

Abaddon Incarnate

"A Kandarian Odyssey"

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Insidious place of archaic evil
Forest of the Elder Gods awakened
The Ancient ones return to this unholy place
In the freezing mist that surrounds the trees
Frost fingers touch our shivering hearts
Gazing into the miserable pale moon
Catatonic and alone
In this horrid place we die tonight.

Dormant now awake, dead but alive
Polyglot shrille wail primitive omens
Frightened souls are wrenched from our bodies
Hearts bleed black blood.

Consume our souls our flesh is now flayed

As demons to ram the Kandarian wastes
Fickle pages on a lifeless book
Flesh inked with opaque sanguine script
Majestic omnipotent book ordained to rule
Return to dormancy as the sun filters through the trees
It burns away the blackness
Our salvation comes from within

Dormant now awake, dead but alive
Polyglot shrille wail primitive omens
Frightened souls are wrenched from our bodies
Hearts bleed black blood.

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