

Repined Bastard Nation (Live from Gjallarhorn)

Satyricon

Do we need another bastard nation...
another force-fed disgust
aiming at us clinically
Do we need another bastard nation...
Like an insect-swarm
of a dead whore
towards the shapeliness mouth
We need the spirit, the voice, the angel of light
taking invincible shape
We need the spirit, the voice, the angel of light
arising from melted mass
to standing ovation
The unbearable feeling of hitting that
Repossessing night and her hand's godly touch
dark wall is a scene that must come to an end
Earthly decay in
front of your our eyes
Now, not it's killing for a living
No more repined bastard nation
A generous gesture to people so blind
No more repined bastard nation
It takes a non-poisoned creature
fumbling, descending, away from the light
to withstand a monster that has grown and spawned,
a darkness, I can not tolerate
A darkness we must bury
the search to justify one truth
Do they feel, do they absorb our pain...
Do they feel, do they absorb our pain...
the greater understanding

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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