

The Crypt

Septic Flesh

In a dream i saw a man.
A face not strange to me.
He stared at me while i was asleep and wispered in my ear.
He led me through the corridors of my anscestral home.
He stoped one step before one wall, and then i fainted.

In the eldest wall of my home i found the entrance of a crypt.
The view i saw was so obscure,
Alien remnants, pentagrams and candless of the floor.

The crypt was made as a passage to the gates of reality.
And just when i realised the truth i was in a different shape.

I hear thousants of sounds
Like bestial laughs, deafening flutes and daemonic choirs.
Possibilities fall under control, unfolding new dimensions.