

Behemoth, The Sermon To The Hypocrites

O, ye whose future is in other hands!
Foul feeders! Slipped, are ye on you excrement?
Parasites! Having the world lousy,
Imagine ye are of significance to Heaven
I, who enjoy my body
[!] would rather pack with wolves
than enter your pest - houses

Sensation... Nutrition... Mastication... Procreation...!
This is your blind - worm cycle
Know ye of nothing further than your own stench?
Heaven is indifferent to your salvation or catastrophe

The sword - trust - not salve - I bring!

Honest was Sodom!
Your theology is a slime - pit of gibberish become ethics
In your world, where ignorance and deceit constitute felicity
Everything ends miserably -
- besmirched with fratricidal blood.