

Dimmu Borgir, Architecture Of A Genocidal Nature

A dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn
The brush that sweeps across the spectral fields
This landscape is not without a sense of epic wonder
A vast scale that places this sprawling underworld
Into a realm of frames

With a blood-storm fading into the distance
Floating without directions over this smouldering landscape
Caught in a moment of transformation
These shades of anatomic malignant nature
Approached on another in an unpleasant way
Frozen in the act of speech, desperate to express it's state
Created in a shape to accommodate a wide variety of demonic forms
The realm of the benighted aristocracy of evil most pure

This is where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep

Emerged from the depths of the earth gasps
It rages against mankind, to annihilate the earth and worse
It spills the blood like rain, the beauty of death it represents

Devouring their flesh with a razorblade smile
Genes would still blindly carry on smouldering ember of hell
Limned with gold leaf, the scarlet brush
That sweep all traces of time, place and pattern

A dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn
The brush that sweeps across the spectral fields
This landscape is not without a sense of epic wonder
A vast scale that places this sprawling underworld
Into a realm of frames

With a blood-storm fading into the distance
Floating without directions over this smouldering landscape
Caught in a moment of transformation
These shades of anatomic malignant nature
Approached on another in an unpleasant way
Frozen in the act of speech, desperate to express it's state

Total death in every nation
Monuments of vanquished civilization
Civilization!
Just as brilliantly removed ruthlessly eliminated
The cornerstone of human emotions
Has now been drained away
I saw death of a most uncommon nature