

Through Rotting Stench

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

They seize the spectre of Cimonar,
and set up against the vastness of unforeseeable.
Nothing else remains except
to let self-destruction run
It's unstoppable course.

Riding through rotting stench in blood swamp
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Lurid bolts tearing above the great vast battlefields,
dragging through space like a fervently inferno.
Suffusing their Tersareth with

Fear,
coldness,
mercilessness,
Tulwod !

calamities blistering above the great vast battlefield,
implacable, immovable.
They will revert to the very source of existence,
to the source where they'll be governed by the great void .

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