

# Behemoth, Driven By The Five Winged Star

Sister of sin  
Lover of my unwedden night  
In blasphemy we bathe our unclean bodies  
We find adoration in the filthy procreation  
His will is our devotion  
Giving in to the knight of the remote star  
Falling in love with the darkest tormentor  
The basic instinct, the obscurity of my soul  
We hide our secrets damnedly deep  
And these are the key to the sempimental glory  
To the harmony of body and soul  
Immortality, spiritual ecstasy and diableria  
Sister of sin  
When rich and when poor  
On my way to the throne  
Lay bare on your gems  
The nest of filth (and licentiousness)  
Of am I drinking your sweetest juices  
The poison in the wine of asceticism  
Down am I sitting on the fathers right side  
And with his benediction  
I am opening the Pandora's box.