

Dimmu Borgir, Unorthodox Manifesto

"Gentlemen: Destroy!"

The memories far beyond the reckoning
Have begun to lurk in the distance
Like visual objects dearly known
The grace of devils hands

As they walk with me like a medium
When I choose and require a burn-out
Resting in expanded malicious force
Drained for murderous weapons

Knowing where you stand
In the magnitude of this thought
Looking at the spirit of fire and flames
Enduring on the throne of the black heart

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A bringer of evil I am
And therefore also a carrier of light
As I use this focus through the dark
And face the sunshine in the dead end

Limitations do not exist
When you are ahead of the crowd
With the art of confidence
I reign at the throne of my soul

The value of this darkness unwinds
Travelling the other path
A hidden triumph
But obvious to the strong and wise

By understanding this reality
I remain in a twice-coloured cloud
With feet connected solid in the ground
And thus I get peace of mind

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