

## Towards the Dying Sun We March

Behemoth

From the blood of the earth  
From the sacred soil  
That alter a spell  
Contorting with the stars of revenge  
Come forth, martyrs of the underworld!

Blessed, but thou art not  
Cruel godhead, thy child, and in the world for so long  
Its expression I draw and its march towards the sun, unleashing  
force  
Can't stop me now!

Born out of sins  
The setting tides confine charlatan  
Between future of the living, perdition I dwell  
Anointed by blissful apocrypha that never ends!

In unyielding expression of selflessness  
Where I dare to challenge thy gravity  
Thus, speaks the nature of my ways  
Thus, the true light illuminates!

Here lie limitless sins of eminence  
Where valiantly boats drifts the world netherward  
Standing with a face of hell, last we flog what's crucified  
I shall layeth with my soul to rest, until I reach the sun's m  
ight