

# Dispatching The Curse Of Uncreation

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Quiescence, so precious, well-nigh forgotten,  
echoes through the wooden baronial hall.  
Smouldering ornaments, marvelous shimmering,  
beyond human entities, incinerating the throne  
in a semblance of triangular madness.

The worlds ash bursts the urn, breathe, breathe  
the decay, the ruin, death. Suffuse the spirit with  
the deepest of all abysses, thrust sanity  
down into crimson depths.  
The worlds ash bursts the urn,  
breathe, breathe the decay, the ruin, death.

Shatter the Self at times rising predawn, negate  
all hope, confidence, existence. Withdraw  
vigour from the will, the will from vigour,  
unfold within the entirety of nonentity.

Renew tides slackening cycle. Stride on  
into thereafter, the before, the here and now.  
Sink in the mire of bedazzled thoughts, drown  
in the murky hole of reeking degeneration.

Dispatch the curse of divine uncreation

Sink in the mire of bedazzled thoughts,  
drown in the murky hole of reeking degeneration.