

Pestilential Deathride

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

...a pitiless march through the dark and mantling clouds.
The shadow that departs - the life that flees away,
and it`s place is known no more...
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
where each in his narrow cell forgotten laid,
I hear the verses of the winged choristers!
Mournful coaches advance with solem pace,
led by remnants of forgotten hearts,
majestic left behind in mouldering dust,
our deriding worn out mask...
Ghastly grim veiles unfold,
to reveal this majestic scene,
scenes of raptured tranquility.
Bare witness and behold
Our wrath which now unfolds!!!
Feel our victorious presence,
see your imminent death,
engulfed by sepulchral fog,
we breathe your last breath!!!
As ghastly grim veiles unfold...