

Conjuration ov Sleep Daemons

Behemoth

Ascending a fyre
A pillar ov flame on the wynd
Groan ov night I hear, howl ov gale
Lords ov green fields caressing the earthe

Silver sparks up high
Is Mercury above?
Is Mercury below?

So sleep!
And paint the pictures ov thy paradise
So dream!...
...waking dreams...safely
In accursed 'eternity'

I can't hear you from the lost ways
I don't want to look into thine sleepy eyes
Ov black soil I feel refreshing cold
Stone altars ov primaeval glory

And thunders are rumbling
Wyld waves are foaming
When I'm playing with the dancing fyre
With the terrifying grim ov freedom

Zechesh du kem Sphinx
Cuitem ino cuitem
Zechil' ru shechen soish
Dechep sechesh k'Nu
Zacho cem Had

I conjure the spirits ov sleep
I unite the circles ov beings