

# Satyricon, Immortality Passion

I am the beast in passionate pain  
I am the grim being of the highlands  
Of the other side...  
I am winter when you freeze  
I am the hammer and you are the anvil

Forever in warfare my heart is  
With my passion of despair  
Still though I was there when the hills were born  
And when the wind blew for the first time  
So there are reasons for my existence

Seems like I dwell in a circle  
Somewhere in the Nordic Hemisphere

Where the howling winds rage  
And the mountains are majestic  
I can breathe and where there is  
Human flesh I feel strangled

Open the gate to immortality  
I stand proud awaiting the glory  
Of a new morning...Darkness