

## **Behemoth**

### **"Natural Born Philosopher"**

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without sin I can't make religion  
as without sin there's no whoredom  
and when in my heart god becomes a harlot  
I shall sin, sin, sin again  
("...every world has its space  
every life has its time  
every mass has its god  
every god has his guillotine... ")

to possess thy mother I desire not  
nay, to slay thy father neither  
'tis thy god I yearn to kill  
thus reigning universal

with my beak I wanna peck at his face  
and from ye golden cups divine blood drink  
trespass borders which do not exist

I wanna be born, grow and rise again

and become! become you unity!  
be all and nothing equally -  
dust ov universe and its essence -  
and look attentively  
every star is a stone  
in the cosmic pavement on which step you  
and your oddysey has no beginning  
and never look to far, you fool!  
'cause it has no fuckin' end!

by nails tear this thin membrane  
show me ye eye ov revenge  
spit out half dead foetus out-consciousness  
long live the man!  
to god - quick death!  
(your god is dead now...)

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