

# Behemoth, Hidden In The Fog

Night in the mountains comes with the fly of a raven  
Carpathians bathed in the light of the moon  
In the 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  
O am standing on the hill  
So silent in the sky  
I am drinking the cold of this night  
Old gray wolf flying upon my feet  
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 fear, in a fear of me!  
Loathsome race of mortals  
Magic of wolfish teethes, 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 burst from her lips  
Pity that she had to die  
But bow 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 mountains landscape  
Like blood from thorn opened arteries  
Poison flows down the tongue  
Somewhere far away a howling can be heard  
Oh, how beautiful is the night in Transylvania!

Frenzy of lust, frenzy of pain  
Blood is life: ETERNAL!