With Spell of Inferno

Behemoth

How hard to fall asleep when I miss your majesty
How hard to live when I long for your devil's warmth
And livid skies over Wittenberg
And the empty streets and pavements of the town
Everything sinks into dead tears
And craves for charlatantry
Mephisto you are born inside me again
But will you speak my names in the ancient tongues?
Among thousands flames of profigacy
Naked bodies flowing in the stream of wild dreams
I strip myself of my sacred virtues
The picture of male domination (and treat in blood)
And blood and pride old and clotted already
But I can still see its drops on my bot face
And pain and candles everywhere and incense
And your dream which I wish to wake up in every day...
Everything so ephemental and equally unreal
And this blood and candles burnt away; and they burn till today
Mephistopheles, thousands times I saw in sleep
The essence of the eternal life but have I found it?
If I am who I am, then I shall bombard the human race
with the spell of hell
I shall go deeper down the Dante did
And tame the snakes of mine
Phallic signs and symbols, the seed of truth
And belief in eternal life...

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