

Glance At The Horizon

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

We call upon the insubstantial entities,
whose radiant glare deprives from
the spirit. Yon, the ones the eye can barely
follow, Yon whose rapid ceasing resembles a fiery spark.

Descending back into chaos, at a flaming horizon,
Raise ye countenance - ye reminiscence
will be preserved

Brandish out of nights calderas,
until the soaring silhouette treads upon
the unclean planet.

Glance at the horizon,
it draws back as we approach.

Brandish out of nights calderas,
until the soaring silhouette treads upon
the unclean planet.

Glance at the horizon,
it draws back as we approach.

Tear not at the earthly gyves of the globe.
Revolving in delirium, existence in an ellipse
churning, pelting, devouring.

Glance at the horizon,
it draws back as we approach.