

# The Book of the Black Earth

Adramelech

Come forth, Ancient Worm:  
rise from the cold red deep  
As the world unnatural  
finally stands united.

Come forth, Ancient One:  
heed the silent call  
of the words never spoken,  
of Wordless prayers unknown.

Come forth, Dog-faced One:  
As the stars are right  
And teach the mortals new ways  
to shout, kill, revel and enjoy...

Spirit of the sky asleep,  
as vermin rush from the mountains  
Spirit of the earth has forgotten,  
as enemies stretch from the deep.

The eternal stare of the watcher  
has been blinded by unlight.  
Those who never sleep are awoken:  
The dead shall dream no more.

As they roam the black earth  
beneath the soiled moon,  
the abyss of ancient holocausts  
stares back at Tiamat's rotting flesh.