

PILGRIMAGE TO OBLIVION

Ihsahn

With the sweet taste of wine on my lips
And a pale skull filled with vision
Desires transformed to compulsion
My being, by fire, transfixed

I was bound for the marshlands
For bridges to cross and to burn
For treacherous paths of no return
A destiny held in my hands

And there, where the roots of existence
Existence
Breached through the cracks of illusion
The concepts of consequence ceased
And primordial chaos reigned

Besieged by the towering mountains
And beckoning forest deep
I stood on the threshold of rapture
Alone, amongst the untamed

Wallowing in secrecy
And dark, enticing lies
Those ghostly smiles could not conceal
The ruin in their eyes

Pilgrimage to oblivion

Rampage unleashed in the night
I was lost in the trenches of a dream
And over a clamour of laughter and death
Echoed the Maenads' scream

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