Messe Noire

I believe in Satan Who rend both heavens and earth And in the Antichrist His dearly misbegotten The anguish ov our future A Bastard spawned from lie Born ov a harlot nun Reign high in luxury Aloft the kings ov man

I use words sharp as a sword To rake Saints 'shins bestrewn Three days risen - the grand deceiver I bless the world with ire and woe

So, can you hoard host like Zion's coin Belie progeny ov your pain? IHWH, thou sayeth unto me: Thou, disrupter, imbalance my creations! Hence I transfix in bliss ov flagellation I burnt in rapture, wafted ash about... Became the law above all laws In asymmetry ov the horns

I cut loose the cord ov li(f)e Depart celestial source Rub mould in holy pages Let woodworms eat the cross I prayed I'd die in you O Lord I pray you'd die in me...

Who shall crucify the last prophets And have them wilt on splintered stems? Who shall churn hells across the earth And reascend to seat himself... At the left hand ov Satan Be gaoler ov the living ...And ov the dead As it was in the beginning Now and shall ever be ...World without end Amen

Behemoth