

## TWICE BORN

Ihsahn

The dawn found me at crossroads of giving up or giving in  
Crawling on my knees, I'd question all I once held true  
The violence of perception had pierced my soul and skin  
Embittered, bruised, and beaten I saw the world anew

Mortal womb  
By fire scorned  
In death conceived  
Twice born

The nihilistic instinct flashed its terrifying teeth  
And in soft, alluring, whispers bade me yield  
Still, the grandeur I had witnessed, that extravagant display  
Inspired a premonition; my fate was yet unsealed

Mortal womb  
By fire scorned  
In death conceived  
Twice born

By eventide I stumbled to my feet and faced the night  
Incited by the prospect of my imminent demise  
My virtues set aflame in a sacrificial rite  
Like angels, the scales had fallen from my eyes

Mortal womb  
By fire scorned  
In death conceived  
Twice born

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