

Behemoth, In Thy Pandemaeternum

Father!
Art thou blind and deaf?
Old man!
Decrepit and hideous
Hidden in woods of madness and anxiety
I am the beast, thou - the refugium of love
Whereas your love as a cockroach
Under my own boot
I am the gehenna of humanity, whereas thou art me mercy
And what shalt thou need it for
If the world shall fall asleep under my wings anyway
I am the blood from thy limbs, thou art the wisdom
Is it a great one, yes, vain fools do believe in it
They still go up in flames in anyway
Devils tongue is the tongue of fire
Yes, the same that burneth thine houses
Consumeth light and thy sheep... damned!
And even their wool is shabby, and the meat poisonous
Not for the hungry dogs at my table
I shall destroy everything, or not...
I shalt throw it to vultures to devour, let them feast!
Devils tongue is the tongue of the night
Whenever thou delight in this beauty
Thou pour in thyself the wine of the underworld
And whenever thou crave for bearing it
There are only the whispers of trees thou can hear
Hungry of thy love, I am anticipating my time...
Devils tongue is the tongue of my father
The one, who with universe constituteth an entity
Father who shall not sell thou out for any flirt
Forlove - affairs, kisses of humanity
Therefore give me his darkness
Power, might, hope and fulfillment
Give me his light
It is the time for the feast of hell...