

# 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