

Absu, Of The Dead Who Never Rest In Their Tombs

(...Of The Dead Who Never Rest In Their Tombs Are The Attendance Of Familiar Spirits)

Voor 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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