

## **Behemoth**

### **"With The Spell Of Inferno"**

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How hard to fall asleep when I miss your majesty  
How hard to live when I long for your devil's warmth  
A livid skies over Wittenberg  
And the empty streets and pavements of the town  
Everything sinks into dead tears  
And craves charlatantry

Mefisto you're born inside of me again  
But will you speak my name in the ancient tongues

Among thousand flames of profligacy  
Naked bodies flowing in the stream of wild dreams  
I strip myself of my sacred virtues  
The picture of male domination (and the treat in blood)

And blood and pride old and clotted already  
But I can still see its drops on my hot face

And pain and candles everywhere and incense  
And your dream which I wish to wake up in every  
day...

Everything so ephemeral and equally usual  
And this blood and candles burnt away; and they burnt  
till today

Mephistopheles thousand times I saw in sleep  
The essence of eternal life, but have I found it?

If I am who I am, then I shall bombard the human race  
With spell of hell!  
I shall go deeper down than Dante did  
And tame the snakes of mine  
Phallic symbols the seed of truth  
And belief in eternal life...

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