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 dreamsI 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 againhis eyes are dark and cold
like northern frost
and icy breath
is a wind for the faithful

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