

Dimmu Borgir, United In Unhallowed Grace

Unfolding her carnal desires to me;
with tempting eyes she does receive.
A hunter of the night, the devil's whore.
May her cursed beauty hunt me forever.

We embrace the madness gathered as one.
Mourning dead passion...she comes to me.
A fate awaits us in the night:
in the ruins of creation we will unite.

Unfolding her carnal desires to me;
with tempting eyes she does receive.
A hunter of the night, the devil's whore.
May her cursed beauty hunt me forever.

She comes to me - a shining beacon,
confused by the sensual innovation.
Passion ... towards image of mortal evil.
Passion ... embraced by the image of united death.

The enigma lies broken.

Searching for those precious moments,
reaching for a higher scene of existence,
like a newborn migrant in the void.

I am smitten by forbidden fruit,
possessed by moments of dark splendour,
to walk the nightmare terrains forever.
The enigma lies broken.

Possessed by moments of dark splendour,
to walk the nightmare terrains forever.
United with new unhallowed grace,
this cursed beauty hunts me forever.