

The Face Of Oblivion

High on Fire

Ghosts of forever ride the pale twilight
Teller of the tale lives beneath the ice
Shadow of the haunter creeps within our sight
As we lay sleeping... Horror

Shunned dead city in the acrid cold
Thawed out the specimens as the blood unfolds
Blasts uncover terrors that shouldn't be
Elder race lives... Arkham

Expedition through the titan mountains
Sepulchre unveils beings arcane
Things uncovered make the men insane
Embrace our madness

The blood I shed for you was divine
So turn you head and leave it denied
I call your name in the cold of the night
Now you've become the serpent's spine