

# Dimmu Borgir, In Death's Embrace

By the light of the moon  
and the beings of the night  
A curse has been laid upon us  
To seek and tear celestial gloss  
to pieces

By the power of death  
and the shadow of the Reaper  
A call has been brought upon us  
To complete the infinite fall  
of heaven

Without the wit or will to end this journey  
we continue travelling towards our faith  
Harvesting helpless Christian spirits  
raping the sanctity of saints

The heavenly father is tretching his hand  
pathetically begging for mercy  
We spit and piss on his sacred flesh  
as we breathe the breath of the unholy

For with the sing of the pentagram  
Hellfire rage is for us to come  
as we shall wander the pit  
Unhallowed by the infernal one  
we are forever captured  
by the embrace of death