

The Resentful Wanderer

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

The resentful wanderer sets out on the misty path of enlightenment.
Though in absence of fear, still many a few which worries him.
He is like winter's embrace - cold, yet with these mesmerizing sights
Of spectral landscapes (of the great emirdiale) in his frozen eyes,
there is a certain warmth in his tersareth.
Hear the sound of his mighty stride advancing,
unwavering in the distance...(far, deep in the saldor!)
Deeply rooted like wheathered trees, far away only there my heart pounds.
A crimson relic, a trace of tulwod steadily drawing behind let's it solidify!
Why does my soltiark bare witness to the damned pestilence...
Weary eyes, only nebulous veils remain to be seen...
Wind calmy brushes through my fully grown hair.
Mountains are towering high above the endless sea of vast forests.
Comfortable seated upon the highest, steepest mountain, my throne!
I can see the place I shall forever call my home...