

## Nil Lara

### "Von Unaussprechlichen Kulten"

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I hath dreamed bleak and grim  
Desolate visions of the pre-human serpent Volk  
And communed with long-dead reptiles  
Silently watching through the ages in cold, curious  
apathy  
The unending sorrows and suffering of an abysmal  
humankind

I dare not again surrender  
To the deep sleep  
Which ever beckons me  
Lest I in dread  
Shudder at the nameless things  
That may at this very moment  
Be crawling and lurking

At the slimy edges of my consciousness  
Slithering forth from the bowels of their infernal pits  
Worshipping their ancient stone idols  
And carving their detestable likenesses  
On subterranean obelisks of blood soaked granite

I await the day  
When the claws of doom shall rise  
To drag down in their reeking talons  
The weary and hopeless remnants  
Of a jaded, decayed, war-despairing mankind  
Of a day, when the earth shall open wide  
And the black, bottomless, yawning abyss  
Engulfs the arrogant civilizations of man  
Chthonic retribution shall ascend  
Amidst universal pendemonium  
And those who slither and crawl shall rise again  
Once more to inherit the earth

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