

## With Spell of Inferno

Behemoth

How hard to fall asleep when I miss your majesty  
How hard to live when I long for your devil's warmth  
And livid skies over Wittenberg  
And the empty streets and pavements of the town  
Everything sinks into dead tears  
And craves for charlatanry  
Mephisto you are born inside me again  
But will you speak my names in the ancient tongues?  
Among thousands flames of profigacy  
Naked bodies flowing in the stream of wild dreams  
I strip myself of my sacred virtues  
The picture of male domination (and treat in blood)  
And blood and pride old and clotted already  
But I can still see its drops on my bot face  
And pain and candles everywhere and incense  
And your dream which I wish to wake up in every day...  
Everything so ephemental and equally unreal  
And this blood and candles burnt away; and they burn till today  
Mephistopheles, thousands times I saw in sleep  
The essence of the eternal life but have I found it?  
If I am who I am, then I shall bombard the human race  
with the spell of hell  
I shall go deeper down the Dante did  
And tame the snakes of mine  
Phallic signs and symbols, the seed of truth  
And belief in eternal life...