

In Deaths Embrace

Dimmu Borgir

By the light of the moon
And the beings of the night
A curse has been laid upon us
To seek and tear celestial gloss
To pieces By the power of death
And the shadow of the Reaper
A call has been brought upon us
To complete the infinite fall
Of heaven Without the wit or will to end this journey
We continue traveling toward our faith
Harvesting helpless Christian spirits
Raping the sanctity of saints The heavenly father is stretching his hand
Pathetically begging to mercy
We spit and piss on his sacred flesh
As we breathe the breath on the unholy

Songwriters

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