Dommu Borgir, Architecture Of A Genocidal Natu

A dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn
The brush that sweeps across the spectral fields
This landscape is not without a sense of epic wonder
A vast scale that places this sprawling underworld
Into a realm of frames
With a blood storm foding into the distance

With a blood-storm fading into the distance

Floating without directions over this smouldering landscape

Caught in a moment of transformation

These shades of anatomic malignant nature

Approached on another in an unpleasant way

Frozen in the act of speech, desperate to express it's state

Created in a shape to accommodate a wide variety of demonic forms

The realm of the benighted aristocracy of evil most pure

This is where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep

Emerged from the depths of the earth gasps

It rages against mankind, to annihilate the earth and worse

It spills the blood like rain, the beauty of death it represents

Devouring their flesh with a razorblade smile

Genes would still blindly carry on smouldering ember of hell

Limned with gold leaf, the scarlet brush

That sweep all traces of time, place and pattern

Total death in every nation

Monuments of vanquished civilization

Just as brilliantly removed ruthlessly eliminated

The cornerstone of human emotions

Has now been drained away

I saw death of a most uncommon nature