

Spectral Runlets Of Tulwod

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Dimly shaded haze - thought entangling,
whilst rivers of crimson red brawling -
open the gates.

Open the Gates !

Awake thee not, sleep ! Sleep on.
Fill these dormant eyes
within them clandestine flames
omit spraying these dolorous sparks.

Sway in unison with Cimonar before
Blackest despair usurps the spirit.

Die Macht der Sinne belebt die Kraft !

As a pale moons' lunar plate,
extricates its' bulk.
Out of nightly cloud covers -
pale silver shafts graze,
The spectral runlets of Tulwod.

... eyes piercing an invisible object
in spatial distance,
as gracefully grim paleness in full comeliness
dives into streams of Tulwod.