

The Sacrilegious Scorn

Dimmu Borgir

Have I not been too long
In the shadows of invention and creation?
As I rightfully behold the flesh
Fear of the conscious mind
will have you facing away

My word and world holds ground and is real
Your world is like floods of poisoned water
A language spoken with spit from different tongues

It all seems like an eternity
This battle between us two
"Good and evil" me and you

Time has come to step up
And take back what you took from me

My word and world holds ground and is real
Your world is like floods of poisoned water
A language spoken with spit from different tongues
You can never corrupt me again

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I protect every man guilty of sin
The ultimate sin being me
The vapour from the plague
That infested my mind, body and soul

Obscured my view from wisdom
The mist that had me wonder in resentment cleared
And troubles me no more

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