

In His Lovely Kingdom

Darkthrone

Lover of all
Face the Apocolypse
You fade away under the black rain
And flowers remain

Flowers to step on
Flowers to burn

Am I ready for the god below
Red flesh to penetrate my skin
To steel my soul away
To the grave I seek
Until I'm feeling weak

But there's fire
In my heart, in my eyes
In his body, in his eyes
And in his lovely kingdom