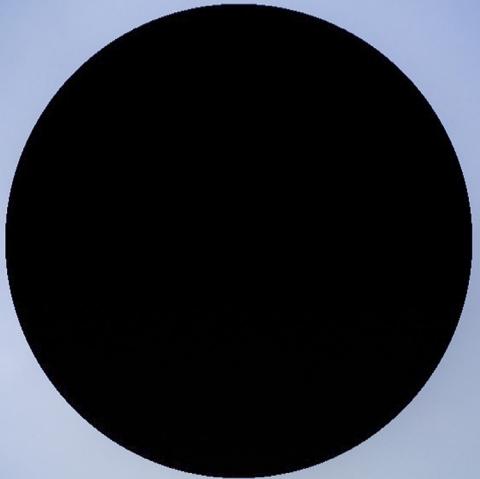


Hold and praise your nearest superstar
I shine bright and shed light from afar
93 million miles to be explicit
8 light-minutes if you're planning a visit

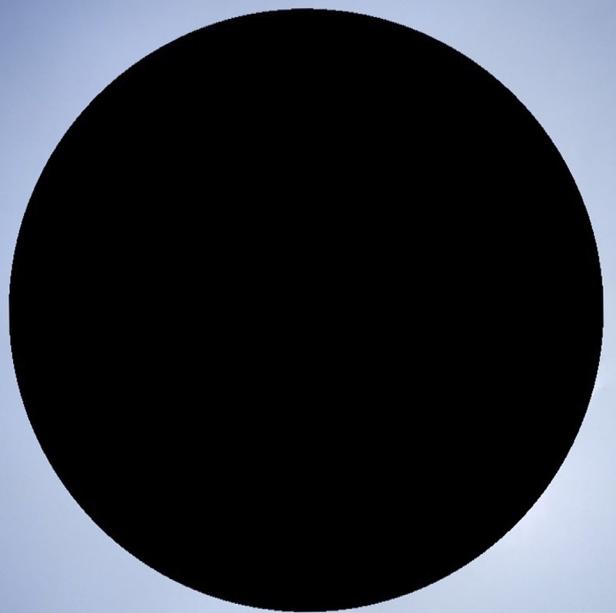
See I'm the big daddy in this here system
My turn to burn so keep on listening
I give light when all around is dark
Your choice get sparked or hark my remark

Decade is null, decade is null, decade is null
Check it out while I burn your skull
I'm burning up now!
Decade is null, decade is null

Laibach, «Hymn to the Black Sun»











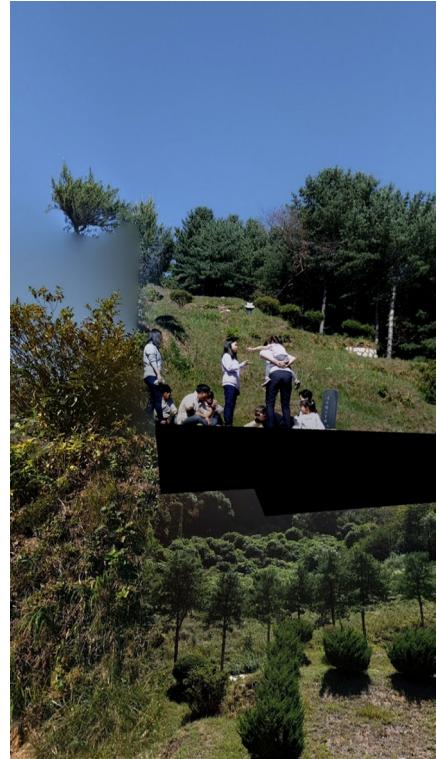








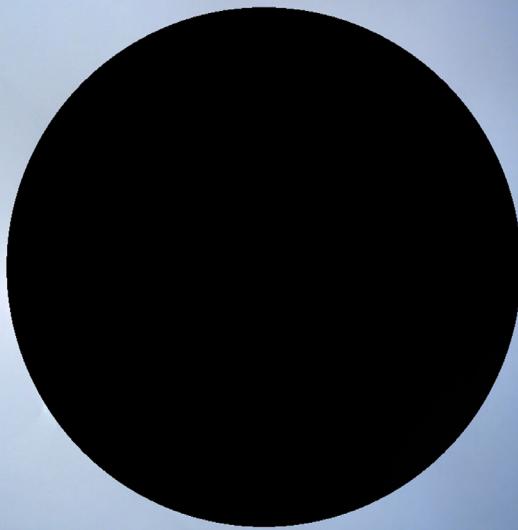






A world is born
Another dies
Black sun rise
Decaying flesh
Gives birth to flies
Black sun rise
Demons and angels
Before our eyes
Black sun rise
Black sun gleaming
Black sun dreaming
Black sun rise

