

Gloomy Grim, Elder Ones

Falling like rain from the sky
Issuing like mist from the earth
They rise from The Ground to the land
Lords of the Worlds and the spaces between

I hear voices from Down Below
Blessed are The Dead
The time of my oath is near
Blessed are The Dead

Awaiting to see the Dawnless Realms
Blessed are The Dead
Awaiting to see our Reign
Blessed are The Dead

We are the Lost Ones
From a time before time
From a Land Beyond The Stars
From the age when none walked the earth

Falling like rain from the sky
Issuing like mist from the earth
They rise from The Ground to the land
Lords of the Worlds and the spaces between

We are from race
beyond the Wanderer
of night,
The Gods of Anger

We are from race
beyond the Wanderer
of night,
dead but dreaming

I hear voices from Down Below
Blessed are The Dead
The time of my oath is near
Blessed are The Dead

We are the Lost Ones
From a time before time
From a Land Beyond The Stars
From the age when none walked the earth

Unknown in heaven and in earth
they are arrayed in terror

They have no name
not in heaven,
not in Hell,
nor in earth

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beyond the Wanderer
of night,
The Gods of Anger

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