

To Walk the Infernal Fields

Darkthrone

From the abode of demons
A wing of the pentagram
Comes the juice that painted
My heart and my soul

Swept in black they are
Swept in black I am

From this soul comes the eyes
That will look upon your ten
Beautiful heads with delight

My heart is the one
That will tend to your flames
And make them mine
We share this spirit
My heart is yours

I am your disciple
And therefore my own
Your weapon I will be
With the demons that possesses me
We'll ride the seven sins of death
That takes me to Katharian

The sign of your horns
Is my dearest vision
They impale all holy and weak

You watch me face the mirror
And see desecration
With my art I am the fist
In the face of God

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written by NAGELL, LEIF GYLVE
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