Boyd Rice, «Black Sun Rising»













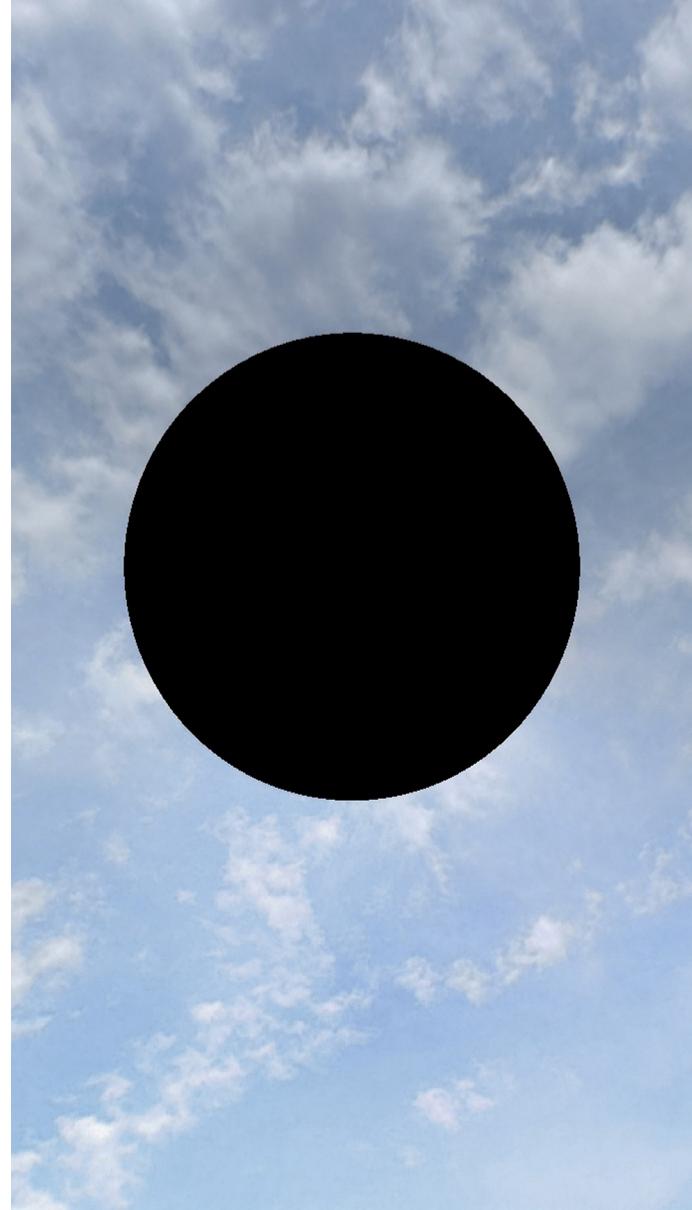




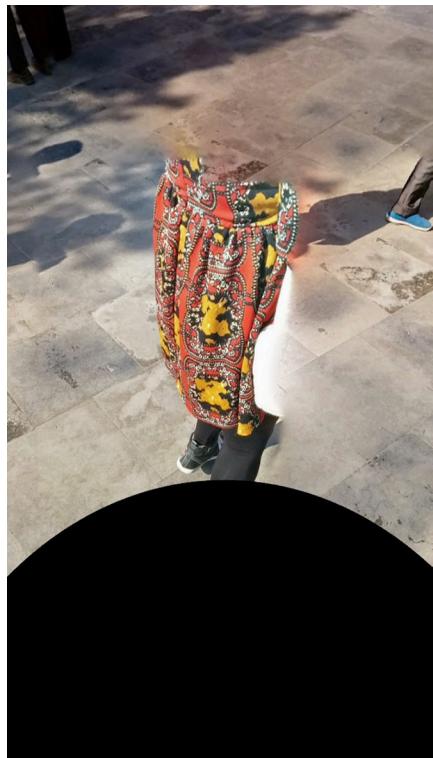
Why can I see the light no more?
Everything became so much harder than before
Like a swamp, it pulls me further down
God I know I've gone too far
I am dying just to look inside

