

Cimonar De Nuit

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

On a trail between the ruins shadows disappear into the night.

A gathering around the fire lets them celebrate Cimonar de nuit.

Reloaded powers of chaos in darkest glory lets them chant until their sound reaches the end of nothingness.

Winds carry their spiritual vibrancy.
Bow down - cloth the world in perpetual effulgence of cimonar.

Hail silence - Hail reign of night
Hail Chaos - Hail Blasphemy
Ave occult spirit - nocturnal divinity

Extol the crown of silver filigree filaments, spun by ritualistic deeds.

Sojourn within this nightly benison, dismantle the resurrection of dawns demiurg.

In darkest glory discharge the entangled thoughts into nothingness.

The last verse resounds shy to apocalyptic storm.
Shadows disappear into the night as rain covers up the tracks of their paths