

# Dark Triumph

## Behemoth

primeval god finally returns  
comes a sound of triumph  
I hear his voice  
a dawn of evil prayer  
a raise of million hands  
revelation of our dreams I open my eyes  
I'm into the tomb  
feel a touch of cool  
carry beneath the gates...and now lucifer comes  
rides on the wings of winds  
opens the gates of ancient towns  
leads us to eternal delight  
among the thousand flames  
from dark to black again his eyes are dark and cold  
like northern frost  
and icy breath  
is a wind for the faithful

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