

## **Behemoth**

### **"Sermon to the Hypocrites"**

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Ohh, ye whose future is in other hands  
Foul feeders, slipped are you on your excrement?  
Parasites having the world lousy  
Imagine you are of significance to heaven

Sensation, nutrition, mastication, procreation  
This is your blind worm cycle  
Know ye of nothing further than your own stench  
Heaven is indifferent to your salvation or catastrophe

I, who enjoy my body  
I would rather pack with wolves  
Than enter your pest houses

Sensation, nutrition, mastication, procreation  
This is your blind worm cycle  
Know ye of nothing further than your own stench  
Heaven is indifferent to your salvation or catastrophe

The sword thrust not salve I bring  
The sword thrust not salve I bring  
The sword thrust not salve I bring

Honest was Sodom  
Your theology is a slime pit of gibberish become ethics  
In your world, where ignorance and deceit constitute  
felicity  
Everything ends so miserably besmirched with  
fratricidal blood

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