

# Dimmu Borgir, Blood Hunger Doctrine

Man and his faithful ethics  
Intoxicated by the fruits of the earth  
Diabolical fanaticism, so cold and grim  
The perfect perversion, bestiality incarnate

As instruments of torture  
And leaving no room for sympathy  
We bring forth the monstrous birth  
To the worlds light

As all great art is made from suffering  
So are we  
Good in nature, but evil by our own free will  
Incestuously created by the will to kill

Time is here to walk the final abyss march  
Bound to the force of the last holocaust  
Pour free the gifts of grace  
And slaughter the entire human race

Not permitted to redemption  
When pain rises high in purgatory  
A reality so convincingly justified  
Feeding from Death Cult's gown

We bring forth monstrous birth  
To the worlds light