

The Nameless Eidolon

Even Song

Darkness devours me again
the whirling, black depth of abyssmal night
And he stands before me like a dreadful prophet
like some ancient MysteriarchO those eldritch eyes
they glow like sorcerous orbs
like fearful stars of unseen spheres
wise with the secrets of TimeI know he came for me
through the vast gateways of hell
passing from fearful, grey worlds
hidden deep in nightmare's wellThe ravenous demons of time fed upon me
like vultures upon the flesh
O, cryptical phantasm let me drown
with the oblivious flow of non-existence

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