

Dimmu Borgir

"Reptile"

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Aah

Glowing eyes, staring eyes
Manifest of evil presence
With entities swept in disease of betrayal
A fall from paradise beyond redemption
Wrath child's afterglow

He who speaks of nightly treasures
He who wraps the serpent around my neck
He who pours poisonous wine in my chalice
He who lets me serve and slip away

And so I will take shelter
In the absence of the light
Hiding like a masked miniature in the dark
A revenant without relief it seems

For the art of becoming a progeny
And to be raised in such curse
Is to forever creep among have mortals

Infesting the dead in herds

Infesting the dead in herds

His grandeur of guidance in round trips obscure
He who immersed my hands in sullen throes
His paths on which domination linger
He who dares to prove the sanity of mine

He who speaks of nightly treasures
He who lets me serve and slip away

Black unearthly void creature crawling
Forbidden, forgotten, fairly underrated
Bastards in the shape of angels holding my hands
Passing me what is left of the wine
Bastards in the shape of angels holding my hands
Passing me what's left of the wine

Aah
(Aah)

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