

Behemoth

"Dragon's Lair"

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Where the magic stream flows
Through the singing woods
Blue grass of wisdom grows
Around the oaken roots...
Where the golden dragons fly
Ant the sorcerers gather
Four wooden statues stand
And the fog lays thick

Dreamthrone of amber
Cosmic source of the might
Reflection of wisdom
Power of the darkside

Ceremonial steel drinks blood
Painting pearls and gold
Mystic flames burn bright
Around the oaken lord...

Forgotten sorcery storms from the skies
From the golden hall of the ancient ones
Forgotten sorcery storms from the skies

From the golden hall of the ancient ones
...The pagans await the equinox
Cosmic sorcery- the gift from the skies
Magic of nature- stronger than your lies
...Stone DEMIGOD shines proud...
...the cult of the barbaric seasons...
Pagan pride forever
Born to die in honour, not to serve on knees
Snowcovered, wild vastlands
My beloved fatherland...
I see the tears of the oaken one
My heart is like a stone
My sword became sharp
Crosses to break
Bodies to dismember
Flowers to burn...

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