

Kings of the Carnival Creation

Dimmu Borgir

Incarnated marvels simplified
Effects from such a disconsolate kind
Impotence of the once so perfect living
Erase and rewindStand rigid for the next battle
Peace means reloading your guns
The love for life is all hatred in disguise
A carnival creation with masks undoneIn search for the guidelines to the gateways of sin
Through mires of misanthropy with wrath in mind
Sophistication as cruelty and perfection as virulent truth
Confidently dawned, to pick the best of enemiesAn abyss womb stretched wide open, exposed to retaliateWith
the stigma feasting upon your flesh I wish you well
Thorns from the fountains of fate licking lepered skin
Worshiped by anyone's mass on our planet Hell
What on earth possessed you?
Consuming illusions made from hysteria and swallowed tonguesDevoured by doubt, conducting arts of
misconception
Testimonial sufficiency declaring numbness of all perceptionsGlance into the blackness hidden beneath your
surface
And enjoy the suffering, sanity drained in disrespect
With such bedeviled faith in good, subsequently trusting evil
Next step for mankind will be the last seasons in sinWith the stigma feasting upon your flesh as I wish you well
Thorns from the fountains of fate licking lepered skin
Worshiped by anyone's mass on our planet Hell
What on earth possessed you?
Consuming illusions made from hysteria and swallowed tonguesLeft are the kings of the carnival creation
Carrying out the echoes of the fallenSense the withering eternity as it fades away
The ultimate graceless voyage of all times
Only death will be guarding your angels, silently
Cripples joining arms in clamor
Institutionalized for the rebirth, the herd will be hunted

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