

What can wait forever isn't dead
and in the long run, even death dies.
The Ancient were, the Ancient are,
the Ancient will be.
They walked in this world,
after knowing the kingdom of stars,
and the stars will pre-announce their coming.
But before then the day of men will pass.
They'll descend through the door, they'll break the seals
and their claws will free
themselves from the ancient vice,
they'll find the way in the labyrinth of time
'cause for Yog-Sothoth time is only one thing.
So they'll go back and reign where they reigned once
and their oaths will contaminate the earth.
Oh, poor wretch you flatter yourself
that you exploit their immense strength
and their dirty power. Count the seasons
observe the sun and the stars
and when you have risen the stones
and implored their power
that will be the door through which
you can call them out of time and space.
So you will hear their terrible voices
you will see ever-burning malign flames
but you won't know the striking hand
and the destroying soul
'cause they come without a face
and men don't know their forms.
But be cautious in acting so that the tentacles of darkness
can't penetrate your soul
as the man who was too darling
lost his vital force
and chaos appeared to his mind.