

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
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