

Day of Suffering

Behemoth

A call to take your hand
For I'm at one with the dark
How dare you come for me
And again you must die

So ancient curse known to me
Behold the powers I unleash
Upon your throne
Know my words, feel my hate descend

Lord of light
I will swarm against you now
Gods perverse
Wicked at my side
Misery
Thorns to lance your every word
Nazarene
Now I crown you king in pain

Suffer