

The Day Burzum Killed Mayhem

Nargaroth

1993

a year of misery?

Darkness fills the sky.

I hear the warriors cry.

The legend tells a story

From a Viking from the north,

Who met a Death Warrior

Black Metal was never really the same.

The legend call it murder

And the Viking had survived.

But the eyes of the Death Warrior

Never saw again the sun upon the sky.

And the quintessence:

Everyone recognized war,

That Black Metal isn't just

Entertainment anymore.

I can still remember

My emotions so confused.

My soul was seeking answers.

No knife I let unused.

So many questions

I had to satisfy.

My soul was under torture,

But I knew my way was right

I see a cemetery fall asleep under fog

And I know the old days will never come

Again.

1993, this year of misery was the knife

which split the Black Metal scene apart.

Since that mighty day Black metal split his Way,

And the unity was never the same again.

Lies, rumors and hate. Moneymaking, sadness

And shame

And all this by, the Day as Burzum Killed Mayhem.

Remember this day! Remember this way!

That you never betray, what here leads you

On your way!

And I never will forget

The day as this both warriors met.

The blood was hot the moon was red
And Black Metal created his own grave.
And I dream from days before
Black Metal Maniacs, no whore,
In the legions of war
The demons in our heads the law.
So I summon you once again,
We should never forget the pain
From older days in our veins
We now cut of that it can flow like rain.
Arrghh, this was the legend from
The Day as Burzum killed Mayhem.

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