

Behemoth, Ov My Herculean Exile

A blinded hermit in oblivion, disgraced
Like Odysseus lost in Poseidon's endless domain
In a realm devoid ov solace, I roam
But these sorrows are mine and mine alone
Wayward□like a forlorn mutt astray
Stertorous I heave Atlas' torturous weight
I am lost in a moment and the moment is lost in me...
But I shall endure new life in my agony

With anima sprawled open
With corpvs violently split
I bled for you
Now you bleed for me

I do not possess the prowess ov mighty bards and poets
Void ov ambition to evangelise
Yet there's poetry in my blasphemia to be freed
So chant on ye filthy whores, profane and so malign

With anima sprawled open
Corpvs ov boundless rifts
I wept for you
Now you weep for me

With hearts profoundly scorched
Wounds weeping sanguine
I burnt for you
Now burn without and within

Lend thy ear onto me
And heed my prayer
Incline thy all-seeing eye
And□heed my call
This war cry could never be silenced
But weep no more my brethren
Thy herculean labor shall endure forevermore
(Forevermore)

Shall endure forevermore
(Forevermore)