

Penitent, The Dance of Demons

Deep into the Norse woods.
Gathered around the fire,
we danced in honour to death.

Alone in the darkness of night.
Dancing around the fire,
we hail the demons of death.

It's the symphony of our destiny.
Noone trespass on our land.
Death waits for he who does.

It's the white mans dance.
We are dancing with our demons.
The demons within our flesh.

This is the ultimate ecstasy.
Nothing to compare it with.
We have become one with death.