

## **Behemoth**

# **"The Sermon To The Hypocrites"**

Visit "[The Sermon To The Hypocrites](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

O, ye whose future is in other hands!  
Foul feeders! Slipped, are ye on you excrement?  
Parasites! Having the world lousy,  
Imagine ye are of significance to Heaven  
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 - trust - 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 miserably -  
- besmirched with fratricidal blood.

Excerpts from Anathema of Zos. The Sermon to the  
Hypocrites by Austin Osman Spare.

Visit [Behemoth](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.