

Chaos Without Prophecy

Dimmu Borgir

The quest for Azunda hath drawn near
The young king, the chaos he brings
With iron grip's sword, chants come forth
The child of dark he is

In prophecy, chaos not near
In chaos, prophecies began
This child of dark, hath foreseen
He makes his own destiny

The magic he creates is from his will
The magic of Azunda, he shall receive
Iron grip's sword guides his path
To the place which is no more

The journey to this place is creation
In this creation, he shall be
Living for himself and his destiny
In his path, lies of the prophecies

In his mind he sees another
Who wishes to receive, Azunda
He sees light within in his enemy
And laughs at the prophecy

His will and his word is his sorcery
He is waiting for thee
To put an end to this prophecy
Azunda, give your power to me

The child of dark has found thee
And now must destroy, evil thee
Iron Grip's sword has gone through thee
Now, Azunda is mine for all to see

The king's task has been complete
The chaos has begun for all to see