

Ihsahn, Invocation

Come suffering, Apocalypse
Release the fires of Hell
I call upon destruction and despair
Here the days of slumber end
I beckon the night
to live and overcome the fear
Come sin, come shame
congregation of contempt
I bid you welcome to the pyre
Will our objective truths
withstand this affliction?
I venture
Let it all come down!
The deafening sound of trumpets roar
in celebration of impending chaos
This is not terror, this is not war
Beyond repentance
this is the call of the abyss
As deep cuts of truth
as a fire that closes the wound
so is my redemption
Beyond repentance
this is the ordeal of fire
Come suffering, Apocalypse
Release the fires of Hell
I call upon destruction and despair
Not for vengeance
Not for power
Beneath the ashes I walk