

# He Who Breeds Pestilence

## Behemoth

Inflict the seed of Eve upon me  
The heritage of Cain can't be undone  
This my rejection, this my denial  
That stirs with repulsive mortifications They attempted to deprive me from my odium of chaos  
They threw my wretched body into rivers of purgatory  
For such is a consequence of my angelic nature  
Abortion of god in my leprous womb Soiled with the miasma of the bleakest hemisphere  
The formless fires of Amenti unfold  
Not nearly as frenzy as Discordia that breeds within  
Not nearly as frenzy as disorder that I bring Universe is drained, so is my heart  
This earth grew weary and dull  
Is it the renaissance of my rigid existence?  
Is there a future for me beyond the stars? I drink to desolation  
I drink to your demise  
Monarch of neglected kingdom  
Oh, great despiser of life Et credo in serpentem  
Misterium mysteriorum  
In nomen eius Baphomet Hearken my Ophites  
Consume the flesh and drink the blood  
Obtain communion with utmost disgrace  
Reject the benefits of Eucharist Disdain the lie, let your senses sharpen  
Let your eyes see in the boundless dark  
Resist not radiant light  
Be like comets slashing through the vast skies  
Be like ravening wolves unchaining hearts Now drink to desolation  
Drink to god's demise  
Monarch of neglected kingdom  
Oh, great despiser of life O leo et o serpens  
Qui perditur perdes  
Sis valens nobiscum

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