

# Ihsahn, PILGRIMAGE TO OBLIVION

With the sweet taste of wine on my lips  
And a pale skull filled with vision  
Desires transformed to compulsion  
My being, by fire, transfixed

I was bound for the marshlands  
For bridges to cross and to burn  
For treacherous paths of no return  
A destiny held in my hands

And there, where the roots of existence  
Existence  
Breached through the cracks of illusion  
The concepts of consequence ceased  
And primordial chaos reigned

Besieged by the towering mountains  
And beckoning forest deep  
I stood on the threshold of rapture  
Alone, amongst the untamed

Wallowing in secrecy  
And dark, enticing lies  
Those ghostly smiles could not conceal  
The ruin in their eyes

Rampage unleashed in the night  
I was lost in the trenches of a dream  
And over a clamour of laughter and death  
Echoed the Maenads' scream

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