

# Dimmu Borgir, The Promised Future Aeons

Erotic and dreamlike still in its mortal disguise  
A passionate ritual in the ruined gardens theatre  
The painted angels - Shadowed high above  
Once they gathered to worship at the picture of me  
Like a whisper where there are no words  
Appears the perplexed - The statue of might  
In the cradle of the next generation  
A spiraling ruin - Lost in the gathering dust  
...the faces you saw in the withering garden  
I witnessed the flickering - made to look like stone  
Quivering like little figures lost in broken flames  
Never to forget again the names carved in horrid flesh  
Those words drawn in water - Become our legacy of fantasies  
Burn the pictures  
So unexpected in this strange deserted place  
Once opened its secrets would become the world  
Its attributes would continue to unfold forever  
"Through the fabric of the promised future aeons  
I offer this suffering of my unwanted father..."  
...and the stars did wander - Separated in the forbidden universe