

## **Septic Flesh**

### **"Lovecraft's Death"**

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Lovecraft's Death

The cold comes  
The rats in the walls break  
The deadly sound of silence  
As time decays  
You try to name the unnamable  
A whisperer in darkness

Our hound smells you  
The haunter of the dark  
Will come to take you to our realm  
Your life, your books  
March in front your closing eyes  
Beyond the walls of sleep

Lovecraft in the realm of the dead

Obsessed with Necronomicon  
The Arab's wicked dream  
You found a path to Azathoth  
And walked the Dagon's realm

Your friends were haunted too  
Do you remember Charles?  
Or haven't you heard  
The music of Erich Zann  
The call of Cthulhu we disguised  
With notes and raving rhythms  
To spread the seed of lurking fear  
Into the heart of man

Lovecraft in the realm of the dead

Your time is out you saw too much  
You used the silver key  
You know too well that minds like yours  
Can never rest in peace

You stared at the abyss  
You'll never rest in peace

You'll never rest in peace

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