

A Beseechment Twofold

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Thus I ask thee why am I here,
within existence there's nothing I adhere.
Therefore I ask thee why I was born,
within this world there's nothing I adorn.
within life all I seek - is death's odorous reek.

Though thine is the mystery of time,
the keys to undrape the fiery veil are mine.
Let my spirit drown in the arms of blackest umbrage,
in rhythmic sonority fade away, receding memory.
the place thither an arduous path
beacons into perpetual night,
with distant chimes in pulsating eviternity.

Thus I beseech thee to blind me with limitless light,
amidst this world there's nothing I behold.
therefore I beseech thee
to combust this shell in utter blight,
within life there is nothing to uphold.
Within death all I seek - is life's pestilential reek.

Though thine are the mysteries twofold,
mine are the hands to willingly smite and mold.

Let my spirit rise from the depths to enrage,
To smite and mold, to ignite
and fire life's perpetual forge.
Upwards from where an arduous path
beaconed towards the golden age,
in most sonorous times
the oblivion of being disgorge.