

Behemoth, Chant for Eschaton 2000

Fly, fly high my Black Eagle
Let golden thread bind our eyes
May our minds and hearts blood unite
On your wings carry me over the abyss
Beyond The Reason and across the burning seas
Then, with your claw tear the earth to the halves
And usher me into the secrets of her bowels
Down to the light of the beginning and the end which shimmers
Circle! Round and round my Black Eagle
Let our senses be touched by ultimate pleasure
May the passion of hunting become all - devouring
Slash! Slash with your beak
Remove all gods from my way, and thoughts, and sorrows
And let me trespass the barriers of fear
Scream! Let the whole cosmos tremble
May echoes become my the sweetest mantra
Spirit of Freedom! Eternal Wanderer! Joyfull Solitude!
Higher and higher towards the stars of Awareness
Let worlds of imagination and fact become one
I'm you and you are me