Immortality Passion

Satyricon

I am the beast in passionate pain
I am the grim being of the highlands
Of the other side...
I am winter when you freeze
I am the hammer and you are the anvil
Forever in warfare my heart is
With my passion of despair
Still though I was there when the hills were born
And when the wind blew for the first time
So there are reasons for my existence
Seems like I dwell in a circle
Somewhere in the Nordic Hemisphere
Where the howling winds rage
And the mountains are majestetic
I can breathe and where there is
Human flesh I feel strangled
Open the gate to immortality
I stand proud awaiting the glory
Of a new morning...darkness

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