

# Mayhem, View From Nihil (Preproduction Version)

For everything around me i experience is cold and dead  
The blood of others is of a colder substance and taste  
Therefore i must spill and serve  
The blood that in me runs vibrant  
In the frost of the dying min  
D.S. of western society i recreate  
It will be the resurrection  
Of the brotherhood of holy death  
In the year of the Holy Roman Empire  
Of night times to come and last  
The day of which i shall  
Lay my sword upon your throats  
Upon the mighty warriors  
Of the land of northern regions  
Upon the shores of our desolate coast within the waves  
I can see the wreckage floating ashore of the dying culture  
And so i greet those who still have eyes to observe and see  
And who still have courage to break through into the dying light