

The Act Of Rebellion

Behemoth

Fucked by Hecate
Yet I shall not be yours
No fantasies nor the promised grace
I will chase you down
Rid me of slavery
Strengthen up my mind
With a bliss from below
Call me not, never, bow ye down, honor
Ride the southern blaze, lighting up my throne
See me star arise, hear my nature's call
I summon the beast, call loud out its name
Will never to fall, yet to be restored
Heal me not, never, bow ye down, honor

Songwriters

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