

# Contorted Monuments

Ihsahn

In the nest of newborn idols  
Complacent crowds converge  
To find emancipation  
From the unforgiving torments of a curse

Relentless and concerted  
Obsessed to find the source  
To point their allegations  
Before the callousness of nature takes its course

The strategy has always been the same  
Fail, deny, and find someone to blame  
Feeding on the shame of those who thrive  
To stay alive

This mockery of life  
Let them shiver in the shadow  
Of their own contorted monuments  
And then

Bring back the olden gods  
A flawed and violent past  
Of mystery and legend  
Of fearlessness that will outlast  
These feeble delusions  
Of the privileged  
Of the righteous  
Of masses  
Of nations  
Of rabble  
Of followers  
Of noughts

Lamentations spawn and fester  
Like a plague within its bounds  
Propagating onto everything contiguous  
This frail, unholy ground  
Their doctrine makes an enemy  
Of the very virtues that could set them free

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A flawed and violent past  
Of mystery and legend  
Of fearlessness that will outlast  
These feeble delusions  
Of the privileged  
Of the righteous  
Of masses  
Of nations  
Of rabble  
Of followers  
Whoa, noughts

Oh, this mockery  
This mockery of life

Oh, let them shiver in the shadow

Of their own contorted monuments  
Their reign of sin will end