Satyricon, Tied In Bronze Chains

Sinful woman with me cause I'm the wolf on your shoulder
But complain not to me, Cause I'm the accuser
If you dare to withhold the immense power and the greed
You shall walk among us the subterranean fields
Why don't you come with me
And dance the snakepit dance
Rhythmic moves to the eerie bell, The boiling blood
Evils breath on your neck, The morbid rite
I'm tied in bronze chains
(So) where do all the flowers come from (In October 1997)
I am tired, should I care anymore?
The rusty claws who reach for me are too far away
Sense no anger for that, Be at one
The sleaze on the Wall is all gone (anyway)
It's just flowers, Flowers
Come, come let's join the orgy
Decay and wine, Sodomy all the way
No rest for the holly
Forbidden fruit is always best
Drift'n filth tastes so good
I see the cross of Peter overwhelming their coward Countenance
Oh you're so damned clean, Now take my dirty whore, hellfire Is inside her
Contaminate the clean, Woman, Let him feel you're woman
It's the only way to release the chains
My candle is burning at both ends, I just want to be released Before I go
It's a harsh voyage, To the land of sin
I had to make sure to bring'em down with me
I am the lost of my kind I'm tied in bronze chains