

Beneath the Moon Scars Above

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Evanescently 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
swarthy, within swarthy

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