

## Glance At The Horizon

### Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

We call upon the insubstantial entities,  
whose radiant glare deprives from  
the spirit. Yon, the ones the eye can barely  
follow, Yon whose rapid ceasing resembles a fiery spark.

Descending back into chaos, at a flaming horizon,  
Raise ye countenance - ye reminiscence  
will be preserved

Brandish out of nights calderas,  
until the soaring silhouette treads upon  
the unclean planet.

Glance at the horizon,  
it draws back as we approach.

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Tear not at the earthly gyves of the globe.  
Revolving in delirium, existence in an ellipse  
churning, pelting, devouring.

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it draws back as we approach.