

## 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 cant 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  
Gaze towards the Heavens, and you might catch a glimpse of Me...