

Behexen, Towards The Father

Millions of stars have seen my life.
As numerous serpent eyes they have followed where I go.
As a cold light they have illuminated my rites.
Now dead I lay in the woods.
Wolves are howling around my coffin.
My pale corpse is rotting away.
Into oblivion withers away the life that I lived.
Alone and forgotten in the dark forest.
Only stars have not abandoned me.
Still they are watching my coffin and waiting my journey towards the father.
Only one of those eyes knows my destiny and that is the eye of satan.
Towards him I am now travelling.
Across the silent cosmos...