

Equinox Ov The Gods, The Nameless City

Pale shines the moon above me
It lights my way through the desert night
How much further do I have to wander?
How much more must I sacrifice?

Mentioned only by the mad one
The nameless city - shunned by all
What awaits I can't imagine
In my thoughts the poet's words I recall:

"That is not dead which can eternal lie
And through strange aeons even death may die..."

The wind... Unspeakable... so cold... so cold...
A presence... in the dark... the wind... it tears my soul

Behind the walls... Underneath the towers...
Of this cursed city... the horror I faced...
Beyond belief... I stared into the abyss...
The Labyrinth... The tombs of glass...
Twisted and grotesque... the demonic corpses.
They looked at me... with empty eyes...
And I swear... And I swear...
I saw them move. The mad poet...
His words... "That is not dead..."