

The Chosen Legacy

Dimmu Borgir

Hence I will anoint
And whisper wholeheartedly
The creed of Hades and beyond
As I succumb to inevitable sin For I cannot enslave myself
With imaginary words of salvation
Hypocrisy that surrounds my temple
Is assisted by pretenders to the throne For I cannot enslave myself
With imaginary words of salvation
Hypocrisy that surrounds my temple
Is assisted by pretenders to the throne The winds that blow purity
Signifies my chosen legacy
I was born in opposition
A contender to creation In Sorte Diaboli
In Sorte Diaboli
In Sorte Diaboli In Sorte Diaboli
In Sorte Diaboli
In Sorte Diaboli For my sins
I will ask no forgiveness
For my sins
They are not to forgive So never speak of me quietly
Stand by my confession
I voice your rebellion
Against the traitor of the world I am the born first creature of this kingdom
I will be the One
To outlive His time
With the triumph of free will

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