

Ninnghizhidda, The Awakening

All gods are envying my skills weaken my strength
Bound me with their symbols but serve me still
In the caverns of death I rest for thousand years
That is not dead which can eternal lie
and with strange aeons even death may die
The stars shine down on me with knowledge so arcane
In the caverns of death I rest for thousand years
That is not dead which can eternal lie
and with strange aeons even death may die
My cold heart pumps blood in my veins what a strange call
Awaken from the ancient slumber dreaming of my tomb
Rise from the sea stride to the shore,
Never surrender whom shall I fear
Pain is power eternity is might
R'lyeh soon will rise earth is the price
All gods are envying my skills weaken my strength
Descend into the ancient crypts into oblivion