

Invocation

Ihsahn

Come suffering, Apocalypse
Release the fires of Hell
I call upon destruction and despair
Here the days of slumber end
I beckon the night to live and overcome the fear

Come sin, come shame congregation of contempt
I bid you welcome to the pyre
Will our objective truths withstand this affliction?
I venture

Let it all come down!

The deafening sound of trumpets roar
In celebration of impending chaos
This is not terror, this is not war
Beyond repentance
This is the call of the abyss.

As deep cuts of truth
As a fire that closes the wound
So is my redemption

Beyond repentance
This is the ordeal of fire

Come suffering, Apocalypse
Release the fires of Hell
I call upon destruction and despair
Not for vengeance
Not for power
Beneath the ashes I walk