

## 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.