

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult "Hora Ruid"

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Imagine...

Underneath Bethlehem's star,
plagues of depravity are unleashed -
on the path of obliteration the seed to destroy.
Hatched from the womb of a maggot mouldering hag!
AD PORTAS IBI TEMPUS FUGIT
A fire the birthplace of christian belief,
flames licking up to every source.
Almighty he is called,

He who now receives the crusader's bolt
Right through his pearly gates!
The bolt of destruction impales,
during the brazen downfall's hour,
Their pathetic hope.
In the core suffocates the belief,
In the carrion of his now never forming!
HORA RUID HIC HEARET AQUA

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