

Dimmu Borgir, Masses For The New Messiah

In massing darkness we stand united,
raging above inferior sheeps.
A convoy of souls swept into the night,
hearts strengthened with black fire passion.

In us is fulfilled the prophecy of satan:
evolution of the inner shrine.
In us is maintained the revelation of satan:
innocence brought to an end.

In honour of thy unearthly creation,
we bring forth thy divine form.
Vanity throughout any conceptions.
Blazed and bound, for the days are coming.

Infernal madness, unholy ascendance,
christian death abound in mourning perversion.
Cherished sacred icons torn to pieces,
they'll chase the serpent in everlasting nightmare.

Disharmonic illusions of strings bending loose,
wrapped, penetrating skin.
Listen to the music of their agony.
Eyes made of glass, mirrors within.