

The Pest Called Humanity

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

A spiritual cold spell fills the air,
from the depth of my soul,
I can breathe the smell of decay.
Walking on the ground of mighty Saldor,
during the hours of darkness.
Silent drops of tulwool are balming the steps,
these are the steps which bring me into the abyss.
This onielar I bring down to this earth.
Rising against the dark -
Bring every zadula to the brink of run.
Bring every zadula to the brink of run!
This Onielar I bring down to this earth!