

The Dead Hate The Living

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Impending upon the path -
leading to where eternal sleep dwells,
is the feeling of mighty perfectibility.

Dismal, Dreary like the universe,
beautiful like suicidal adoration

Reach ... for his scraggy claw.

For upon earth the accursed dwell.
Nonentity will swell up with infinitude.

Mortal putrescent debris - vestige of self-destruction

Away from this wobbling ground,
this path leads to unknown spheres,
Away into aeons,
Abscondence of existence.

As grave as the air, the spirit rests anxiously
As resounds in the distance a prolonged howl.

Lamentations dragged from place to place -
by funeral winds !

..when this earthly body in misty billows resolves...

Life is an illusion - only Death is Real !
The Dead Hate the Living !

Merely silvery shine in darkness shall coruscate,
whilst winds embed this spirit's vibrancy.
Once it has abandoned vivaciousness
... this sound which shall be heard for evermore
IN EVERY FUNERAL BELL !!!