

# Dimmu Borgir, Blessings Upon The Throne Of Ty

Infected by invalid behaviour  
While capturing the stench of divine purefaction  
Confess to slavery for the world saviour  
Give praise and inhale the corruption

(chorus:)

The Enfeebled provides the fool  
The Disabled provides the tool  
The Apathtic demands the affection  
To those suffering from their own satisfaction

Devour in self-deceit, conjure the righteous plage,  
testify today's contradiction, glorify tomorrows deed  
Inconceivable immoral priest, hide in preferable dress,  
invite to another pleasure feast, the concealment of joyful laughter

The decrepit innocence of your correctness and well-chosen  
Elicitss the source of the need for immediate forgiveness  
Submits to no grace but the spiteful of your disease  
Apply to join the unlimited grace and a settlement in the skies  
And turn the confusion among your children into self-stimulation  
The incarnation of your prostitution, the true Evil in disguise

With the ignorance from your cross as the witness,  
the truth of your tragedy make you justice  
In your mirror the high spirits of kindness looks like malice

Condemnation of life by the living dead, what a premature judgement,  
contradiction to the core  
How unfortunate I am, cursed to spend time on a battle already won  
The shame that will be guarding your grave says it all,  
retreat to the crypt and make it worthwhile  
Recall my sins furthermore but still be watching yours with a smile.