

Prudence's Fall

Dimmu Borgir

He became the swarm, indeed a pitiful imitation
to the verge of a quiet glance, an oracle without eyes
Darkness... My precious companion, even thou canst see His face
Salvation, turned to bleed despair, compassion fled...Sadistic delight flowed, like Hell burned brighter
existence woven into darkness, prudence did fall...In Satan's beauty, Life was found...A flow of orgasmic fire,
swept through the cosmic night
I enthroned darkness triumphant,
with the searing trident of the Inferno

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