

Behemoth

"Moonspell Rites"

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From the dark ancient temples
Horrible palaces
From the land of dark forests
Kingdom of snow and frost
Where true evil dwells
Where flames are spiritual food
Where black satanic holocaust strikes
And people are baptized in blood
I come with the northern winds
I remain true, closed in icy heart

Fire!

Cold, I'm standing in the moonlight
Demons return to me every night
Fill my soul with sacred power
Mystical whispers resound with hallow echo
Spread out my hands
Cold, north majesty rises
Unsilence winds strike this pagan landscape
Where gods sit high on the oaken thrones

Fire!

I'm the dark warrior, presented in flames
Carried on the hellish wings of fire
I discover the deepest desires, feel delight
I destroy all the god's laws
I am almighty, immortal power

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