

At The Mountains Of Madness

Orphanage

...the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole...

It's been not so long I accidently sold
my former frame of reference to the cold
thinking back, remembering, my tale seems so unreal
I'm closed up but the time has come to reveal

Anxious, also ignorant, my investigative mind
had led me there and led me to be so blind
haunted are the mountains, I plead for your restraint
or hope for men's survival will be faint

All my days are nightmares and memories haunt my brain
my former mind of knowledge has gone insane

You'll never hear this twice cause once I had seen
the sheen that filled the sky soon I'd die the mounts drew the
bounds
and I climbed one step too high soon I'd die

The cold that had enwrapped my heart is bound to freeze my eyes
the truth that seemed on our side had covered all with lies
take off my hands, take off my feet take off my ears,
rip out my tongue but don't hurt my mind, don't hurt my sense
don't hurt my intellectual powers

What is frozen you don't feel, what hurts is what you lose
but at this moment I gave up, the ice had blown my fuse
made out of cold, made out of fear God's will attracts,
God; s will is here

All had begun, when led by fear, right at the end of the world
high in the sky, here at the end of the world