

## Luciferian Will

Behexen

You who lurk behind the countless masks  
And behind the mighty desert storms  
You escaped from the caves of darkness  
And descended down into the matter  
Light my inner temple  
With Luciferic fire that burns between your horns  
Fill it with your magic, your spirit  
Make it the sterile area of your holiness

The tree growing on it's square is like death  
Up grown by your black light  
The fruits ever dying on it's branches  
From where the man can eat their wisdom

And their bread of the ones doomed to perdition  
And the wine of those doomed to Hell  
Everything it breeds in front of us  
We shall enjoy without fear...

I step into Your dark tunnels  
Where only instincts guide me!

As for us getting lost is a victory  
Univetiabile part of the path of your gnosis  
The prize is standing at the end  
In the uttermost end of the labyrinth...

Reveal yourself to us, Azazel  
Horned master of the dark witches  
Forge the weapons of our own liberation  
The Luciferian Will!

Ave Azazel!  
Ave Azazel!  
Ave Azazel!  
Ave Azazel!