Behemoth, Forgotten Cult Of Aldaron

Since a long time I've visited those old dungeons
I spilled the first blood in the depth
In the darkness of the forest's maze
I found her, morbid beauty
I used to spend whole days
In the mystic places of Delduwath
There, where the light of the halfmoon
Fell as the dying sun
The wolf's howling was lulling to sleep
My young soul...
How beautiful were the views of nocturnal land
How wonderful was the life in complete solitude
Away from villages and towns, mansions and palaces
The last moments give birth to memories in me
Who was that beauty, majestic and great
What were those views, beautifully gilded by leaves
Which were hiding behind them so many mystic wefts
They stole my solitude and independence
I lie crushed by the chains in a wet cell, bleeding
I am awaiting for mother, the last hope, death
Let the died out fire away in me, let it awake Aldaron
Black gusts of dust covered my divine person with their arms
The gates of nature for ages dead, opened themselves
Tears of soil filled the green valleys
Naked Carpathian mountains denudated its might
Rights which created this world
With fury strike heaven, pearly gates
The dark powers of nature unleashed veritable war
The last breaths of sun falling onto the snow
Turned into the scream of the dying light...