

# Behemoth, The Dance Of The Pagan Slaves

oh, cursed profanated thoughts 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