

Myrkskog, Detain The Skin

Conflict and counterblast,
How long do you think your life will last?
A fraction of human waste
Does it hold a bitter taste?

Red season; you re all going to die
Sheer reason; you better conceive it
Murder of anyone but your kin
It means you will detain the skin

Now then, value what is left in your life
Reunion, praise the hand that holds the knife
Don t beg; you think you saw a discern of grace?
No way, I ll kill you as you look straight into my face

You picked the wrong life and wrong method
No wonder it all ends in sin
You should never judge me and my skin,
so tell me at last; how do you want to die

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