

Satyricon, Die by my hand

They ride the winds
Avoiding resistance
Choosing not to fight
Wanting to live
To lie another day
Pale figures in life
And so in death...
A painful existence
Wanting so much
Yearning to be
You know you lose
And I know it hurts
Die by my hand
As close as you'll ever get
Die by my hand
Accept defeat and find peace
You seek the truth
That you define
Waving the flag
Of the pitiful (kind)
You could never prepare
For my battle cry
Die by my hand
As close as you'll ever get
Die by my hand
Accept defeat and find peace