

Summer of the Diabolical Holocaust

Darkthrone

Come the raging chaos, rule power from your soul
Pure demonised blessing as I kill myself in woe
Alls souls coloured the pace of the moon
Shall suffer the religious

You must know that I can no longer see
The difference of dreams and reality
For the walls have been sieged
And conquered by war

Dark satanic blasphemy

I stand alone in a valley filled with starlight
My eyes suffer from eternal sparks
So shut the light and dream so I can see
The trident clearer than liver moon

And in my darkest fantasy
And as I reach for hell
I am free...

Hearers are raising from the open sky
Meglomanta reignes supreme
Chilled in horror - Christian death
They learned how long to stand and pull

I head to receive
The lust and pain
Beat me Jesus
And we will win

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