

Decade of Therion

Behemoth

Apo pantos kakodaimonos
Apo pantos kakodaimonos We transgress the context of commonplaceness
We deny normality, trample morality
We destroy angels with sound
We destroy angels with silence Currents of tantric anarchy seize our bodies
Into the cosmic dance of four scythes
The curtains of absurd theater are raised
Synchronicity, mother chaos on the stage Wisdom says, "Be strong"
Thrilling words are spreading down the spine
Vibrating, be strong
Exhausted I'm running towards the last shines of consciousness
Which is absorbed by shadows of madness Apo pantos kakodaimonos
Apo pantos kakodaimonos Here are the star and the snake servants, they rise the hexagram
Sun in the triangle hidden, sight, sacred visions entwined
And union with nothingness body I'll find
Strength, go along the Mars path, fighting if we must
Light, oh, you are Ahathoor, goddess of blue sky There is might of dawn in non-quality state I remain
Of commonness crippled time or sand, glass you don't see again
Sigillum dei, picture of myself I'm drawing with life
Venom and hell I'm sprinkling it, his name is Esial, I want him more

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