

Sowing Salt

Behemoth

We, ov Adam's crude defiance
Hellbent to set Horeb aflame

Stride like the lion
Writhe like the snake

Driven to never bow in fear
Before no god, king, nor man

Stride like the lion
Scorch like the flame

March forth!
Flee not!
March forth!

We, the very voice ov his revenge
Like trampling giants laying all to waste

Give ear to the echoes ov the revelation's bane
This is a song that brings not joy but pain
Give ear to the echoes ov the howling Typhon's reign

March forth!
Flee not!
March forth!

March forth!
The untiring emperor's infantry
Flee not!
Like down-flung Napoleon's sword

We, the salt ov scorching earth
Not ov the morality ov the slaves

March forth!
Flee not!
March forth!