

# 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