

Thurisaz

Graveland

Sharp thorn hurts a noble man To let him know the taste of blood.
But the intruder must beware of him, Because death sleeps in every
thorn.

In the garden of human plants,
There is a lot of hidden thorns,
No one likes them, because they bring pain,
Pain or truth? No matter, they hurt the same...
Black thorn. Alone and proud he grows. And every creature envies him.
Fear paralyses enemies. It's strong enough to make them dead.
I am the thorn of Darkness.
Reflection man's true nature.
I came to this dying world.
To celebrate upcoming end.
Lyrics by: Capricornus 12/'96

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