Black Sunrise
Darkened the Earth
Black Sunrise
Over the Earth

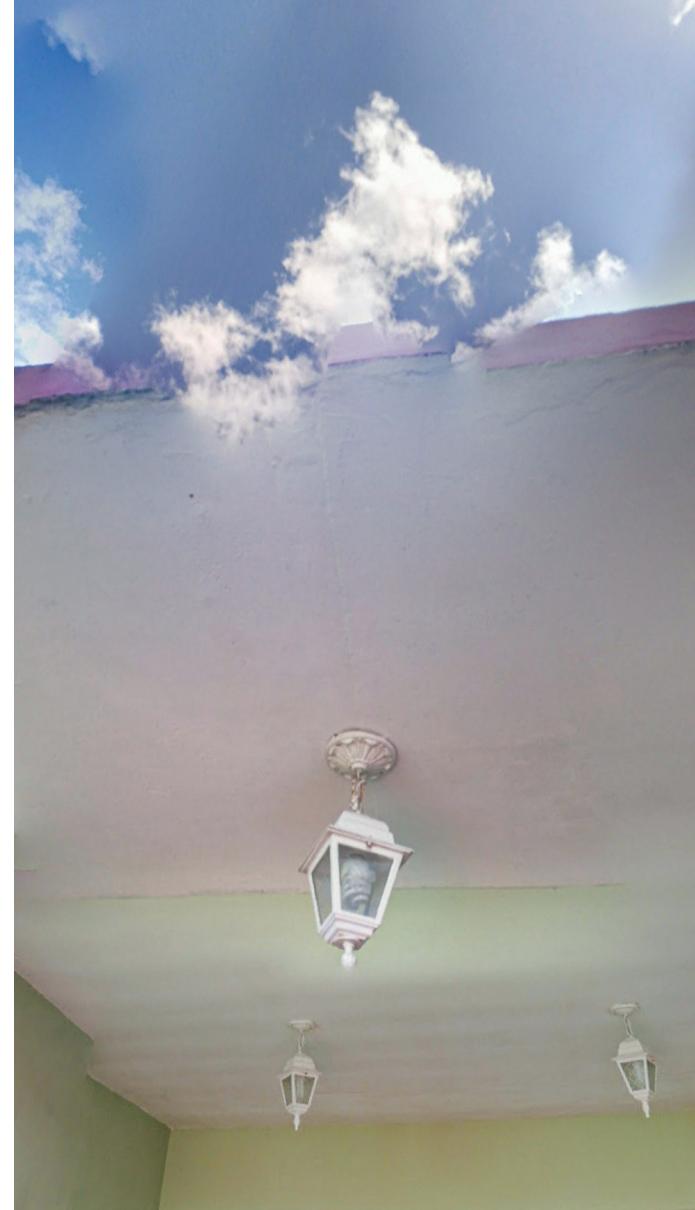
Kreator, «Black Sunrise»





