

Chronicler Of Chaos

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Upon them mighty spires of chaos,
amidst the vortex of time,
behold the blackest orb of uncreation,
for the great harvest is acoming,
none shall be able to endure !

Procreation of ages unborn,
foreseen from times untold,
scattered mortal incinerated remains,
sand in the wheels of a precious lifecycle.

.... and spokes dissipate into oblivion ! ...

Reap ... despair,
Reap ... deterioration,
Reap ... death.

Last entry into the chronicles of chaos,
scribbled with immense decay,
followed by eternal, glorified peace !
Glorified unit of human life,
light up in the fiery great void's shine !!!

...blazing red - spokes dissipate into oblivion !...

"Human sibling, reap what you have sown!"

Reap ... despair,
Reap ... deterioration,
Reap ... death.