

Mayhem, Symbols Of Bloodswords

All the stars in the north are dead now
All the morals of wasted human... debris

Walk with me into the night
Do not remove the cobwebs
Of war clinging to your face
They will tell of pains unknown

All the stars in the north are dead now
All the morals of wasted human debris

Torn to pieces - handcrafted delerium
One war remains - war of everything

Tanto magis infra se oecidit
Quanto magis so contra gloriam
Sui conditoris erexit