

Dimmu Borgir

"Gud's Fortapelse - Åpenbaring Av Dommedag"

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Hengitt er vi
Til Mǫrkets keiser
Den allmektiges kraft
(Som) Fǫrver vǫrt sinn
I kamp
Mot godhet og lǫgn

Dog fiendens hǫr er fattig
Er den stor
Men vi skal ta dem alle
Og hente dem inn
En etter en

Det hǫp de ser i gud
Skal forsvinne i et hav av torner
De torner deres falske frelser
Engang fǫlte spikret i sin skalle

Himmelen skal rakne
Og en fandens torden
skal buldre ǫf brake
Hans krefter vil rǫyne
Der Mǫrkets front
Beseirer lystes pest

ǆyneyne vil renne i sorg
Nǫr de innser (at) deres gud
ikke lenger kan hjelpe
Det hǫp de sǫ i gud
Er svunnet og vekk for alltid

De fǫlger nǫ sin falske felser
Som fortsatt er bǫrer av en krone
Med torner
Men konge ble han ikke

[English translation:]

[God's damnation-Revelation of the judgment day]

Devoted are we

To the emperor of the dark
The power of the almighty
(Which) leads our minds
Into battle
Against the good and their lies

Though the enemy's army is poor
It is big
But we shall take them all
Gather them up
One by one

The hope they saw in God
Shall I disappear in an ocean of thorns
The thorns their fake messiah
Once felt nailed to his skull

Heaven shall be torn
And a fucking thunder
Shall boulder and roar
His powers will go weak
Where the front of dark
Conquer the plague of light

Eyes will run in sorrow
when they realize (that) their god
No longer can help
The hope they found in God
Is gone and so it shall be forever

Now they follow their fake salvator
Who still carries a crown of thorns
But king he never became

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