

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