

Watain, Sworn To The Dark

Block not my path!
You futile walls of flesh and blood.
For I have seen your structure clear
and I know where to stab.
Right in the heart.
There shall I place my dagger
Naught shall veil my sight
but the thickness of the mysteries.

So block not my path
Your spells can't fetter me.
Beneath the laws of man
I bend not!
For it is holy,
The sword I bury in thee.
It is the Lord himself
who commands me.

Sworn to the Dark.
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To the Death and far beyond.

The all-defying pendulum of radiant conviction,
so determined in it's pace,
pounding now through flesh and bone
like a hammer through a child.

Sworn to the Dark.
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To the Death and far beyond.

Bound by an oath sealed beyond time.
Sworn to the Temple of the Damned.
Where infant entrails still hang high
upon the twisted cross.

Through raging fire,
through Death and hail.
Clinging to the Dragons tail.
And as the world behind me burns
I ride its wings on paths of No Return