

The Past is Like a Funeral

Behemoth

Sometimes when I visit the landscapes of the shadows
Something that recalls the grave
Hides in the hellish depths and awaits
When I dream, it peeks into empty goblet
(and) becomes the wine of ecstasy and licentiousness
I know the one in a flock said: "Watch out, watch out"
But I will not go away till I taste the sweetness of your body
No matter it poisons and causes death
The past is like an eternal funeral
Years, thousands of them, I rotted in a monastic cell
I resembled a stone, hiding my murderous self in silence and fear
I lasted in the infinity of meditations and contemplations
Waiting for the deserved dream, there on the holy land
And its taste and coldness I remember
Bare-foot digging my own pit
I was kissing it as if the sweetest lover and begged
But was the sand to become my salvation
Or worms the people on the court of light
The past reeks of an oak coffin, so wet and old
Burning dirty claws in the wooden eyes of Jehova
I killed mercy, spotting on the laws of god
I celebrated the birth of power
I fall in love with freedom and the beast
And I spat out the Antichrist from my morbid womb
In order to give life to alvine grain
And concentrate the birth of human tragedy & destruction
I envisaged myself as a great magician
Although they called armageddon the whore
Today I celebrate my birth, though I am elder than the world
The past only sometimes is like the sand
That we grave-digger throws in your eyes.