

# What Can Be Safely Written

## Nile

Great Cthulhu  
Ever the warrior God  
Of all the old ones  
He is the most terrible  
For it is his delight  
To slay and lay waste to everything that lies beneath his taloned feet  
And the very lust to conquer  
What was once free  
Drives him onward across the heavens and through the spheresIt was he and his spawn  
That defeated the elder things  
Who had long possessed sovereignty of this world  
Before he descended on his gray and leathern wings  
Through the upper gate opened by yog sothothOn the walls of lost cities  
And in the carvings of madmen  
Who have glimpsed him in their dreams  
Is his image delineated  
Within a tomb protected by great seals  
He lies in death  
Under the weight of the dark waters of the deep  
Yet he dreams still  
And in his dreams continues to rule this world  
For his thoughts master the walls of lesser creatures[solo: Dallas]When the stars in their endless turnings  
Assume the angles of the same rays they shed down  
In the primordial dawn of the world  
Then does r'lyeh rise upward so the house of Cthulhu  
Emerges from under his watery prison  
The mind of the god waxes strong  
And he sends forth his will to those men  
Who are open to his influence  
The command to release the seals that bind his tomb[solo: Karl]Always the stars  
Never remain in alignment long enough  
For the enslaved men to reach distant r'lyeh  
Before r'yleh sinks once more under the sea  
Severing the bond  
Between the will of Cthulhu  
And the flesh of those he has enthralled  
Leaving them to wail in confusion and despair  
Upon the bosom of the vacant sea[solo: Karl]

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