

Dimmu Borgir, Kings Of The Carnival Creation

Incarnated marvels simplified, effects from such a disconsolate kind
Impotence of the once so perfect living, erase and rewind

Stand rigid for the next battle, peace means reloading your guns
The love for life is all hatred in disguise, a carnival creation with masks undone

In search for the guidelines to the gateways of sin
Through mires of misanthropy with wrath in mind
Sophistication as cruelty and perfection as virulent truth
Confidently dawned, to pick the best of enemies
An abyss womb stretch wide open, exposed to retaliate

(chorus:)

With the stigma feasting on your flesh as I wish you well, thorns from the fountains of faith licking
Worshipped by anyone's mass on your planet hell, what on earth possessed you

Consuming illusions made from hysteria and swallowed tongues
Devoured by doubt, conducting arts of misconception
Testimonial sufficiency declaring numbness of all perceptions

Glance into the blackness hidden beneath your surface
And enjoy the suffering, sanity drained in disrespect
With such bedevilled faith in good, subsequently trusting evil
Next step for mankind will be the last seasons in sin

Left are the kings of the carnival creation, carrying out of the echoes of the fallen

Sense the withering eternity as it fades away, the ultimate graceless voyage of all times
Only death will be guarding your angels, silently
Cripples joining arms in clamour, institutionalized for the rebirth, the herd will be hunted