

O Venvs, Come!

Behemoth

Art thou providence and grace?
That cometh ov Michael's sword?
Art thou what they sayest thou art...

Art thou the lord?
Art thou the warden to my sleep?
The truth neither bought nor sold?
Art thou what thou sayest thou art?
Art thou the lord?

חַנָּא חַנָּא תִּקַּל וּפְרָסִין

Take mine eyes and let me see
Take my hand and ad plus ultra-lead
Take my voice and hear me speak
Take my love and let it bleed

Thou art the will that shall not break
Thou art he who did Yahweh forsake
Thou art the sun I traverse toward
Praise thee o lord!

Thou art the impetus and terminus ov history
In thee the logos speaks to me
Thou art the only light our own
Thou art the omen ov dusk and dawn

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'Tis not a nail
This is my sin