

# Deicide, Dead By Dreaming

Out of my mind into a world between  
In search of the ancient artistry  
Lord Kur, before your sword I see  
The house of death is opening  
Hanging from their primal sleep  
Forbidden to be seen  
Spirit of the elder gods  
Are dead but must live on  
Still to life and yet they breathe  
Dead but dreaming.....

Lords of the world within the space between  
Wandering receivers of a sacrifice  
Lord Kur, beyond your throne you sleep  
Beneath the seven cities dead  
Encased in silent tombs  
Immortally exhumed  
Spirit of the elder gods  
Are dead but must live on  
Still to life and yet they breathe  
Dead but dreaming.....

As I smear my blood on thy sword  
Through the gates into lands I know not  
On the road where none have returned  
Come to life, Oh lords of black earth

Screaming ancient incantations  
Sleep unbided by my sight  
Dead but dreaming, darklords waking  
From the house of death set free

Sixty demons, bow before thy  
Ancient catatonia  
Elder vengeance, Lord Kur take me  
Darklords hear me, hung dead bleeding