

Canto IV - Void

Behexen

No more are the walls of flesh holding back your black aureoles

.

Exhailing from pain and hatred.

Cold and impure words.

Wine of the Devil stains the skin.

But pain won't impregnate your thirst.

As a castle of demonic possession.

As black and ghastly.

As cold but not dead, feeling nothing inside.

Only emptiness only the cold void.

4 Void has conquered and devoured everything.

In the deserted and gloomy halls of my soul, echoes only your word. I am Belial!

As black and ghastly. As cold but not dead, feeling nothing inside.

Only emptiness only the cold void.