

Satyricon, The Rite Of Our Cross

Freedom, urge, faith - and deeper he falls
Hatred, rage, fear - the stronger denial
Anger, heat, lust - the higher he climbs
Slave - the shackles are off
Act - Do it your way
Horns - the abyss ascends

Now gather the earth
It's the coming of the Dark Lord
All tribes unite
This is the rite of our cross

Viewing, judging, killing - A formula known
Fading, paling, rotting - A story too old
Wielding, might, just - Now throw me the fight
Glowing, thriving, winning - The truth will be told