

# Root of the Mountain

## Abbath

Stooped now the wraith, more shadow than flesh.  
Once mighty hews lie sunken in chest.  
Spectral hoar frost spat on breath.  
A pulse ebbs, yet, still Lord of Death.  
A silent tongue whispers tumours in head.  
Bending will of wardogs led. To glorious carnage  
Armies were fed  
Leech to thrombosis  
Nations were bled.  
A world quailed in terror  
Stricken with fear  
Parents slew children  
As juggernaut drew near. Beneath vast crush of crag  
Entombed in gut of molten slag  
An Archon-King cursed to live  
As regent in Abyss of eldritch Necropolis. Stalking caverns'  
Gargantuan scope -  
Revenant sits on his throne.  
Emperor infernal  
In City of Bone  
And shattered stone.  
At World's Edge a mighty range  
Cuts through cloud impaling Heaven  
Follow fissures down - Behold:  
The Root of the Mountain.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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