

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult "Centuries Of Mine"

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For Centuries of immutable frost,
these woods have been oh so dark.
Darker than the blackest of storms,
which drapes the dell in formless shadows.
A thousand tears maiming cold,
saturating an elder evil,
A malice that has been here,
For centuries of immutable frost!
Lands of lore - Lands so unpure
Even the sun's shafts of gold,
shining with glorious fortitude,
begin to shiver as they forgather

with black storms of might.
Roaming these lands underneath skies,
their ghastly shades weeping in silence,
a silence that has been saddened
by centuries of mine!
Of all the trees which welcome me,
one stands utmost grim.
For this dying spirit grieves,
Harkening,
at perlious times gone by...
Forlorne...
Oh thus it stands utmost grim!

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