

The Forest Is My Throne

Satyricon

Through years of knowledge, man rode the wings of evil
Through the enormous winter, three years without summer
Prepared for the battles of the north I sat on my throne and watched between
The skies of a cold northern light,
Knowing this was my ground, but those who turned their backs
Against my throne, only got my sword in their back! I rose from my throne and walked away with the wind
Through centuries of weakness
Only the strong follow me, on my crusade of darkness
In this land where the forest is my throne
I have come to re-hunt

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