

Mork Gryning "Maelstrom Chaos"

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Gorgon

Fog, blinds your eyes as you walk
You can feel things crawling near you
Things noone should see
Fear attacks your spine, the phantom fog declines
Now you fear to see the things that should not be

See...Through the fog what lies beyond
See...How the fog is forming...
...A maelstrom!

Fall into the whirl...
Then I saw the past in a time before time
The beast of aeons, chaos complete
And I saw him the creator

Save yourself from hell
You are nothing but clay to us

And you saw what can't be seen
And you saw what has to be
For that which is old, shall once be again
And darkness always stays the same

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