

Satyricon, The Sign Of The Trident

Axis of faith
Raw, and untamed in spirit
To do and undo...
We chew this world
And Spit it out

Opinions rise and opinions fall
At the end of days
The trident stands tall
With limitless range
Illuminates all

Answers to no one
Certain and bold
It makes us
Stick to the cause

The wear and tear
Of agony stretched
It makes us...
It makes us stick to the cause

The dustcloud left
From a charging bull
Broken bones and bridges burnt
Fuck them all - It never stops

The Sign of the Trident
Stands paramount, eternal and tall
With tears in our eyes
Above them all

Answers to no one
Certain and bold
It makes us
Stick to the cause

The wear and tear
Of agony stretched
It makes us...
It makes us stick to the cause

Nothing, no nothing can challenge this call
Larger than life, soul and sound
Of undying tribal war

The cracking whip
Held by and iron fist
Determined and loyal
A constellation of bright shining stars

Answers to no one
Certain and bold
It makes us
Stick to the cause

The wear and tear
Of agony stretched
It makes us...
It makes us stick to the cause