

# Behemoth, Messe noire

I believe in Satan  
Who rend both heavens and earth  
And in the Antichrist  
His dearly misbegotten  
The anguish ov our future  
A Bastard spawned from lie  
Born ov a harlot nun  
Reign high in luxury  
Aloft the kings ov man

I use words sharp as a sword  
To rake Saints ?shins bestrewn  
Three days risen ? the grand deceiver  
I bless the world with ire and woe

So, can you hoard host like Zion?s coin  
Belie progeny ov your pain?  
IHWI, thou sayeth unto me:  
Thou, disrupter, imbalance my creations!  
Hence I transfix in bliss ov flagellation  
I burnt in rapture, wafted ash about?  
Became the law above all laws  
In asymmetry ov the horns

I cut loose the cord ov li(f)e  
Depart celestial source  
Rub mould in holy pages  
Let woodworms eat the cross  
I prayed I?d die in you O Lord  
I pray you?d die in me?

Who shall crucify the last prophets  
And have them wilt on splintered stems?  
Who shall churn hells across the earth  
And reascend to seat himself?  
At the left hand ov Satan  
Be gaoler ov the living  
?And ov the dead  
As it was in the beginning  
Now and shall ever be  
?World without end  
Amen