

Dawn Of Relic

"The Wail Of The Tartarean Wells"

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"He screamed and screamed and screamed
in a voice whose falsetto panic no acquaintance
of his would ever have recognized: and though
he could not rise to his feet he crawled and rolled
desperately away from the damp pavement where
dozens of Tartarean wells poured forth their
exhausted whining and yelping to answer
his own insane cries"

Subterranean vaults behold
man mad enough to be here
Through the Stygian hole
to this malodorous gulf

Down, down ran the stairs
in three abrupt turns
Down, down, down below
But this fool man just went on

The chorused anguish
of doom-dragged moaning
Like a stricken flesh sans mins
And the voices continued
but so did he...
Through the cyclopean vaulting
and black noisome corridors

Revelations found
Like silent eerie sentinels
Haunted dreams that carry on
Like vacant planets on their way

Haunted cavers he
They wail their twisted cry
The wail of the Tartarean wells
Like a smister planets on their way

Sickening
The formulaes of Curwen were
found amid these haunted memories
Where the science went to madness
and madness to science

Theme from H.P. Lovecraft's
"the Case of Charles Dexter Ward"

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