

## Sorrowseed "Obelisk"

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I beckon to the souls of the desperate  
Gather your energies within the forgotten depths  
In the catacombs beneath unhallowed ground  
The Faceless shall now look upon you  
And none shall hinder your descent  
To the buried temple of the Old Gods, waiting to be  
found.

Glimpse beyond the limited mortal perceptions...  
To the nightmare that encircles the blind senses  
Unfathomed, the chaos of Astral conception

As one we shatter the Elder Sign's defenses.

Transmutation of reality in purest form...  
Whispers of madness undulate and resound from the  
Obelisk...

Pantheons have fallen to appease this hunger  
So too must worlds fall as well  
Renounce your beliefs in the Great Ones at last...  
The Nameless shall now be exhorted  
And none shall prevent their ascent  
To pick apart mankind in grisly repast.

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