

...To Necromancy

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Take my thoughts and carry them to necromancy.
Delivered through the spirit, carried by the wind.
Endless vastness – vast spheres.

At days and nights point of intersection
shadows are flickering in the cadence of thoughts.
Crystal eyes starring wound covered at their dying
time.

Beyond the gates of yearning,
By the chasms of perdition,
Vastness is ablaze.

Sallow twilights incinerating thought,
Blandishing stunning taste of existence,
Sanguinary sopping out of lacerated tissue dripping
down
into wisdom's stillness.

A blessed drop discerped from the spirit,
archaic tribute to the perishable.
A defying thought discerped from the body,
in guilty uncertainty prospers.

Beyond the gates of yearning,
by the chasms of perdition,
vastness is ablaze.

At the point of intersection between day and night
dying crystal eyes are starring at time.

At the first chasm of perdition the vastness of new
spheres is blazing.
A blessed drop discerped from the spirit,
archaic tribute to the perishable.
A defying thought from the body,
in guilty uncertainty prospers.

Take my thoughts and carry them to necromancy.