

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.