

The Curse Of Arabia

The Vision Bleak

The following morning.
Confused by the happenings of last night he seeks advice at the church nearby.
The priest now reveals to him his true nature.

One thousand and one moon ago
In darkest age of yore
Man praid to ancient gods
And lived by secret lore
One ancestor of thine
Whose blood runs in thy vein
Who travelled all the seas
Was said to be insane
So in one fateful night
When clouds did hang the moon
He crossed the river Nile
And settled our doom
In the strange realms of Arabia
He fell to gem and gold
And in his greed he cursed ye all
By a spell of old

Temples were made
Built by thousand hands
And evil did create
Gold from the desert sands
Gem on Gold
Stone on Bone
...And all did pray to great KUTULU!

One thousand and one moon ago
In darkest age of yore
Man praid to the ancient gods
And lived by secret lore
Grand evil was invoked
Just one word can describe
"Kutulu" was the bane
That rode the winds of night
Great riches he did bring
To those that served his deed
But death and doom was cast
On folk not of his seed
All women have been stained
Filled with his black cum
His malice runs in thee
Be cursed Kutulu's son!