

## Reptile

Dimmu Borgir

Glowing eyes, staring eyes  
Manifest of evil presence  
With entities swept in disease and decay  
A fall from paradise beyond redemption

Wrathchild's afterglow

He who speaks of nightly treasures  
He who wraps the serpent around my neck  
He who pours poisonous wine in my chalice  
He who lets me serve and slip away

...and so i will take shelter  
In the absence of the light  
Hiding like a masked miniature in the dark  
A revenant without relief it seems  
For the art of becoming a progeny  
and to be raised in such curse

Is to forever creep among naive mortals  
Infesting the dead in herdes

His grandeur of guidance in roundtrips obscure  
He who immerse my hands in sullen thrills  
His paths on wich domination linger  
He who dares to prove the sanity of mine

He who speaks of nightly treasures  
He who lets me serve and slip away

Black unearthly void creatures crawling  
Forbidden forgotten fairly underrated  
Bastards in the shape of angels holding my hands  
Passing me what is left of the wine