

Absu

"Of The Dead Who Never Rest In Their Tombs Are The Atten"

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Voor Our Earth of black blemishes with a curse
Conclaves of spirits evoke and call forth
One grand night follows by a lone cold night
As the seven grottos head to the bowels of Earth

The dead shall know there is never peace to make the
first sign of Voor
Flouting through the gates of astral planes to the
second sign of Kish

Dwelling in the outlines of wraiths to the third sign of
Koth
The dead shall nosh upon passageways of ye Elder
Ones

Diversified signs inscribe a reminder for the shade of
spirits
It protects those who would evoke ye powers by night

Serpentine lamias and ravage-clawed harpies
Liquefy and eat into the gifts of decay
Every dream of man and woman coils by the worm
As the ghouls race to the world of the living

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