

Behexen, Demonic Fleshtemple

Called to the night in the past
Drawn from the depths,
from the sea of faceless beings
The shadow from the darkest realm

Spirit of oblivion
Seized the raceless man
In the deepest pit of the soul
feasting and holding its nest

Obscure force of evil
Inhaling my life
like a black aurevie around me
aspiring my soul

Ostral entity...will not return
to the place of darkness
whence it came in that night
when the moon was so mystical
I stare into the mirror
and I see you right in front of me

You are watching back at me
from the demonic fleshtemple
through the fiery eyes
The unclean spirit of evil...