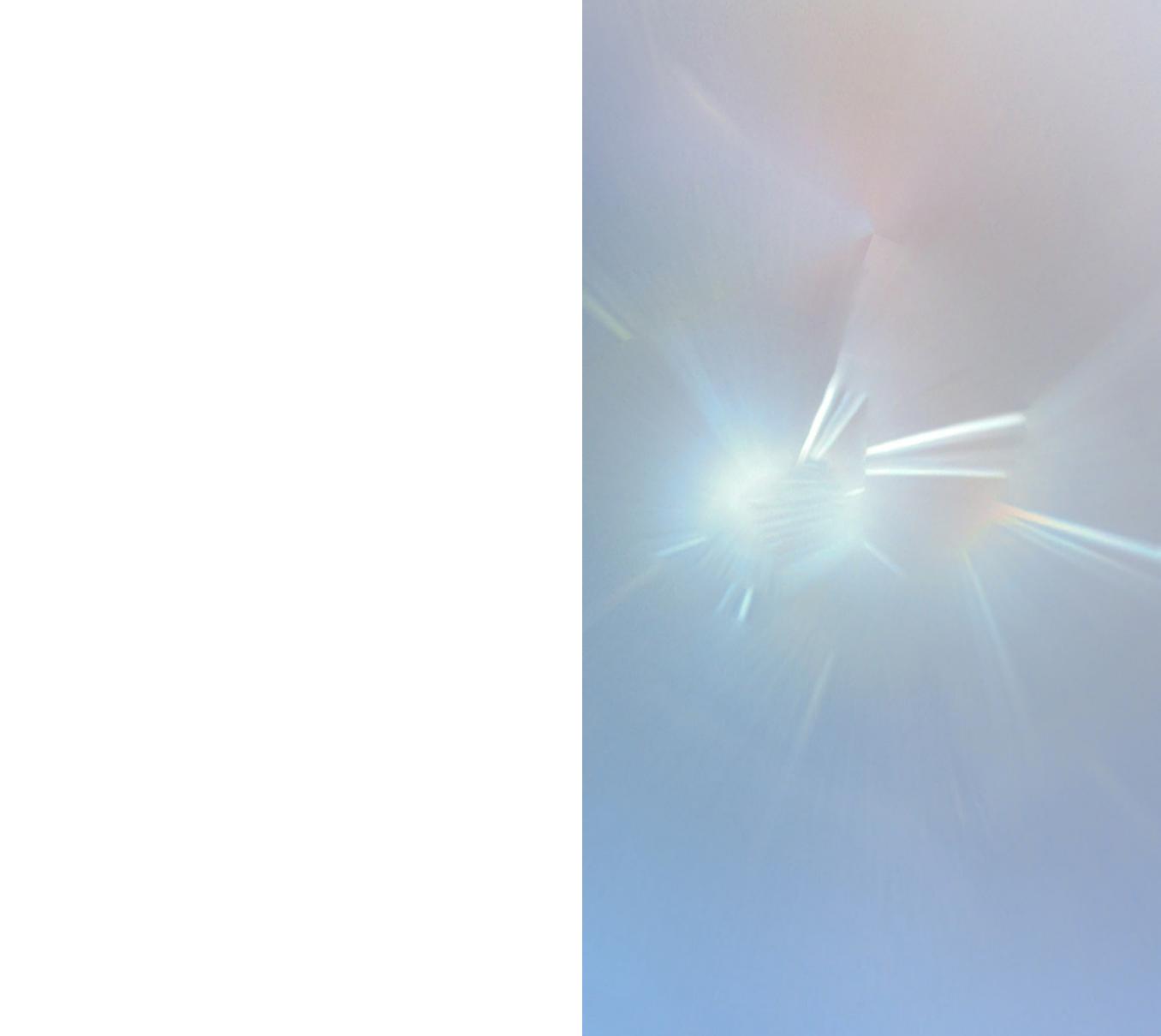








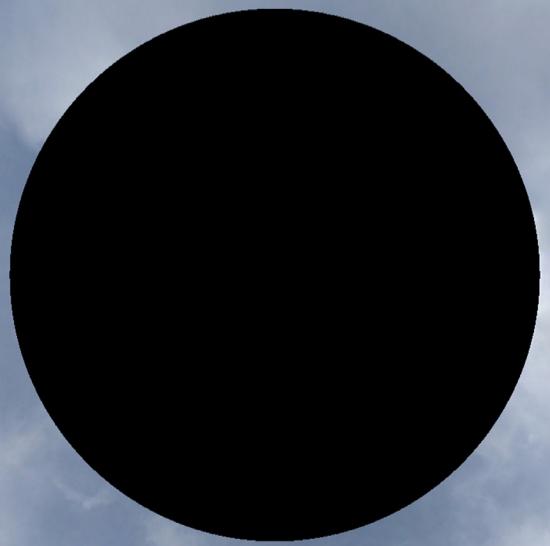




In my eyes
Indisposed
In disguises no one knows
Hides the face
Lies the snake
And the sun in my disgrace
Boiling heat
Summer stench
Neath the black, the sky looks dead
Call my name
Through the cream
And I'll hear you scream again

Black hole sun
Won't you come
And wash away the rain?
Black hole sun
Won't you come
Won't you come
Won't you come

Soundgarden, «Black Hole Sun»











I run for my life
Under the black sunlight
On deserted streets
Uneasy dreams I sleep
In this forgotten place
I'm a forgotten face
Sometimes I don't exist
Like the dust swept aside

Fade away on the wind fadeaway
To walk away into the tide walkaway

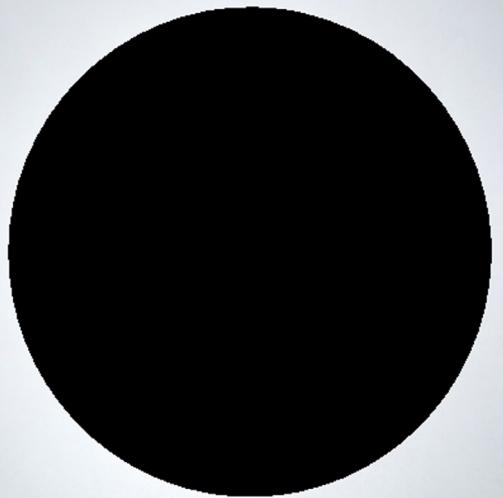
That's the end
That's the end
The end of the great black gold
That's the dream
That's the dream
The dream that I wake up to
The dawn of the great black sun
It shines on me

