

# Satyricon, My Skin Is Cold

My skin is cold and the birds fly free  
Over my head, where winter grows  
A heathens call, stand up or fall  
This world is yours, for you to rule

This, the blood of sin  
Flows freely  
This, unstoppable force  
In the naked flesh  
My skin is cold - your skin is cold

Black metal rock and a scent of leather  
And bloodstained gold  
With rain and wind come times of change,  
and dream come true  
I go with you, on the path we make

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Flows freely  
This, unstoppable force  
In the naked flesh  
My skin is cold - your skin is cold

Snow covered mountain  
I gaze in awe  
Wondering who and what was here before  
I made my mark on that sacred soil  
This phoenix rose from a pit of pain

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Flows freely  
This, unstoppable force  
In the naked flesh  
My skin is cold - your skin is cold

One nations man carrying the weight,  
of a peoples disgrace  
This is the turnaround!  
Driven by birthright and godsent will  
The time has come for you to rule

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In the naked flesh  
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