

Hollow "Snow"

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The date: September 2nd 1930

We sailed from Boston harbor, leaving eagerly

A quest of knowledge do we crave

Mustered for the occasion were men of righteous
stance

Nineteen men of skill and I, with inquiring minds

Towards the south pole do we sail

Set foot two months later on the continent

The explorations have begun, the mountains soon in
sight

Unknown, the terror that awaits

Walked upon these peaks for miles

The wind, it blows relentlessly

The loss of men and what we find

As madness sets it's sight on me

At the mountains

Fangs of ice and fear

Hide in silence

Caves that echo evilly

Lost in ice and cold

Our Hell's made of snow

Upon returning to the camp, a grim discovery

We found our base and equipment were destroyed
utterly

Our comrades' bodies torn to shreds

It seems we'd found a species yet to be known to man

Leathery skin, with tentacles and horrid, star-shaped
heads

In fear and wonder, we dissect

As we explored their dwelling, a city—tomb of ice
Carvings in the walls told of it's aeonian history

Realize an Old One still dwells here

All this is too much for normal men to bear
Danford's mind has failed
Escape, our only thought, whilst running through the
haze
Fleeing things unnamed

Escape, our only thought, whilst running through the
haze
Fleeing things unnamed

Unnamed!

Ran among this maze for miles
The stench, it grows infernally
The loss of faith from what we found
As madness firms it's grasp on me

At the mountains
Fangs of ice and fear
Awakened Elder
Yog-Sothoth pursuing me

Fled from ice and cold
Our Hell's made of snow

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