

Blessings Upon the Throne of Tyranny

Dimmu Borgir

Infected by invalid behaviour
While capturing the stench of divine putrefaction
Confess to slavery for the world saviour
Give praise and inhale the corruption

The Enfeebled provides the fool
The Disabled provides the tool
The Apathetic demands the affection
To those suffering from their own satisfaction

Devour in self-deceit, conjure the righteous plague
Testify today's contradiction, glorify tomorrows deed
Inconceivable moral priest, hide in preferable dress
Invite to another pleasure feast, the concealment of joyful laughter

The decrepit innocence of your correctness and well-chosen
Elicits the source of the need for immediate forgiveness
Submit to no grace but the spiteful of your disease
Apply to join the unlimited disgrace and a settlement in the skies
And turn the confusion among your children into self-stimulation
The incarnation of your prostitution, the true Evil in disguise

With the ignorance from your cross as the witness
The truth of your tragedy make you justice
In your mirror the high spirit of kindness
Looks like malice

Condemnation of life by the living dead
What a premature judgement, contradiction to the core
How unfortunate I am, cursed to spend time on a battle already won
The shame that will be guarding your grave says it all
Retreat to the crypt and make it worthwhile
Recall my sins furthermore but still be watching yours with a smile