

Blood Hunger Doctrine

Dimmu Borgir

Man and his faithful ethics
Intoxicated by the fruits of the earth
Diabolical fanaticism, so cold and grim
The perfect perversion, bestiality incarnate

As instruments of torture
And leaving no room for sympathy
We bring forth the monstrous birth
To the worlds light

As all great art is made from suffering
So are we
Good in nature, but evil by our own free will
Incestuously created by the will to kill

Time is here to walk the final abyss march
Bound to the force of the last holocaust
Pour free the gifts of grace
And slaughter the entire human race

Not permitted to redemption
When pain rises high in purgatory
A reality so convincingly justified
Feeding from Death Cult's gown

We bring forth monstrous birth
To the worlds light