

Spellcraft and Heathendom

Behemoth

I've met in surrounding me nature
spirits and deities wielding the element,
in a field, in a forest, in rocks and caves
and I won their goodwill with sacrifices.
Horses carried me to the skies,
White, beautiful steeds... beloved.
I was attacking brushwood violently
I touched motherland...

Percus! Magic cirkles and black stones
Percus! Forest spells and damned souls
Percus! I find worship in you
PERCUS!!!

They will return, dance like fire, as before
They will return, to the trees,
to the forest of mine... to the kingdom!

The thunderer demons
guards the sacred spot
during those cold nights
they found peace and consolation.

I rediscover the power and charm
to defeat like a sorcerer,
like thousands years ago,
Oaken castles from millenium before,
They will rise once again... as a sign...
Percus!