

# Windir, Black New Age

Dressed in black with a pale expression  
I attack the world with extreme satisfaction  
I am the master, never more to be enslaved  
Broken free from the chains that restrained my needs

There is time, but no time to waste  
There are rules, but they seem to fade  
I am the master of my own salvation  
A black cloud of obscure creation

This new foundation, a new generation  
Bottled up on misanthropic hate  
A revolution, a new constitution  
From real hatred, rather than blind fate

This new foundation, a new generation  
Bottled up on misanthropic hate  
Rebels in the face of conformity  
Founders of the black new age

This is my life  
This your hell  
This is my exhibition  
And it makes me well  
What you can't stomach  
you no longer can stop  
You must eat your hatred or choke it up

All things must be broken down  
Burned to ashes, bombed to the ground  
A process of purification  
where old mistakes are cremated  
No carrier of infection will survive  
No corrupted thoughts shall sound  
The new empire has found its ground