

# 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.