

Dimmu Borgir, Cataclysm Children

Are you born from the abyss
And have you sought the creed
That drape the shadows
Of your own thought?

Is your heart mesmerized
By the fire that burns forevermore
And do the secrets from the flames
Hold the mysteries over which you preside?

Reveal the infantile wound and regain strength
Free your spirit from those who lead in praise
Recollect the anger and the hate
For not shall your morals dissolve in pity

Righteous warmth accompanied
By deceitful tongues
Stay away from processed promises
Let them fear what you know
A malicious smile on their lips
To keep us all under control
Now it's time to rise and demand our due
The whores and their illusions left us bitter and cold

Drench them in their own poison, spit back the scorn of their ways
Out win their defect morality, and the words they pray
Consolidate the troops and expose the lies in their eyes
The ones deprived from the ecstasy that binds the neglect

Better lead than being led, earn any victory
For you stand superior above the plague and it's mass
The burden of proof rests on your shoulders

(repeat 1st and 2nd verse)