

The Church

Infinite Spectrum

Chapter I: Dark Whispers
Standing in its shadow, the old temple shows its age
Desolation and decay hang like a pall about the place
The vacant gothic structure,
by padlocked rusty gate confined
A touch of the dimly sinister, which I cannot define
Dark whispers, tales of superstition
From some unknown, vast gulf of night
What monstrous evil dwelt within and left its mark,
shuttered from the light? Legends are evoked, fear of something locked away
behind the darkest door
Some things are better left to rest in peace,
Alone in the blackness forevermore
The square is oddly quiet, the church yard overgrown
A few people in the distance, I approach a constable
He speaks of priestly warnings, foul things of days gone past
And a cult that summoned evil, in dark days that didn't last
Dark whispers, tales of superstition
From some unknown, vast gulf of night
What monstrous evil dwelt within and left its mark,
shuttered from the light? Legends are evoked, fear of something locked away
behind the darkest door
Some things are better left to rest in peace,
Alone in the blackness forevermore
The dark sect took root within the church's gothic walls,
Sometimes town folk would go missing,
A mystery still unsolved
It took a valiant priest to exorcise the beast
Drive out the heretics, but some still believe
the evil lies in wait
Now I'm edging nearer to the church's iron gate
Missing bars provide me entrance to the temple and my fate
My trespass is revealed by those who make the cross
They slowly back away, as if they know the cost
Amidst the rot and tangles I search for entryway
Doors locked, I walk the path around the stone blockade
A cellar window, passage to within the church's walls
I struggle with my fear, but still I hear the call
Chapter II: Entry
Into the dark,
I let myself down to the concrete floor
Within the vast cellar of dense shadows,
my courage I enforce
A black archway to the right
leads to the upper floor
I climb the worn stone steps
The darkness I deplore
Strange as any imagining,
as if my weird tales came to life

Strange feelings, eyes upon me,
a malignant presence I can't describe
I fumble without light,
A blind man feeling with his hands
Stopped by a closed door
in dark as black as night
Pushed open to a corridor,
dimly lit my eyes do glance
The massive hall revealed,
through stained glass rays of light
Strange as any imagining,
as if my weird tales came to life
Strange feelings, eyes upon me,
a malignant presence I can't describe
Cobwebs dress the pews
The altar holds the dust of time
The cross of an unknown faith,
adorned in filth and grime
Into a vestry room are shelves
of mildewed, rotting books
Black, forbidden volumes
of legend or unknown
Strange as any imagining,
as if my weird tales came to life
Strange feelings, eyes upon me,
a malignant presence I can't describe
This place was once the seat
of evil older than mankind
The manuscripts they prove it
The local rumors had not lied
Characters and symbols
on the printed page
Occult, and long forgotten
from the darkest age
I see the Book of Dzyan,
the Necronomicon
Books of blackest magic,
darkest echelon
Within a ruined desk,
I find a small black book
A record book of entries
in ancient cryptograph
I recognize the symbols
from days of study past
The small book I take with me
The code I must unmask
Am I the one to conquer
the town's pervasive fear
that left the church deserted
for over sixty years?
Am I the only one
to tread these hallowed halls
since the start of rumor

and dark cultists' fall?Chapter III: The AscentThrough the dust and silken webs

I trudge on, I will not be deterred,

to the front entrance

A door reveals stairs

It begins with just one step

and leads to my ascentSpiral motion, pull me up

Anticipation, push me onUpward still proceeding,

in winding, twisting steps

The windows show a city

in miniature

Church tower lies above

I await with bated breath

It all seems so unrealSpiral motion, pull me up

Anticipation, push me onJust a few more steps,

to end this epic quest,

Just a few more steps

Just a few more stepsChapter IV: The Shining TrapezohedronAt last I reach the summit,

The tower has no chime

I see a stone pillar center lined

A strange box atop,

from outside time and space

Within a shining crystal, black as hateEntranced as if by magic,

Shining crystal holds my gaze

I see worlds of great stone towers

Alien terrainAround the pillar a rough circle,

Seven gothic chairs

and cryptic carvings alien

Hieroglyphs of unknown origin

The peculiar rock

the power to transcendTitan mountains, worlds of wonder,

clouded by a haze

Stirring in vague blackness,

struggling hard to look awayChapter V: SpectresMy eyes are pulled away,

a skeleton in tattered suit of grey

A steeple as a tomb

How did he meet this doom?

He wears a reporter's badge

Notebook of black,

clutched in bone white hand

The past his pages illustrate

Mystery of the church's darkest fate

Professor Enoch Bowen buys the church

Back from Egypt, so starts the curse1848, ten have disappeared,

Stories of blood sacrifice

are whispered on the airSpectres from the past reduced to dust and ash

Within the church's walls, unholy rites recalled
Message from the past, the conspiracy is vast
Within the crystal stone, into the great unknown
The priest warns of devil worship
and a box from Egypt's ruins
It calls something from the darkness
and is banished by the light
Some claim the crystal shows them heaven
and The Haunter of the Dark tells secrets in some way
They call the Haunter forth from void of blackness
Only light can send it back from whence it came
1857, they call it up by crystal gaze,
The cult of Starry Wisdom
growing day by day
Some claim the crystal shows them heaven
and The Haunter of the Dark tells secrets in some way
They call the Haunter forth from void of blackness
Only light can send it back from whence it came
Spectres from the past reduced to dust and ash
Within the church's walls, unholy rites recalled
Message from the past, the conspiracy is vast
Within the crystal stone, into the great unknown
Too many years of mystery disappearance
Opinion of the public finally sways
The time is right for justice, retribution
All that's left are ghosts from those dark days
The crystal pulls me in again,
entranced by far off worlds
Panic breaks the spell
Strange connection,
somehow our beings are entwined
I feel it there behind me,
The Haunter of the Dark
I slam the lid down on the shining crystal stone
I hear movement from above, I know I'm not alone
A monster in the steeple, I fear for my life
I run from the church and into the night
Back to the sane central streets of my home
Away from this nightmare, nevermore to Federal Hill

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