

Green Cave Float

Darkthrone

I am the fountainstorm from a black heart
I am the desert of redemption
I soar on dead wings of sin
I am pre-nun (with a) cracked virginity

The arrows of moderation failed to hit me
But the ones who came with fear and hate
Kissed me deep long and hard
And those who spelled DEATH are so ready

Paler skin than the sheets of jewel fairytales
Is sown upon every soul and body of life
And I wonder whe sees desolation
Through my eyes, holds the vision
And makes "love" to it