

The Pagan Winter

Darkthrone

Horned Master of Endless Time
Summon thy Unholy Disciples
Trained for Centuries to Come.
Gather on the highest Mountain
United by Hatred;
The final Superjoint Ritual...

This, The Pagan Winter
Kept for the Obscure (ones)
Candles hold the only light
Sextons hide in Fear

For this Eternal Winter
A New God Ruled the Sky
The Million Hands Of Joy
Have something holy to Burn

From the top of the World one could see
The white light Servants Flee
Engulfed in an Infernal Cyclone
Created by (our) Blasphemy

Religious bodies Crossed the Sky
the Vision was our Wine
Roar of Fire, Feeble Fools
Into The Furnace Fire