

Natural Born Philosopher

Behemoth

without sin I can't make religion
as without sin there's no whoredom
and when in my heart god becomes a harlot
I shall sin, sin, sin again
("...every world has its space
every life has its time
every mass has its god
every god has his guillotine... ")to possess thy mother I desire not
nay, to slay thy father neither
'tis thy god I yearn to kill
thus reigning universalwith my beak I wanna peck at his face
and from ye golden cups divine blood drink
trespass borders which do not exist
I wanna be born, grow and rise againand become! become you unity!
be all and nothing equally -
dust ov universe and its essence -
and look attentively
every star is a stone
in the cosmic pavement on which step you
and your oddysey has no beginning
and never look to far, you fool!
'cause it has no fuckin' end!by nails tear this thin membrane
show me ye eye ov revenge
spit out half dead fetus out-consciousness
long live the man!
to god - quick death!
(your god is dead now...)

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