

## **Behemoth "Shemhamforash"**

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Consumed by tongues ov fire  
Burning like Phlegethon  
Holy gardens reduced to ash  
Extinguishing light ov hope  
Bringing the end ov the days

Words ov my gospel scattered  
Sacrilegious scorn spat in pale creeds  
Thin is the line between pure being and pure nothing  
My sole companion  
Woe to Thee!

At my command:  
Let the blood ov the infants flood the streets ov  
Bethlehem!

O ye ov little faith  
With ethics rotten in a moral cage  
Dead meat thrown down to the worms  
To feed religious tumor  
Corrupting marrow ov repugnant swirl

At my command:  
Let the blood ov the infants flood the streets ov  
Bethlehem!  
At my command:  
Let the heads ov Samaritan pave my ways!

Shemhamforash!

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