

## In Thy Pandemaeternum

Behemoth

Father!  
Art thou blind and deaf?  
Old man!  
Decrepit and hideous  
Hidden in woods of madness and anxiety  
I am the beast, thou - the refugium of love  
Whereas your love as a cockroach  
Under my own boot  
I am the gehenna of humanity, whereas thou art me mercy  
And what shalt thou need it for  
If the world shall fall asleep under my wings anyway  
I am the blood from thy limbs, thou art the wisdom  
Is it a great one, yes, vain fools do believe in it  
They still go up in flames in anyway  
Devils tongue is the tongue of fire  
Yes, the same that burneth thine houses  
Consumeth light and thy sheep... damned!  
And even their wool is shaddy, and the meat poisonous  
Not for the hungry dogs at my table  
I shall destroy everything, or not...  
I shalt throw it to vultures to devour, let them feast!  
Devils tongue is the tongue of the night  
Whenever thou delight in this beauty  
Thou pour in thyself the wine of the underworld  
And whenever thou crave for bearing it  
There are only the whispers of trees thou can hear  
Hungry of thy love, I am anticipating my time...  
Devils tongue is the tongue of my father  
The one, who with universe constituteth an entity  
Father who shall not sell thou out for any flirt  
Forlove - affairs, kisses of humanity  
Therefore give me his darkness  
Power, might, hope and fulfillment  
Give me his light  
It is the time for the feast of hell...