

Natassja in Eternal Sleep

Darkthrone

Alcohol is in my veins...
Tears fall as I think of you.
The true memory you left me with
is a key to the wine of melancholy.

I drown myself in the deepest of sorrows-
As you Burned on that stake they burnt
my soul as well.
Your pure feelings, your flaming hate;
it was not enough.

Natassja, my beloved satanic witch,
The power in your eyes and yourself.
Worked for the noble in man.
Pass the bottle, pass the knife,
Pass me your unholy crafts.

I shall never forget you, the best
of all there is, I lick your cold lips,
I embrace your coffin as I sigh in woe.
You never kissed the priest, you never
Drank the blood of Jesus. Weird, they say -
well, turn it upside down like you did,
and they kill, kill, and they take you away...

Now, centuries later, I do yours and my sign.
You live in me, like you moved in with my soul.
Your resurrection is the spirit of you -
Installed in me. So now, your thoughts
and your pains are my wine; and Natassja:
I'll get these goddam angels drunk...