

# The Saturnine Chapel

## Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Part the shadow, the chasm and the  
night. Within the ancient Saldor  
their awed voices are heard. Within the ruins  
they are echoing off the walls as reflections  
of past saturnine deeds.

Rituals scarred subtle worlds into existence  
and carried us into a magical substantiality.

When in elder ruins silence breaches the wind,  
the reminiscence and the spirit awakens, bare  
ground lays its hearing upon the earths tersareth.

Deafening its centenary droning beat, a  
timeless tone, an elegy of melancholy, born  
out of nightly died away choirs.

Accompanied by a necromantic heartfelt groan  
hoary wisdom rises from perpetual devotion,  
heaving a ceremonial sigh of resurrection.

Part the shadow, the abyss and the night.  
Within the ancient Saldor their unwritten  
words are heard. Within the ruins they  
are echoing off the walls on cosmic paths  
through times forlorn.

Past rituals wove subtle worlds into existence  
and carried them into a magical substantiality.