The Alarm, «Black Sun»









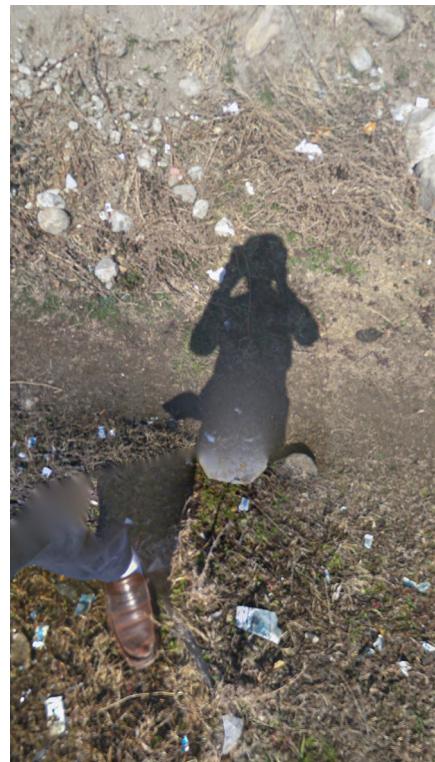










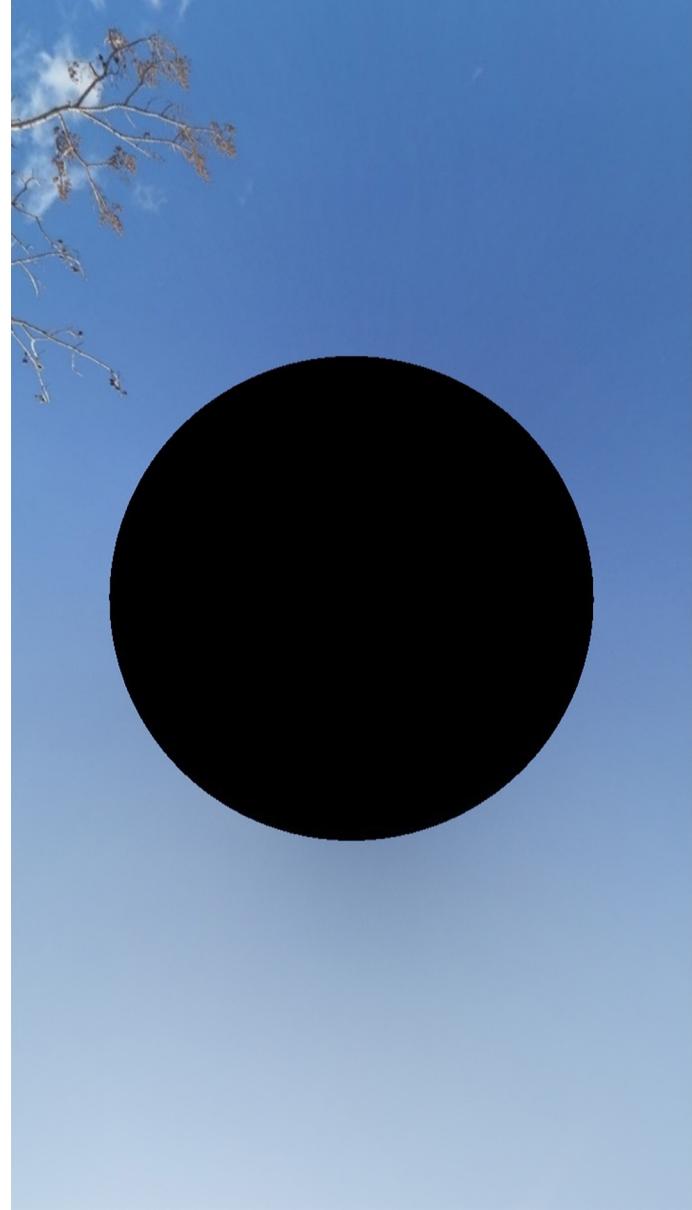


Murderer!
Man of fire
Murderer!
I've seen the eyes of living dead
It's the same game — survival
The great mass play a waiting game
Embalmed, crippled, dying in fear of pain
All sense of freedom gone
Black sun in a white world

Dead Can Dance, «Black Sun»











The Black Sun
of Autocracy

Nika
Sandler

All screenshots in this zine are taken
from Google Street View panoramas in countries
where the form of government is autocracy.

