

# 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