

# Dimmu Borgir, The Promsed Future Aeons

Erotic and dreamlike still in its mortal disguise  
A passionate ritual in the ruined garden theatre  
The painted angels - shadowed high above  
Once they gathered to worship at the picture of me  
Like a whisper where there are no words  
Appears the perplexed - the statue of might  
In the cradle of the next generation  
A spiraling ruin - lost in the gathering dust

...The faces you saw in the withering garden  
I witnessed the flickering  
Made to look like stone  
Quivering like little figures  
Lost in broken flames  
Never to forget again the names  
Carved in horrid flesh

Those words drawn in water  
Become our legacy of fantasies

Burn the pictures  
So unexpected in this strange deserted place  
Once opened its secrets would become the world  
Its attributes would continue to unfold forever

"Through the fabric of the promised future aeons  
I offer this suffering of mu unwanted father..."

...And the stars did wander  
Separated in the forbidden universe