

Thy Winter Kingdom

Behemoth

enslaved in a cloud above the vast sea
I've finished my journey through the 7 incarnations
the blaze of my glory die out for this world
as the blaze of my rusty steel died dark forests, unknown vast lands
were my home, my dream which came true
wild as eternal fear of the blackness
I live primeval life under the horned one's rule
steeps resounded with the howl of the wolves
searching alone for the victim
and from the deep forest rised you chant
about the god of cold winds and desire
crushing the last wound of the crucified one
I stalked the path of the sword, fire and blood
my armies of the ships like dragons
spread fear among the holy lands
altars were burning with black fire
for the master of eternal spaces
born for our blood and fiery steel
victorious wave of warfare and mayhem
immortal, invincible, dark warrior
(I) leaded my troops through countless battles
and the scream of the dying was our pride
I split a lot of blood, stole human souls, cruel
now it's time to finish my journey, to rest
I fall into oblivion with weapons
no one will feed my razor with blood again
and the ships sing the psalm of the immortal...

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