

Satyricon, Woods To Eternity

In grey depressive autumn times I wander the woods to Eternity searching for
Him trying to remember while the same shy still rules the night
We knew then, That these were the children of god
The ones who betrayed me and my desire

This must be the desolate land, This is the kingdom of the shadowthrone
Centuries have gone beyond time, And we in the land beyond the forest, We
Burnt them in the purgatory, Them the children of god Barely forgotten these
Times are, But not for a soul whose rest hasn't been found