

## Decade of Therion

Behemoth

Από παντός κακοδαίμονος!  
Από παντός κακοδαίμονος!

We transgress the context of commonplacenes  
We deny normality, trample morality  
We destroy angels with sound  
We destroy angels with silence

Currents of tantric anarchy seize our bodies  
Into the cosmic dance of four scythes  
The curtains of Absurd Theatre are raised  
Synchronicity - Mother Chaos on the stage

"Wisdom says: be strong!"  
Thrilling words are spreading down the spine  
Vibrating... "be strong!"  
Exhausted I'm running towards the last shines of consciousness  
Which is absorbed by shadows of madness

Από παντός κακοδαίμονος!  
Από παντός κακοδαίμονος!

Here are the star and the snake servants;  
-they rise the hexagram  
Sun - in the triangle hidden ; Sight - sacred visions entwined  
And union with Nothingness body I'll find  
Strength - go along the Mars path, fighting if we must;  
Light - oh, you are Athathoor, goddess of blue sky

There is might of dawn, in non-quality state I remain  
Of commonness crippled time or sand - glass you don't see again  
Sigillum dei, picture of myself I'm drawing  
With life, venom and hell I'm sprinkling it  
His name is Esial, I want him more