

The Face of Oblivion

High On Fire

Ghosts of forever ride the pale twilight
Teller of the tale lives beneath the ice
Shadow of the haunter creeps within our sight
As we lay sleeping, horrorShunned dead city in the acrid cold
Thawed out the specimens as the blood unfolds
Blasts uncover terrors that shouldn't be
Elder race lives, ArkhamExpedition through the titan mountains
Sepulcher unveils beings arcane
Things uncovered make the men insane
Embrace our madnessThe blood I shed for you was divine
So turn you head and leave it denied
I call your name in the cold of the night
Now, you've become the serpent's spine

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