

# A Moment Of Clarity

## Satyricon

Without beginning, without end (our lifeblood)  
The road for the spiritual outlaw is never ending  
And so is the hunt for all those answers  
The devil may hold your truth, what a fucking relief it would be  
(To know)  
Blue cold and the grim truth stands before you (all you ever  
Wanted?) Descend and fly away to another day, another night  
Sleep forever or serve to justify The brand that you wear speak of what you are made of  
It leaves you like an open book for everyone to read Is this it, is this what you wanted?  
The eye of the rest on your back  
To be a part of the master plan is the only way  
To spiritual hell  
Drink to that and never forget where you came from  
Cause there's no such thing as a one way ticket to hell  
What a fucking relief that is

Songwriters

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