

## **Behemoth**

# **"Chant for Eschaton 2000"**

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Fly, fly high my Black Eagle  
Let golden thread bind our eyes

May our minds and hearts blood unite

On your wings carry me over the abyss

Beyond The Reason and across the burning seas

Then, with your claw tear the earth to the halves

And usher me into the secrets of her bowels

Circle! Round and round my Black Eagle  
Down to the light of the beginning and the end which  
shimmers

Let our senses be touched by ultimate pleasure

May the passion of hunting become all - devouring  
Slash! Slash with your beak

Remove all gods from my way, and thoughts, and  
sorrows

And let me trespass the barriers of fear  
Scream! Let the whole cosmos tremble

May echoes become my the sweetest mantra

Spirit of Freedom! Eternal Wanderer! Joyfull Solitude!

Higher and higher towards the stars of Awareness

Let worlds of imagination and fact become one  
I'm you and you are me

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