

Von Unaussprechlichen Kulten

Nile

I hath dreamed bleak and grim
Desolate visions of the pre-human serpent Volk
And communed with long-dead reptiles
Silently watching through the ages in cold, curious apathy
The unending sorrows and suffering of an abysmal humankind I dare not again surrender
To the deep sleep
Which ever beckons me
Lest I in dread
Shudder at the nameless things
That may at this very moment
Be crawling and lurking At the slimy edges of my consciousness
Slithering forth from the bowels of their infernal pits
Worshipping their ancient stone idols
And carving their detestable likenesses
On subterranean obelisks of blood soaked granite I await the day
When the claws of doom shall rise
To drag down in their reeking talons
The weary and hopeless remnants
Of a jaded, decayed, war-despairing mankind
Of a day, when the earth shall open wide
And the black, bottomless, yawning abyss
Engulfs the arrogant civilizations of man
Chthonic retribution shall ascend
Amidst universal pendemonium
And those who slither and crawl shall rise again
Once more to inherit the earth

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