

Dimmu Borgir

"The Maelstrom Mephisto"

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Ride the vortex winds with the beast inside
Cast down all memories from a past and future world
The cynic icons and the cryptic writings
As a picturesque creation in force and spirit
Against their reason and will, it is time, give darkness
it's passion plea

The venomous tongue, the inevitable poison, paralyze
the angels
Freeze the forgiven, baptize in fire
Unleash the devil at heart
Unleash the maelstrom mephisto

So sinner, mourn well
Make all the swans suffer in hell
The maelstrom of the mephisto left the trace
To revel and feast in undelivered grace

Pledged to judgmental arrogance in
Drawn principles of ignorant falsehood
To comprehend that the sin of life is life itself
A tyranny in torment, an inner-sanctum stealing sleep

So sinner, mourn well
Make all the swans suffer in hell

In the dimness surrounding the towers of the castle
Where the ravens spread their wings out wide

Dwell in depths of the darker self, at any shore of
infinity
And watch the relentless paint the soil black
What is being formed echoes throughout eternity
As the painter chooses color no more

Hold your shadows close when the comedy is over
As the days of mourning seem to be the days of joy
Fragments fell from the sky in order to penetrate the
eyes
A convict wallowing in a lifetime of lies, lies

The venomous tongue, the inevitable poison, paralyze

the angels
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