

Dimmu Borgir, Behind The Curtains Of Night - Ph

A mental inner vortex
As possessions through a wolf's eye
Envisioning the eclipse
No longer to be blinded by a sunrise

In this final benediction
Confronted by mirage of imminent mortality
Time's set to end the suffering
So follow, i will cherish the secrecies of hearts

Chased by the black sheperds
Behind curtains of night
Been found as a tool in their seduction
Fatal haze

An escape into abomination
Perished to phasma
Asindrome of another aeon
Soul-obsequial inhesion

Resurged in torrents of abyssmal thoughts
Lost in a helix, blackest might
In stealth i do seek deliverance
In phantasmagoria, vortex utopia