

# In The Garden Of Dispersion

## Behemoth

On the hill  
Where sun behind horizon hides  
There is nothing  
Except my breath  
And crux of events  
And some crux of our hands  
On the hill  
Where shadow wings fell  
Wind rose ye to song  
And we plunged in its deep  
And in plaintive waterfall depths  
Evanescent recollection of atavism  
Secret of living in ye death posture  
And then  
Your seal in the garden of dispersion  
Closes your mouth  
Closes your eyes  
Closes your ears  
In the fields of Eden  
Under your first tree's rotting root  
There is feast  
Typhon's feast  
And night came moonless  
But yet your light appeared  
Picture of sigilic angels  
Grafting in our holy body and mind

Songwriters

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