

Disinter "Cyclopean Ruins"

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Twisted winding valleys, dismal jagged peaks
Wretched land of old, blackened earth obscene

Swing wide the gates of aeons past
Fear grips your soul

Looming on the cliffs, far from prying eyes
Brooding elder nightmare, hidden from mankind
Carven invocations weathered with age show
Knowledge of obscenities not meant for mortal minds

The gates still gape loose on certain nights in forgotten
corners of the world and foul things of old still lurk in
the dark, shapes pent in hell

The madness creeps inside, promoting genocide
Can no longer close your eyes, for chaos has your
mind

Watch with abhorrent abasement as ghostly rituals
Unfold, sowing seeds of madness

Whirling fires, raising up
Lurid tongues of flame
Evoked, from the silence of the hills
Chaotic dreams whisper darkness

The madness creeps inside, promoting genocide
No longer close your eyes
Whirling fires, raising up
Lurid tongues of flame
Evoked, from the silence of the hills
Chaotic dreams whisper darkness

Cyclopean ruins, spire of black stone
Sinister monolith, altar of nightmares

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