

For the World to Dictate Our Death

Dimmu Borgir

Let us sit back and watch
Death and destruction's devotees revel
Let us sit back and witness
innocent semen being poured Into the arms of Armageddon
Let it pour, more and more
Pure fucking Armageddon
Let it pour more and more Reason faithfully defiles
On bloodstained hands
Where graceful motion
Are lost arts There are only battles to be lost
In the kingdoms of the blind
For those who seek salvation
In the dust of the earth
Will only find wrath
In the sands of time Engulfed by the desert
We taste death in the dry heat
The disciples of prophetic ablution
Had sworn to let the skeptics bleed
For great are their love of warfare
Henchman of the disastrous creed Watch us all celebrate in their name
The lambs of our time being slain
Awaiting the final perdition
Defeat against all and everything
For whatever adorned righteousness
Justice never wait for the guilty to speak the truth Into the arms of Armageddon
Let it pour, more and more
Pure fucking Armageddon
Let it pour more and more For mankind so hated the world
That it gave all its begotten sons and daughters
That whoever believed the lie
To perish and receive everlasting hell

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