

Tempestous Sermonizers Of Forthcoming Death

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Visions bleak, fortified in maiming cold.
Enthralled by ancient conjured vociferations.
Insignificant, miserable lives are unable to repel
their forthcoming violent death.

Tempestous sermonizers breath chimes
a funeral dirge of an ungodly tome.

We - who deny the gift of life Shall be the judging
blade.
We who walk illumined paths, Shall herald the hallowed
prophecy.

The epitome of garish forgiveness inverts
to a pale countenance of horrid torments.
Compassion, citadel of heavens abode,
tonelessly crumbles to redeeming indifference.

We who are Lords above your God, witness the final
prayer
Tempestous sermonizers breath howles a funeral dirge of
an ungodly tome.

We who are ancient aristocrats are mankinds scourge.

for there is no other god besides the I