

## Day of Suffering

Behemoth

A call to take your hand  
For I'm at one with the dark  
How dare you come for me  
And again you must die

So ancient curse known to me  
Behold the powers I unleash  
Upon your throne  
Know my words, feel my hate descend

Lord of light  
I will swarm against you now  
Gods perverse  
Wickeds at my side  
Misery  
Thorns to lance your every word  
Nazarene  
Now I crown you king in pain

Suffer