

# View From Nihil

## Mayhem

For everything around me which I experience is cold and dead  
The blood of others are of a colder substance and taste  
Therefore I must spill and serve,  
The blood that in me runs vibrant  
In the frost of the dying minds,  
Of Western society I recreate  
It will be the  
resurrection,  
In the year of the Holy Roman Empire,  
Of the brotherhood of holy death  
Of night times to come and last  
Lay my sword upon your throats  
The day of which I shall,  
Upon the mighty warriors,  
Of the land of northern regions  
Upon the shores of our desolate coast within the waves  
I can see the wreckage floating ashore of the dying culture  
And so I greet those who still have eyes to observe  
and see  
And who still have courage to break through into the dying light

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