The Underworld

Evildead

Standing all alone in the middle of a promised land.
Where is it, where is it, beyond the moon, behind the sun.
Always in the middle, in the middle of nothingness.
Remember, cross the ring of thorns with a pure heart.
Fear not, all true gods carry horns,
they will throw your eyes into the deepest well.
Loose your sight, gain another.
Seek the darkest fear, the deepest pain,
a forgotten secret of every earthly mother.
"Here bigynneth the knyghtes tale unveil".
Every earring, her clothes and more shall fall.
Behold son for it's mystery.
Look, the world is falling with her.
The old man says you're here, you're here at last,
like a mouse you sat midst the circle
surrounded by the thick black smoke.
Always carry the wind of wings.
"You're here, here bigynneth everything".

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