

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

This, the blood of sin
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

This, the blood of sin
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

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