

April Ethereal "The Shadow Of Nyarlathotep"

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He is beside skulked not hidden
He looks and listens for the omen of the right time
To open the gates for them...
He is not a guard of the gate
He is a silver key
Time and space are his poisoned arms
He is the essence of the old gods
Everything and one - Nyarlathotep

In wisdom and madness of the ancient Arab
His true name is buried
And christened by the blood of millions unknown races
It is a stigma of evil in the ocean of the Universe
I got to know his mystery
Living messenger of gods
Who can see with our eyes
Dreams our dreams
Breathes the same air...

He became a human assuming the form strange to his
nature

Stepped down among humans
He is everyone and he is in everyone
Close is the time
When the human hands
Will uncover twisted, sparrow-hawk's claws
And at night, in the mist tangled by the poisoned wind
He will find the gates older than the human race
Behind which, the tangles of Azathoth twist...

... he departs to his branch
The black emperor of not extinguished flames
In the smoke of incense, among the whispers of priests
The stigma of his name will remain marked
Pronouncing his blasphemous name
You make him present
Beware, beware, then he will see you

Only the engravings tainted by his shadow remained
In the ruins of forgotten cities
Hidden in the desert sands

And in the abysses of the deepest oceans
The frosty Kadath called him
Out there, he awaits the time
When the Earth will be young again

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