

Satyricon, With Rawenous Hunger

Who made deceit into the ultimate award?
Who told you, you're not poisoned?
I see the snake coiling inside you
I see the venom in your eyes

You can't stab me, or even touch me
You can't betray me, it's just an illusion
I built the pain inside you
I spawned the snake

It will gradually tear you apart
It will eat you from inside
No longer sweet revenge
No longer emotional triumph
Pity you, led to believe (in own willpower)
Pity you, (resting) on withered laurels
Can't you see, the world's on fire...
Can't you feel, you're getting burnt!

There's a day coming, for me to rip and to rape
There's a winter coming, for you to be swallowed
Swallowed by emotional cold
Swallowed by a power much greater than yourself

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