

## The Sacrilegious Scorn

Dimmu Borgir

Have I not been too long  
In the shadows of invention and creation?  
As I rightfully behold the flesh  
Fear of the conscious mind  
will have you facing away

My word and world holds ground and is real  
Your world is like floods of poisoned water  
A language spoken with spit from different tongues

It all seems like an eternity  
This battle between us two  
"Good and evil" me and you

Time has come to step up  
And take back what you took from me

My word and world holds ground and is real  
Your world is like floods of poisoned water  
A language spoken with spit from different tongues  
You can never corrupt me again

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I protect every man guilty of sin  
The ultimate sin being me  
The vapour from the plague  
That infested my mind, body and soul

Obscured my view from wisdom  
The mist that had me wonder in resentment cleared  
And troubles me no more

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