

Funerary Descent

Sargeist

The sinister witch-fires gleam
Against a sky swirling out of form
Embracing the Undead Temple
Have their bleak flames flicered

Casting no living shadows
To remind of a natural place
To dance upon the walls and ground
Or to draw but nightmarish figures

Funerary worshippers crawling
Almost as a heap of flesh
Into the postal chambers
Enshrined with ancient symbols

To descend unto Black Earth
Where bones adorn all
Neither dead or with beating hearts
Are they, called by His voice

Gathering of hopeless souls
No longer able to flee
Flocking onwards
Down there where madness dwells

in the city of eternal death
In the shadow of the howling ziggurats