

Hora Ruid

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Imagine...
Underneath Bethlehem's star,
plagues of depravitz are unleashed -
on the path of obliteration the seed to destroy.
Hatched from the womb of a maggot mouldering hag!
AD PORTAS IBI TEMPUS FUGIT
A fire the birthplace of christian belief,
flames licking up to every source.
Almighty he is called,
He who now receives the crusader's bolt
Right through his pearly gates!
The bolt of destruction impales,
during the brazing downfall's hour,
Their pathetic hope.
In the core suffocates the belief,
In the carrion of his now never forming!
HORA RUID HIC HEARET AQUA