

Kings of the Carnival Creation

Dimmu Borgir

Incarnated marvels simplified
Effects from such a disconsolate kind
Impotence of the once so perfect living
Erase and rewind

Stand rigid for the next battle
Peace means reloading your guns
The love for life is all hatred in disguise
A carnival creation with masks undone

In search for the guidelines to the gateways of sin
through mires of misanthropy with wrath in mind
Sophistication as cruelty and perfection as virulent truth
Confidently dawning, to pick the best of enemies
An abyss womb stretched wide open, exposed to retaliate

With the stigma feasting upon your flesh I wish you
-well
Thorns from the fountains of fate licking lepered skin
Worshipped by anyone's mass on our planet hell
What on earth possessed you

Consuming illusions made from hysteria and swallowed tongues
Devoured by doubt, conducting arts of misconception
Testimonial sufficiency declaring numbness of all perceptions

Glance into the blackness hidden beneath your surface
And enjoy the suffering, sanity drained in disrespect
With such bedevilled faith in good, subsequently trusting evil
Next step for mankind will be the last seasons in sin

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Thorns from the fountains of fate licking lepered skin
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Left are the kings of the carnival creation
Carrying out the echoes of the fallen

Sense the withering eternity as it fades away
The ultimate graceless voyage of all times
Only death will be guarding your angels, silently
Cripples joining arms in clamour
Institutionalized for the rebirth, the herd will be hunted