

Teratism

"He, Wretched One"

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Beneath the tides of lost memories
Sway and shake the lies that are unknown truths
Within dark chambers of legend
The ancient sacrifices of blood unending
Great vast pools of ashen life
Spawned to this day through gates of might
Across great rivers of night to smite the disbelievers
Doubt of the divinity of his force
Will reap only astral anguish
There is only vengeance to those that hide
Within circles made of salt
Summoning a force they do not believe exists
Expecting the daemon to prove it's existence
The foolish mage carves the sigils into the flesh of the
sacrifice
Set aflame from deep within his soul
Flesh soon after falls to dust
Wretchedness incarnate, Known throughout the ages
Time's sands burying all but the fear
Know that the daemons you thought bound by Solomon
Are now free to wreak vengeance upon the unwary
Seek not shelter with your silver charms
No banishing will protect you
All your impudent defenses shall be laid waste
And slain your self shall be

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