Behemoth, If I Were Cain

Ascending in sectarian rapture
We are an oracle ov locust
Sanguine as yet anointed
We rave the pearly gates

Walk with me, Kaiafhat
Pilate, lead the way
I call upon Cains ov this world
We are marching to the funeral ov God

Illuminate
Adoration ov murder,
Raise up the rusty knife
To pierce the heart ov your brother

Cast your stones
Lapidate me
Cursed be the Paraclete
Pour salt into my wounds
So doth Lord speaks through thy deeds

I shall redeem my spirit
Just grace my crux with sin
If you give me the nails
I'll hammer them in

Illuminate
Exploration ov darkness
I raise the rusty dagger
To pierce the eye ov JHWH