Behemoth, The Entrance To The Spheres Of Mar

Freedom - said I
And then the sun set and the dusk
Fell on my life
Transformations and metamorphoses
It was what I experienced there, on the south of heaven
I was striking with my fists at the heavens ceilings
Too low I fell, I did not reach the step-father's neck
Although his visage seemed so close
With bony fingers I desired to clench the crown of thorns
In vain, I have trampled the paradisical flower of love
And I trample its rights here, on the earth
Each sin - my soldier
A daemon of the several thousand strong cavalery
Not gods son I am, but the child of million stars
While each of them symbolises different human fraility greater than mine
I am the wisdom and the perfection of the universe.