

# Misanthrope

Ihsahn

Bring me my wine  
And the head of the world  
I will drink to her demise

The subtle art of decapitation  
The perfect irony of such an end

Bring me the flesh  
Of your sin and repentance  
Display the worlds delights

This last meal  
My righteous friend  
I serve Thee cold

Now lift your cup in celebration  
Indulge your lips  
I do insist  
Drink up drink up

Long ago  
I grew deaf  
To the echoes of my footsteps

Long ago  
I grew blind  
To the world through your eyes

I overcame  
The bleak destiny  
Of your lead filled convictions

I prevailed  
And now I soar relentlessly  
Beyond the north

In my ascension I scorn the eye of envy  
And he who flies is hated most of all

I celebrate the distance  
Over which you spill your grief  
By your belief you waste your tears  
On a liar and a thief

"How could you ever be just towards me?  
I choose your injustice as my portion"

Now for the grand finale  
You will be protagonist  
This tragedy you did inspire  
Crucifixion with a twist

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And the head of the world  
I will drink to her demise

For this last meal

My righteous friend  
I serve Thee cold