

## Dragon's Lair (Cosmic Flames and Four Barbaric Seasons)

Behemoth

Where the magic stream flows,  
Through the shining woods,  
Blue grass of wisdom grows  
Around the oaken roots...  
Where golden dragons fly  
And the sorcerers gather,  
Four wooden statues stand  
And the fog lays thick  
Dreamthrone of amber cosmic source of might,  
Reflection of wisdom, Power of the darkside  
Ceremonial steel drinks the blood,  
Painting pearls and gold  
Mystic flames burn bright  
Around the oaken lord...  
Forgotten sorcery storms from the skies,  
From the golden hall of the ancient ones  
...The Pagan awaits for the equinox...  
Cosmic sorcery - the gift of the skies  
Magic nature - stronger than your lies  
...Stone demigod shines proud...  
...The cult of the barbaric seasons,  
Pagan pride forever,  
Born to die in honour, not to serve on knees  
Snowcovered, wild vastlands -  
My beloved fatherland...  
I see the tears of the oaken one,  
My heart is like a stone,  
My sword became sharp -  
Crosses to break, bodies to dismember,  
Flowers to burn...