

Dimmu Borgir, Hybrid Stigmata - The Apostasy

The apparition of two faces in disgust
Invisible but yet so clear
Reflections seen by a fugitive
Trying to escape the looking glass
Blood runs from open wounds of false flesh
The one in front of the mirror exceeds the image
Eager to leave further but chained still

To crumble into such nothingness
A despairing fate, for your lies
To pretend is the lunatic's legacy
Privileged to bolt the nails of heresy

Born lifeless into a world of coma
As the chronic sufferer trapped in paradise lost
Missing insinuations of what life was meant to be
Angels and demons, a march man's bewildering hosts

(chorus:)
The charlatans and deceivers walk the line in prejudice
The narrow slits the veins in search for the crown
Profound impatience makes the blind struggle in stupidity
The paradox of the daily prayer, diffidence is Confiteor
Phenomena of ironies, cast the litany aside
How intelligible, blessed be the forgetful

Holding the banner high, unrestrained
Slowly abandoning the surface in contempt
Still in costumes to please the ways of living
Witnessing the details of defilement, intoxicating

Make sure to be pleased with the ways of your death
For in days of reckoning and when the twilight torn is ticking
Elysium is halfway and as an answer to the plea
You're destined to yield fragments of Hell in return

Leave unnoticed with the perfect conscience
With the strength of the spiritual eye
Spirits of the token unchained and free
Recover from the philanthropic macabre frenzy
The pale dove grins, black at heart ready to flee
Demon to soul, angel to others