

Adramelech

"The Book Of The Black Earth"

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Come forth, Ancient Worm:
rise from the cold red deep
As the world unnatural
finally stands united.

Come forth, Ancient One:
heed the silent call
of the words never spoken,
of Wordless prayers unknown.

Come forth, Dog-faced One:
As the stars are right
And teach the mortals new ways
to shout, kill, revel and enjoy...

Spirit of the sky asleep,
as vermin rush from the mountains
Spirit of the earth has forgotten,
as enemies stretch from the deep.

The eternal stare of the watcher
has been blinded by unlight.
Those who never sleep are awoken:
The dead shall dream no more.

As they roam the black earth
beneath the soiled moon,
the abyss of ancient holocausts
stares back at Tiamat's rotting flesh

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