

# Tempestous Sermonizers Of Forthcoming Death

## Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Visions bleak, fortified in maiming cold.  
Enthralled by ancient conjured vociferations.  
Insignificant, miserable lives are unable to repel  
their forthcoming violent death.

Tempestous sermonizers breath chimes  
a funeral dirge of an ungodly tome.

We - who deny the gift of life Shall be the judging  
blade.  
We who walk illumined paths, Shall herald the hallowed  
prophecy.

The epitome of garish forgiveness inverts  
to a pale countenance of horrid torments.  
Compassion, citadel of heavens abode,  
tonelessly crumbles to redeeming indifference.

We who are Lords above your God, witness the final  
prayer  
Tempestous sermonizers breath howles a funeral dirge of  
an ungodly tome.

We who are ancient aristocrats are mankinds scourge.

for there is no other god besides the I