Dimmu Borgir, The Chosen Legacy

Hence I will anoint And whisper wholeheartedly The creed of Hades and beyond As I succumb to inevitable sin

For I cannot enslave myself With imaginary words of salvation The hypocrisy that surrounds my temple Is assisted by pretenders to the throne

The winds that blow purity Signify my chosen legacy I was born to opposition A contender to creation

In Sorte Diaboli In Sorte Diaboli In Sorte Diaboli In Sorte Diaboli

For my sins I will ask no forgiveness For my sins They are not to forgive

So never speak of me quietly Stand by my confession I voice your rebellion Against the traitor of the world

I am the first creature of this Kingdom I will be the One To out live His time With the triumph of free will