

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!