne

Through years of knowledge, Man rode the wings of evil  
Through the enormous winter, Three years without summer  
Prepared for the battles of the north

I sat on my throne and watched between  
The skies of a cold northern light  
Knowing this was my ground, But those who turned their backs  
Against my throne, Only got my sword on their back!

I rose from my throne, And walked away with the wind  
Through centuries of weakness  
Only the strong follow me, On my crusade of darkness  
In this land where the forest is my throne  
I have come to re-hunt