

## Hybrid Stigmata - The Apostasy

Dimmu Borgir

The apparition of two faces in disgust  
Invisible but yet so clear  
Reflections seen by a fugitive  
Trying to escape the looking glass  
Blood runs from open wounds of false flesh  
The one in front of the mirror exceeds the image  
Eager to leave further but chained still

To crumble into such nothingness  
A despairing fate, for your lies  
To pretend is the lunatic's legacy  
Privileged to bolt the nails of heresy

Born lifeless into a world of coma  
As the chronic sufferer trapped in paradise lost  
Missing insinuations of what life was meant to be  
Angels and demons, a march man's bewildering hosts

The charlatans and deceivers walk the line in prejudice  
The narrow slits the veins in search for the crown  
Profound impatience makes the blind struggle in stupidity  
The paradox of the daily prayer, diffidence is Confiteor  
Phenomena of ironies, cast the litany aside  
How intelligible, blessed be the forgetful

Holding the banner high, unrestrained  
Slowly abandoning the surface in contempt  
Still in costumes to please the ways of living  
Witnessing the details of defilement, intoxicating

Make sure to be pleased with the ways of your death  
For in days of reckoning and when the twilight torn is ticking  
Elysium is halfway and as an answer to the plea  
You're destined to yield fragments of Hell in return

Leave unnoticed with the perfect conscience  
With the strength of the spiritual eye  
Spirits of the token unchained and free  
Recover from the philanthropic macabre frenzy  
The pale dove grins, black at heart ready to flee  
Demon to some, angel to others