

Arcana Hereticae

Behemoth

What fool are ye!
From zenith to nadir
Through externalized purity
Dexterity
Sealed ye gates ov your own paradise
Skakti, Kali Ma, Durga Ma
Thou art pure in Thy sinistry

For those who cannot see
The Unconditioned One!
Creatrix, Matrix, Devourer!

Thee who spits out sun
From thy mouth
In endless momentum -
Kamala's menstruum
On road to immortality
We go against current
To the womb ov Kali
Through the mouth ov Bhairavi
To the final dawn ov Chaos
How come we're still alive?
In these kingdoms ov filth
When heaven's so abstract
And hell is so real...