

# 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  
Satan provides 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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