Behemoth, The Dance Of The Pagan Slaves

oh, cursed profanated thougths of glory return to me
receive my every fall, my every pain and misfortune
and wrath will born inside you
stronger than sounds of bells
primeval instincts will wake
pagan brothers of our blood
professing to the majesty of horned evil

the war we'll begin
will be the final fall of god's flock
we'll have a bloodbath and covered with gore
we'll praise the name of the highest
what's you fallen god for us
he had leaded people to eternal slavery
his angels falling into night like dead swans
to rise never again

pagan around the wooden symbols
transmitting the power from hands to hands
blood for god of gods, king of kings
unholy master