

# Cataclysm Children

Dimmu Borgir

Are you born from the abyss  
And have you sought the creed  
That drape the shadows  
Of your own thought?

Is your heart mesmerized  
By the fire that burns forevermore  
And do the secrets from the flames  
Hold the mysteries over which you preside?

Reveal the infantile wound and regain strength  
Free your spirit from those who lead in praise  
Recollect the anger and the hate  
For not shall your morals dissolve in pity

Righteous warmth accompanied  
By deceitful tongues  
Stay away from processed promises  
Let them fear what you know  
A malicious smile on their lips  
To keep us all under control  
Now it's time to rise and demand our due  
The whores and their illusions left us bitter and cold

Drench them in their own poison, spit back the scorn of their ways  
Out win their defect morality, and the words they pray  
Consolidate the troops and expose the lies in their eyes  
The ones deprived from the ecstasy that binds the neglect

Better lead than being led, earn any victory  
For you stand superior above the plague and it's mass  
The burden of proof rests on your shoulders