Hidden Lore

Dies Irae

Amongst creations of our dreams
Maze of Zin exist for ages
The enter for the gate is silver
It is your light, defence and guideAll thou looking for in life
Everything is lost in Zin
Great hall hidden for profanes
The throne hewn is stone
Might was right and shall it beIf it is your wishThe maze of Zin has lot of portals
Which leads thou to other spheres
Where no time, shape or colour dwells
Path to R'lyeh can be foundRequisite is your wish
Eternal burdens beyond dimensions
Yore the rulers of the earth
If thou reach ultimate destination
All secrets of the Old Ones
Spectral visions, insane mind
Will become your life
Ancient knowledge yet does not exist
Cause it is only our future
Hag- ridden dream without end
This is our subjective imprecation
Psycho- magic microcosm
Gift from inner space

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