

The Books Of Skelos

Manilla Road

Three books of human flesh
Of Magik, life and death
Of times long lost to man
Creation of the damned

Before the ancient gods
And Dreams of Eschaton
The Ancients of the Muse
Combated Cthulu

His tentacles reach far beyond the grave
These chronicles of light and life enslaved,
Were penned in blood
Before the mighty flood

Nocturnal Lords of Death
Summoned by Dragon's Breath
To cleanse this holy land
From sea to desert sand

Like Necronomicon,
And Ancient Bardic song
These books hold many clues
To Magik law and truth

The sentinels of Hell guard every gate
These chronicles of light and life enslaved
Were penned in blood
Before the mighty flood

Nightmares turned to living hell
Enchanted under the spell
Dark Lords cast upon the earth
Armageddon into birth
By the books

Holy Cross turned upside down
Burning empires to the ground
Aiser Legions march to war
Halocaust of ancient lore
In The Books

Long lost Magik of our tribes
Necromantic book of scribes
Blood from human sacrifice
Bringing life that never dies
The Book Of Skulls

The witch begat her only orn
Concieved by blackest rites
Sacrificial throats were torn
To give The Demon life
Life baptized in blood

Mankind thrown into the maze
Of a cataclysmic age
Cadavers re-animate

As The Priests Of Chaos prey
The Book Of Skulls.