

Cephalectomy

"Through The Ethereal Vortex Of Archaic Life"

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- The Calling of Shammash - 4:67

When skies did darken
It rose upon the breeze
Subdue the earth so violent
With blood upon the breeze
Unto eternal flames
Beyond the darkened seas
Shadows of lore crept
Death upon the breeze
Lucid death did consume entirely this realm upon the
name thee malevolent
ancient Cthulhu. Skies of velvet night therefor uncalled
by forms of eternal life
to the names of the Elders. The ancient ones do
consume this plane once
more and hereby did make slaves of man. As were
formed encompassing giant
shapes of the Ancient ones in praise of the new kings
Dark water turned red with life of men
And all men were pale with fear
Hear them call with pain.. this world will befall
In hopes dormant would awaken.. i lept from chains
Across land i flee.. Daemons do pursue me
Through tunnels i flee.. Ancient cries of the beasts

- In Names of Lore - 5:64

Fields of battle of the last stand
Great vortex thrust upon me i stumble
Ethereal in terms of mists i walk
Infernally bestowed upon me i fall
Names of lore were stolen from a higher self
Archaic fathers i call to thee to bestow strength
I will swear to you i do display the elder rites
Lore! hear me and do speak through me elder fathers
Do entrust in me oh the fiery throne of Anu i embark
Subversive creation fielding the battle of lord Cthulhu
Story was told unto me through my manifest unwaking
And i did lash out from chains of slavery of the
Ancients

As i spoke the ground did open wide with flame
Cast into frost fire i do recall them empower me
As they spoke i fell deaf upon the world of cold
To the air i rose and did call out names of elders
Know that our years are the years of War!
And our days shall be measured as battles!
Our generation of life may once live again
So that we may be free from their bindings
I shall restore the covenant of ways of the old
I enter the first gate and assail the guardian

- Centuries of War - 1:96

With blood upon the breeze
The war did rage once more
Skies of darkened seas
War upon the breeze
Invoke the silent seas
In a name, a shape and number
Frost of magick fire
Rise from bloodied seas
Lands uncalled i traverse in forms unknown
Through the ethereal vortex once more i lept
As the Ancient onces were unheard of me
I struck out with names of death and blasphemy
Begone masters of death.. Lords of Tiamat i banish!
Absu hear my words i call.. With sorcery of death i call!
Barra! Begone of this realm.. Into the abyss i banish!
Return our home to life.. Exode! Unto the burning Sun!
I am the messenger of those Elder fathers
Eyes of Tiamat did glance upon my Soul
The Ancient ones did surrounded me i did stumble
I stared unto the darkened frost eyes of Tiamat
They did raise their sorcery up upon me as i fell
As i cried out with blood upon the breeze..
Exode!

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