

The Saturnine Chapel

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Part the shadow, the chasm and the
night. Within the ancient Saldor
their awed voices are heard. Within the ruins
they are echoing off the walls as reflections
of past saturnine deeds.

Rituals scarred subtle worlds into existence
and carried us into a magical substantiality.

When in elder ruins silence breaches the wind,
the reminiscence and the spirit awakens, bare
ground lays its hearing upon the earths tersareth.

Deafening its centenary droning beat, a
timeless tone, an elegy of melancholy, born
out of nightly died away choirs.

Accompanied by a necromantic heartfelt groan
hoary wisdom rises from perpetual devotion,
heaving a ceremonial sigh of resurrection.

Part the shadow, the abyss and the night.
Within the ancient Saldor their unwritten
words are heard. Within the ruins they
are echoing off the walls on cosmic paths
through times forlorn.

Past rituals wove subtle worlds into existence
and carried them into a magical substantiality.