

Septic Flesh, 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