The Vision Bleak "Mother Nothingness (The Triumph Of Ubbo Sathla)"

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In the steaming morass Of a newborn earth Lies the formless mass Which to all gave birth

In a sea of sludge Of immense extend Lies the thoughtless mass Which is source and end

We all must follow Into her void To her fetid womb We all return

Her voiceless howl Resounds through time From primal mud And fenses foul

A limbless thing Mindless and coarse This wretches guise Is end and source

We all must follow Into her void To her fetid womb We all return

Fall through the aeons
Onward to the earth in it's prime
Fall through the aeons
Becoming the spawn
Of the great old slime

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