

## Beneath the Moon Scars Above

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Evanesciently glare of daytime wilting  
sets a glow nights mercerized finery.  
What is emptiness? What is vacuity?

Profound blue transmuting to utter black.  
A barrow within nothingness, within  
swarthisness, within swarthisness

The silence of insanity struggling for  
oppressed inspiration, defeating the laws.  
Its existence in sore scent enriched  
by mellow coldness

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It is embracing the palsying heart,  
like sprouting roots in mouldy ground,  
they're reaching out into capacious vastness... vastness...  
Like talons clawing into weak flesh.

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Whilst yonder night, and all those  
yet to come... It will never stand still ...  
and in the distance it wafts fog.  
And in the distance it wafts  
fog, wafts fog, wafts fog