

Chaos Without Prophecy

Dimmu Borgir

The quest for Azunda hath drown near
The young king, the chaos he brings
With iron grip's sword, chants come forth
The child of dark is heThe prophecy, chaos not near
In chaos, prophecies begone
This child of dark, hath foreseen
He makes its own destinyThe magic he creates is from his will
The magic of Azunda, he shall receive
Iron grip's sword guides his path
To the place which is no moreThe journey to this place is creation
In this creation, he shall be
Living for himself and his destiny
In his path, lies of the propheciesIn his mind he sees another
Who wishes to receive, Azunda
He sees light within in he's enemy
And laughs at the prophecyHis will and his word is his sorcery
He is waiting for thee
To put an end to this prophecy
Azunda, give your power to meThe child of dark has found thee
And now must destroy, evil thee
Iron grip's sword has gone through thee
Now, Azunda is mine for all to seeThe king's task has been complete
The chaos has begun for all to see

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