

## **Dimmu Borgir**

# **"Chaos Without Prophecy"**

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The quest for Azunda hath drawn near  
The young king, the chaos he brings  
With iron grip's sword, chants come forth  
The child of dark is he

In prophecy, chaos is not near  
In chaos, prophecies begone  
The child of dark, hath foreseen  
He makes his own destiny

The magic he creates is from his will  
The magic of Azunda, he shall receive  
Iron grip's sword guides his path  
To the place which is no more

The journey to this place is creation  
In this creation, he shall be  
Living for himself and his destiny

In his path, lies of the prophecy

In his mind he sees another  
Who wishes to receive, Azunda  
He sees light within in he's enemy  
And laughs at the prophecy

His will and his word is his sorcery  
He is waiting for thee  
To put an end to this prophecy  
Azunda, give your power to me

The child of dark has found thee  
And now must destroy, evil thee  
Iron Grip's sword has gone through thee  
Now, Azunda is mine for all to see

The king's task has been complete  
The chaos has begun for all to see

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