

# Kings of the Carnival Creation

## Dimmu Borgir

Incarnated marvels simplified, effects from such a disconsolate kind  
Impotence of the once so perfect living, erase and rewind  
Stand rigid for the next battle, peace means reloading your guns  
The love for life is all hatred in disguise, a carnival creation with masks undone  
In search for the guideliness to the gateways of sin  
Through mires of misanthropy with wrath in mind  
Sophistication as cruelty and perfection as virulent truth  
Confidently dawned, to pick the best of enemies  
An abyss womb stretch wide open, exposed to retaliate

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With the stigma feasting on your flesh as I wish you well, thorns from the fountains  
of faith licking lepered skin  
Worshipped by anyone's mass on your planet hell, what on earth possessed you  
Devoured by doubt, conducting arts of misconception  
Testimonial sufficiency declaring numbness of all perceptions  
Glance into the blackness hidden beneath your surface  
And enjoy the suffering, sanity drained in disrespect  
With such bedevilled faith in good, subsequently trusting evil  
Next step for mankind will be the last seasons in sin

With the stigma feasting on your flesh as I wish you well, thorns from the fountains  
of faith licking lepered skin  
Worshipped by anyone's mass on your planet hell, what on earth possessed you  
Consuming illusions made from hysteria and swallowed tongues  
Left are the kings of the carnival creation Carrying out the echoes of the fallen  
Sense the withering eternity as it fades away  
The ultimate graceless voyage of all times  
Only death will be guarding your angels, silently  
Cripples joining arms in clamor  
Institutionalized for the rebirth, the herd will be hunted

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>