

# Behemoth, Hidden In A Fog

Night in the mountains comes with the fly of a raven  
Carpathians bathed in the light of the moon  
In old ruins where the dying shadows  
Are watching the shine from the stars  
Nobody remembers days of glory  
Several hundreds years passed in silence  
Not a soul has been seen here  
I am standing on a hill  
So silent is the sky  
I am drinking in the cold of this night  
Old grey wolf lying upon my foots  
Is licking the hand of mine  
It is night... in my heart  
It is moon... in my eyes  
I am hidden in a fog - my own breath  
Small village in a valley  
Sleeping in a fear, in a fear of me !  
Loathsome race of the mortals  
Magic of wolfish teeths, wings of bats  
Faithful guards of religion  
Old as the blood itself -  
- The Cult of the Undead Vampirism !  
Frenzy of lust, frenzy of pain  
She was only fourteen  
No cry has bursted from her lips  
Pity that she had to die  
But how sweet was her neck...  
It is night... in my heart  
It is moon... in my eyes  
I am hidden in a fog - my own breath  
Sometimes only my anthem of triumph  
Echoes in mountainous landscape  
Like blood from thorned open arteries  
Poison flows down the tongue  
Somewhere far away a howling can be heard  
Oh, how beautiful is the night of Transylvania !  
Frenzy of lust, frenzy of pain  
Blood is life... ETERNAL !