

1. En Vind Av Sorg

En Vind Av Sorg
La seg tungst
Omkring
De Eldstes hus

En eim av Frost
Pa en allerede Frossen sjel
Et savn av Hyllest
Fra disse De Edle sinn

Minnes de svundne Tider
Et Hav av Tid
Har gaet siden Den gang
Norroners tro og skikk

Til Skogen hjem en Kom
Og trakk luften inn
Her lukter det Kristen manns blod
- igler pa Vare Hjerter

[Lyrics by Fenriz, February 1994]

2. Triumphant Gleam

Bearer of Sword
Stands beyond (the) Triumphant
As Eternal Night falls
On the Planet of (almost full) Void

Weaves War with a gesture of Might
Fallen are the Souls
Blinded by the Warrior Dreams
Finds the star invisible
To most of the regular Men and Slaves

And The Master serves Him

Leaves then for the Last Time
Finally His Castle
Monument of Misanthropy and Wrath
Hate
Loyal Friend of His Sober Hours
Treads on while the Faith Whips Sharp
Mental pain makes His Eyes Gleam
A light made of Dark Thrones and Frozen Winds
Now can leave the planet

[Lyrics by Fenriz, January 1994]

3. The Hordes Of Nebulah

Scent of (the) Flying Shadows
Are in the Eyes of the Vast Uranus
For these Eyes have seen
The horses of the Universe fade away

Oh, Father (the) Fog of Nebula
Your faithful children have escaped
The Walls of Eternity
The Elders Curse-
Like Snow of the Solstice of the Sun

And what the Eyes of Uranus can see
Far Yonder in the Shade of the Walls
Was happening Millenniums ago
So whatever lies Beyond the Gate
It lies in the Past

Oh, We are the Hordes of Nebula
Having Travelled through an Eternal Sea of Void
We glance upon a distant light
Star in the Far; Ye Mighty Sun
Will you Die before We reach you?
Are you a Fatal result of the Laws of Distance?
The Swords of Time are pointing at our Hearts
The grass here seems Raped-
As we face Eternal Misery

[Lyrics by Fenriz, Ca 1990/91]

4. Quintessence

Eight miles deep the well forgotten by mortals
Oh, I drank it empty in one single sip
Eight miles wide the valley beyond all hope
Oh, I filled the whole with one single fist

Five million Christians on a ride towards us
Oh, I slaughtered the bunch with one single hit (with my spear)
Five million women so alone in the night
Oh, I had them all satisfied profusely (every night by myself)

Ten thousand trolls hard as rock cold as ice
Oh, they ran when I rose to face them
Ten hungry waves they swallowed my ship
Oh, I steadily walked home (and I only got wet on my feet)

No single book were behoden by me
Oh, no question I cannot do answer
Only one single lamp do show me this way
And that is the eye of Satan

[Written by Darkthrone by Greifi Grishnackh, December 1993 a Y.P.S.]

5. Hans Siste Vinter

[Lyrics by Fenriz, January 1994]

En mann drog for å lage ild,
Om hjertet brant hans sjel, var vill
I et slag hvor far var glemt, det ble hans lange, kalde siste vinter.

Vræææææl

En kriger stor, med kovnet sinn
I tåkedal, han ble ført inn
Fra sitt ariske palass
Det ble han siste, lange, kalde, siste vinter

Kvitekrist og jøder feirer nå
De tror at Odin ville forgå
Men kampen den har nå begynt
Det er hans største ærefulle seier

6. Beholding The Throne Of The Might

When Hell Calls Your Name
There's No Way Back
And the Burning slaves
And the Burning holy
Will be seen from afar
As the New Risen Throne (Star)
And when the fires have Burned
Beholding the Seas of Ashes
And roll the (ir) Blooded flesh
On holy areas Now Cold
And Dead
And flowers Smell of Black
Now Emperor of No Light
And Pain
For the Eternal slaves
The envy of losers so indeed upon losers themselves
And destruction upon the holy man
Who hails a
Join us We Are (the) Future Now
Be Desecration Master
Be The Hammer
The Hammer

[Lyrics by Fenriz, January 1994]

7. Snø Og Granskog (Utferd)

Tale om heimsleg
Snø og granskog er heimsleg
Frå fyrste stund er det vårt
Før nokon har fortalt det, at det er snø og granskog
Har det plass i oss,
Og sidan er det der, heile, heile tida

Meterdjup fonn kring mørke tre,
Det er for oss
Innblanda i vår eigen ande,
Heile, heile tida.

Om ingen ser det, har vi snø og granskog med
Ja, lia med snø, og tre ved tre så langt ein ser
Kvar vi er, vender vi oss imot det
Og har i oss ein lovnad om å koma heim
Koma heim, gå borti der
Bøye greiner, og kjenne så det fær i ein
kva det er å vara der ein høyrer til.
Heile, heile tida
Til det er slått i våre innlandshjarte