

Undercroft, Spectral Town

The brave turkish soldiers were horrified
By seeing so much luxury and sadism
The ancestral howls
Praising the name of unknown god
Chilled their blood
The steel swords blessed by Muhammad
And the ancient spells
When Arabia was young
Determinate to exterminate
The blaspheme population of Xuthltan
And their perverse and evil demon
But the terrible beings
From the ancient times
Are still present
In the forgotten chasms of the earth
On certain nights they show up
In spectral shapes
To worship their master
And commemorate their macabre dances
The gates of hell are open
To unleash those captive beings
They will not be locked again