

The Descent To The Last Circle

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Winged bearer of astral lights,
who's span enfolds seven principals,
ye, I summon thee.

From solitude, out of inaneness,
awaken, descent from oblivion
down to the everlasting four.

Ye, who walketh within the twilight of the two,
the cosmic key to the six of the three,
reveal the twelve of the four.

Crown the descent with woe and anguish,
torturer of the living, redeemer of the redeemed,
demystify the wheel of time.

Winged bearer of astral lights,
who's span enfolds seven principals,
ye, I summon thee.