

Norway in September

Darkthrone

Those Cold Nights are back again
Norway Morning greet my daily toil
That Old familiar smell
Fallen leaves return to our Soil

From the First Day it has been with Me
Since My First steps Outside it's been
there
Nok en Skumring Levd for Siste Gang
Autumn Leaves I'm back Again

The Altar has broadened
Vast Plains of it now
20 years of Contemplating
Hating...
The Larger the Life, the Closer is Death

Noen synger paa Norsk igjen
Noen toeyer Grenser
Noen Strammer Toeylene
Noen sier (at) Alt Er Som Foer...
...hvis... Du bare... LETER!