

## Chant of the Eastern Lands

Behemoth

In the forests of eternal dreaming  
Old oaks lighted up by the fullmoon's light  
The coldness of dungeon touches the inside of wooden maze  
From the womb of the mother-wolf I was born  
The witches foretold in the hearts of my enemies  
In the midnight wilderness I took a pledge  
Quickly I fell in love with the taste of steel  
For ages waiting for its denudation  
The final triumph  
The pure barbarity

I howl to the moon for support in my battle  
The moon, symbol of purity, the essence of beauty  
I damn the sun, rising again and again  
In brightness of bloody light, steel holocaust  
I received hails from the northern side of snowcovered  
Carpathians  
The light breath of nightmare, as a sign  
I summon the iron powers, cavalry of my brothers  
From the land of armageddish fields

I am the bard of eastern lands...

I lead my brothers for death struggle  
In glory of victory my armies rise  
Barbarian tribes with fury of destruction  
With axes reach the sky, hiding usurpator in their wings  
Call the clouds, desecrating all the holiness  
Hurt bodies on the snow, Pandemonium burns  
This battle is a rebellion, rebirth of old traditions  
Mythical hell is the paradise to the true warriors  
There they attain eternity and sit high on the throne

Pagan nations became united  
Mighty bards received their long awaited silence  
Slavs returned to their villages and woods  
Pagan frights of heavenly hell dispelled  
...I opened the door to the higher than stars knowledge  
And took a long walk throughout the unknown dimensions  
As the sign of fullmoon, in damnation I shall rise