Chant for Eschaton 2000

Behemoth

Fly, fly high my Black Eagle
Let golden thread bind our eyesMay our minds and hearts blood uniteOn your wings carry me over the abyssBeyond The Reason and across the burning seasThen, with your claw tear the earth to the halvesAnd usher me into the secrets of her bowelsCircle! Round and round my Black Eagle
Down to the light of the beginning and the end which shimmersLet our senses be touched by ultimate pleasureMay the passion of hunting become all - devouring
Slash! Slash with your beakRemove all gods from my way, and thoughts, and sorrowsAnd let me trespass the barriers of fear
Scream! Let the whole cosmos trembleMay echoes become my the sweetest mantraSpirit of Freedom! Eternal Wanderer! Joyfull Solitude!Higher and higher towards the stars of AwarenessLet worlds of imagination and fact become one
I'm you and you are me

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