

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.