

## Through Rotting Stench

### Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

They seize the spectre of Cimonar,  
and set up against the vastness of unforeseeable.  
Nothing else remains except  
to let self-destruction run  
It's unstoppable course.

Riding through rotting stench in blood swamp  
Riding through rotting stench in blood swamp  
Riding through rotting stench in blood swamp

Lurid bolts tearing above the great vast battlefields,  
dragging through space like a fervently inferno.  
Suffusing their Tersareth with

Fear,  
coldness,  
mercilessness,  
Tulwod !

calamities blistering above the great vast battlefield,  
implacable, immovable.  
They will revert to the very source of existence,  
to the source where they'll be governed by the great void .

Riding through rotting stench in bloody swamp !