

Dimmu Borgir, Reptile

Glowing eyes, staring eyes
Manifest of evil presence
With entities swept in disease and decay
A fall from paradise beyond redemption
Wratchild's afterglow

He who speaks of nightly treasures
He who wraps the serpent around my neck
He who pours poisonous wine in my chalice
He who lets me serve and slip away

...and so I will take shelter
in the absence of the light
Hiding like a masked miniature in the dark
A revenant without relief it seems
For the art of becoming a progeny
and to be raised in such curse
Is to forever creep among haive mortals
Infesting the dead in herdes

His grandeur of guidance in roundtrips obscure
He who immerse my hands in sullen thrills
His paths on which domination linger
He who dares to proove the sanity of mine

He who speaks of nightly treasures
He who lets me serve and slip away

Black unearthly void creature crawling
Forbidden, forgotten, fairly underrated
Bastards in the shape of angels holding my hands
Passing me what is left of the wine