Shemhamforash (Live In Warsaw)

Behemoth

Consumed by tongues ov fire
Burning like Phlegethon
Holy gardens reduced to ash
Extinguishing light ov hope
Bringing the end ov the daysWords ov my gospel scattered
Sacrilegious scorn spat in pale creeds
Thin is the line between pure being and pure nothing
My sole companion
Woe to Thee!At my command,
Let the blood ov the infants flood the streets ov Bethelehem!O ye ov little faith
With ethics rotten in a moral cage
Dead meat thrown down to the worms
To feed religious tumor
Corrupting marrow ov repugnant swirl

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