

Dimmu Borgir, Dreamside Dominions

When the ghastly mourners awakens from sleep,
and the volant funeral crows are watching,
like evil omens in shadowed murmur,
they welcome me again.

Agonized and flattered to once become
a part of this horror scenario,
I descend with arms open wide.

Armoured and filled with painful pleasure,
reflecting streams of monstrous mirages,
I will not hide.

Loosing control in seductive madness,
spiritual revelations, apocalyptic hypnosis.
Dead colours appear within unshallow graves;
alone in awe I face abhorrence below.

Trapped inside to suffer in silence,
torn apart in mind and sense,
baptized in this nightly glamour-
Rites of splendid essence.

Agonized and flattered, I once became
a part of the horror scenario.
Armoured and filled with painful pleasure,
I did not hide

Now when the gates are no longer shut,
I withdraw from the light of the sun.