

The Promised Future Aeons

Dimmu Borgir

Erotic and dreamlike, still in its mortal disguise
A passionate ritual in the ruined garden theater
The painted angels, shadowed high above
Once they gathered to worship at the picture of me Like a whisper where there are no words
Appears the perplexed, the statue of might
In the cradle of the next generation
A spiraling ruin, lost in the gathering dust The faces, you saw in the withering garden
I witnessed the flickering, made to look like stone
Quivering like little figures, lost in broken flames
Never to forget again the names carved in horrid flesh Those words drawn in water become our legacy of
fantasies Burn the pictures
So unexpected in this strange deserted place
Once opened, its secrets would become the world
Its attributes would continue to unfold forever Through the fabric of the promised future aeons
I offer this suffering of my unwanted father And the stars did wander, separated in the forbidden universe

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