

Unorthodox Manifesto

Dimmu Borgir

The memories far beyond the reckoning
Have begun to lurk in the distance
Like visual objects dearly known
The grace of devils handsAs they walk with me like a medium
When I choose and require a burn-out
Resting in expanded malicious force
Drained for murderous weaponsKnowing where you stand
In the magnitude of this thought
Looking at the spirit of fire and flames
Enduring on the throne of the black heartThe memories far beyond the reckoning
Have begun to lurk in the distance
Like visual objects dearly known
The grace of devils handsAs they walk with me like a medium
When I choose and require a burn-out
Resting in expanded malicious force
Drained for murderous weaponsKnowing where you stand
In the magnitude of this thought
Looking at the spirit of fire and flames
Enduring on the throne of the black heartA bringer of evil I am
And therefore also a carrier of light
As I use this focus through the dark
And face the sunshine in the dead endLimitations do not exist
When you are ahead of the crowd
With the art of confidence
I reign at the throne of my soulThe value of this darkness unwinds
Travelling the other path
A hidden triumph
But obvious to the strong and wiseBy understanding this reality
I remain in a twice-coloured cloud
With feet connected solid in the ground
And thus I get peace of mindA bringer of evil I am
And also a carrier of light
As I use this focus through the dark
And face the sunshine in the dead end

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