Driven By The Five-Winged Star

Behemoth

Sister of sin
Lover of my unwedden night
In blasphemy we bathe our unclean bodies
We find adoration in the filthy procreation
His will is our devotion
Giving in to the knight of the remote star
Falling in love with the darkest tormentor
The basic instinct, the obscurity of my soul
We hide our secrets damnedly deep
And these are the key to the sempimental glory
To the harmony of body and soul
Immortality, spiritual ecstasy and diableria
Sister of sin
When rich and when poor
On my way to the throne
Lay bare on your gems
The nest of filth (and licentiousness)
Of am I drinking your sweetest juices
The poison in the wine of asceticism
Down am I sitting om the fathers right side
And with his benediction
I am opening the Pandora's box.

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