

## Forgotten Cult of Aldaron

Behemoth

Since a long time I've visited those old dungeons  
I spilled the first blood in the depth  
In the darkness of the forest's maze  
I found her, morbid beauty  
I used to spend whole days  
In the mystic places of Delduwath  
There, where the light of the fullmoon  
Fell as the dying sun  
The wolf's howling was lulling to sleep  
My young soul...

How beautiful were the views of nocturnal land  
How wonderful was the life in complete solitude  
Away from villages and towns, mentions and palaces  
The last moments give birth to memories in me

Who was that beauty, majestic and great  
What were those views, beautiful gilded by leaves  
Which were hiding behind them so many mystic wefts  
They stole my solitude and independence  
I lie crushed by the chains in a wet cell, bleeding  
I am waiting for mother, the last hope, death  
Let the died out fire awake in me, let it awake Aldaron

Black gusts of dust covered my divine person with their arms  
The gates of nature for ages dead, opened themselves  
tears of soil filled green valley  
Naked Carpathian mountains denuded its might  
Rights which created this world  
With fury strike heaven, pearly gates  
The dark powers of nature unleashed veritable war  
The last breaths of sun falling onto the snow  
Turned into scream of a dying light...