

# Darkthrone - Panzerfaust

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## 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 beholden 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.

Vræææææ!

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  
Bøyge greiner, og kjenne så det fær i ein  
kva det er å vara der ein høyrer til.  
Heile, heile tida  
Til det er slåkt i våre innlandshjarte