

Dimmu Borgir

"Kings Of The Carnival Creation"

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Incarnated marvels simplified
Effects from such a disconsolate kind
Impotence of the once so perfect living
Erase and rewind

Stand rigid for the next battle
Peace means reloading your guns
The love for life is all hatred in disguise
A carnival creation with masks undone

In search for the guidelines to the gateways of sin
Through mires of misanthropy with wrath in mind
Sophistication as cruelty and perfection as virulent
truth
Confidently dawned, to pick the best of enemies
An abyss womb stretched wide open, exposed to
retaliate

[chorus:]

With the stigma feasting upon your flesh I wish you well
Thorns from the fountains of fate licking lepered skin
Worshipped by anyone's mass on our planet hell
What on earth possessed you

Consuming illusions made from hysteria and
swallowed tongues
Devoured by doubt, conducting arts of misconception
Testimonial sufficiency declaring numbness of all
perceptions

Glance into the blackness hidden beneath your surface
And enjoy the suffering, sanity drained in disrespect
With such bedevilled faith in good, subsequently
trusting evil
Next step for mankind will be the last seasons in sin

Left are the kings of the carnival creation
Carrying out the echoes of the fallen

Sense the withering eternity as it fades away
The ultimate graceless voyage of all times
Only death will be guarding your angels, silently

Cripples joining arms in clamour
Institutionalized for the rebirth, the herd will be hunted

[music: Mustis, Silenoz, Vortex and Shagrath]

[lyrics: Silenoz]

4. Hybrid Stigmata - The Apostasy

The apparition of two faces in disgust
Invisible but yet so clear
Reflections seen by a fugitive
Trying to escape the looking glass
Blood runs from open wounds of false flesh
The one in front of the mirror exceeds the image
Eager to leave further but chained still

To crumble into such nothingness
A despairing fate, for your lies
To pretend is the lunatic's legacy
Privileged to bolt the nails of heresy

Born lifeless into a world of coma
As the chronic sufferer trapped in paradise lost
Missing insinuations of what life was meant to be
Angels and demons, a march man's bewildering hosts

[chorus:]

The charlatans and deceivers walk the line in prejudice
The narrow slits the veins in search for the crown
Profound impatience makes the blind struggle in
stupidity
The paradox of the daily prayer, diffidence is Confiteor
Phenomena of ironies, cast the litany aside
How intelligible, blessed be the forgetful

Holding the banner high, unrestrained
Slowly abandoning the surface in contempt
Still in costumes to please the ways of living
Witnessing the details of defilement, intoxicating

Make sure to be pleased with the ways of your death
For in days of reckoning and when the twilight torn is
ticking
Elysium is halfway and as an answer to the plea
You're destined to yield fragments of Hell in return

Leave unnoticed with the perfect conscience
With the strength of the spiritual eye
Spirits of the token unchained and free
Recover from the philanthropic macabre frenzy
The pale dove grins, black at heart ready to flee
Demon to some, angel to others

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