

Post-God Nirvana

Behemoth

O libertine
Thy will be done
Shed the bondage ov vulvic slavery
Grind down the walls
Which veil the sun
Conquer today, my brethren, fearlessly

Hoc Signo Fertote Lvx
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Hoc Signo Fertote Lvx
Hoc Signo Fertote Lvx
Hoc Signo Fertote Lvx

And so the sun rose in the West
Only for its blinding light to grow weary in the East
With passions subduing all speech in awe
We worship the devil, we hail the beast