Dead But Dreaming

Deicide

Out of my mind into a world between
In search of the ancient artistry
Lord Kur, before your sword I see
The house of death is opening
Hanging from their primal sleep
Forbidden to be seen
Spirit of the elder gods
Are dead but must live on
Still to life and yet they breathe
Dead but dreaming

Lords of the world within the space between
Wandering receivers of a sacrifice
Lord Kur, beyond your throne you sleep
Beneath the seven cities dead
Encased in silent tombs
Immortally exhumed
Spirit of the elder gods
Are dead but must live on
Still to life and yet they breathe
Dead but dreaming

As I smear my blood on thy sword
Through the gates into lands I know not
On the road where none have returned
Come to life, Oh lords of black earth

Screaming ancient incantations
Sleep unbinded by my sight
Dead but dreaming, darkloads waking
From the house of death set free

Sixty demons, bow before thy
Ancient catatonia
Elder vengeance, Lord Kur take me
Darklords hear me, hung dead bleeding

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