

# Dommu Borgir, Architecture Of A Genocidal Nature

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 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