

Transylvanian Forest

Behemoth

Pure paganism I worship in the woods
Forest's mountains never saw by human eye
Kingdom of the ancient and horned evil
Covered by golden wood and black thorns
My armor like a bark of old oak
I rape my wounds and blood flows down to the ground

Covered by the snow naked crowns of trees
Like crying mothers Slavonic worshippers
Pagan warriors hide in frozen wood
Like black statues born in the heart of winterevil
Ride on the thunders and moonstorms
Where the land is open for full witching moon

Mouth kiss the leaves fallen in the past
Fingers touch the frozen land
Pagan fears fall down on icy skin
Wild eyes filled with darkred blood
Are staring into depths of virgin forest
Where my grave on unholy land

Covered by the snow...

Winds carry me through Transylvania
Virgin evil hidden in the blackest heart
I joined the ceremony of wolves
Where unsilent gods sit high on their goathrones
Now the majesty is ready for pure holocaust
The feast of Babylon whore and her wolf