

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