

# Reptile

## Dimmu Borgir

Aah  
Glowing eyes, staring eyes  
Manifest of evil presence  
With entities swept in disease of betrayal  
A fall from paradise beyond redemption  
Wrath child's afterglow He who speaks of nightly treasures  
He who wraps the serpent around my neck  
He who pours poisonous wine in my chalice  
He who lets me serve and slip away And so I will take shelter  
In the absence of the light  
Hiding like a masked miniature in the dark  
A revenant without relief it seems For the art of becoming a progeny  
And to be raised in such curse  
Is to forever creep among have mortals  
Infesting the dead in herds Infesting the dead in herds His grandeur of guidance in round trips obscure  
He who immersed my hands in sullen throes  
His paths on which domination linger  
He who dares to prove the sanity of mine He who speaks of nightly treasures  
He who lets me serve and slip away Black unearthly void creature crawling  
Forbidden, forgotten, fairly underrated  
Bastards in the shape of angels holding my hands  
Passing me what is left of the wine  
Bastards in the shape of angels holding my hands  
Passing me what's left of the wine Aah  
(Aah)

Lyrics provided by

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