

Dimmu Borgir

"The Chosen Legacy"

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Hence I will anoint
And whisper wholeheartedly
The creed of Hades and beyond
As I succumb to inevitable sin

For I cannot enslave myself
With imaginary words of salvation
Hypocrisy that surrounds my temple
Is assisted by pretenders to the throne

For I cannot enslave myself
With imaginary words of salvation
Hypocrisy that surrounds my temple
Is assisted by pretenders to the throne

The winds that blow purity
Signifies my chosen legacy
I was born in opposition
A contender to creation

In Sorte Diaboli
In Sorte Diaboli
In Sorte Diaboli

In Sorte Diaboli
In Sorte Diaboli
In Sorte Diaboli

For my sins
I will ask no forgiveness
For my sins
They are not to forgive

So never speak of me quietly
Stand by my confession
I voice your rebellion
Against the traitor of the world

I am the born first creature of this kingdom
I will be the One
To outlive His time
With the triumph of free will

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