

1993  
a year of misery?  
Darkness fills the sky.  
I hear the warriors cry.  
The legend tells a story  
From a Viking from the north,  
Who met a Death Warrior  
Black Metal was never really the same.  
The legend call it murder  
And the Viking had survived.  
But the eyes of the Death Warrior  
Never saw again the sun upon the sky.  
And the quintessence:  
Everyone recognized war,  
That Black Metal isn't just  
Entertainment anymore.  
I can still remember  
My emotions so confused.  
My soul was seeking answers.  
No knife I let unused.  
So many questions  
I had to satisfy.  
My soul was under torture,  
But I knew my way was right  
I see a cemetery fall asleep under fog  
And I know the old days will never come  
Again.  
1993, this year of misery was the knife  
which split the Black Metal scene apart.  
Since that mighty day Black metal split his Way,  
And the unity was never the same again.  
Lies, rumors and hate. Moneymaking, sadness  
And shame  
And all this by, the Day as Burzum Killed Mayhem.  
Remember this day! Remember this way!  
That you never betray, what here leads you  
On your way!  
And I never will forget  
The day as this both warriors met.  
The blood was hot the moon was red  
And Black Metal created his own grave.  
And I dream from days before  
Black Metal Maniacs, no whore,  
In the legions of war  
The demons in our heads the law.  
So I summon you once again,  
We should never forget the pain  
From older days in our veins  
We now cut of that it can flow like rain.  
Arrghh, this was the legend from  
The Day as Burzum killed Mayhem.