

Upon My Arrival

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

A place without designation, native soil without an abode,
Quethe with your silentness, live without a breath,
rustle and fall silent with the wind
upon my arrival.

Let the dribblets of grief trickle - through my veins
pulsating life, throbbing death - steadily around us
Gigantic and trifling - upon my arrival.

Two kinds of equity.
The deathless intentions distant bourn.

When I arrive.

Grain crackles, like cinder in the flames,
and one-time it shall solidify under harvesting blades,
a bawl in solitude when I arrive.

Indulge the blades.
Withstand not the vice of Tulwod.
Augment your spirit when I arrive.
Recede not when I arrive.

Quethe with your silentness,
upon my arrival night eternally reigns.