Natural Born PhilosopherÂ

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!

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