

Abysmal "Hymn No Xiii"

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Sound asleep deep in the !maternal womb
!Suconsciously dreaming aspects of his future reign
The Antarct, Prince of the Pillorian Age
He who will rule in the Gallow's Land

Reigning in soil, water, fire & air
King of the four elements
Entrance is broken to a new dimension
Where wisdom is virtue and opression [oppression?]
defied

In the South
In the West
Hear the conclusion of the ravens' quest
From the North
And the East
Moving closer to be his guests

Sleep on...
Sleep on...
Your time will come

I've passed onto you the legacy of the Pillorian Age
Eternal is your inheritance

Far beyond the limits of your physical life
Your word will live !on !on people's lips
The word of the sleeping Antarct, king of kings
Visions of Gallowenia, Utopia of the Dark

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