

## Towards The Father

Behexen

Millions of stars have seen my life.  
As numerous serpent eyes they have followed where I go.  
As a cold light they have illuminated my rites.  
Now dead I lay in the woods.  
Wolves are howling around my coffin.  
My pale corpse is rotting away.  
Into oblivion withers away the life that I lived.  
Alone and forgotten in the dark forest.  
Only stars have not abandoned me.  
Still they are watching my coffin and waiting my journey toward  
s the father.  
Only one of those eyes knows my destiny and that is the eye of  
satan.  
Towards him I am now travelling.  
Across the silent cosmos...