

Absu, ... Of The Dead Who Never Rest In Their T

Our Earth of black blemishes with a curse
Conclaves of spirits evoke and call forth
One grand night follows by a lone cold night
As the seven grottos head to the bowels of
Earth

The dead shall know there is never peace to
make the first sign of Voor
Flouting through the gates of astral planes to
the second sign of Kish
Dwelling in the outlines of wraiths to the third
sign of Koth
The dead shall nosh upon passageways of ye
Elder Ones

Diversified signs inscribe a reminder for the
shade of spirits
It protects those who would evoke ye powers
by night
Serpentine lamias and ravage-clawed harpies
Liquefy and eat into the gifts of decay
Every dream of man and woman coils by
the worm

As the ghouls race to the world of the living
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