

Call of the Dark Ones

Cloven Hoof

Black chapel mystic rite,
secret cove in the dead of night.
Tolling bell is summoning,
accursed brood to the gathering.

Witching hour evil stalks the land,
fog devours the village of the damned. Forbidden union of serpent and man, Beware Cthulhu is now at hand.

Blood red moon,
lacerated skies.
Ancient gods,
from the abyss may rise.

Chorus
It's the time,
the call of the dark ones.
It's the sign...oh,
the call of the dark ones.

Nameless terror from beneath the sea, in submerged cities waiting to be free. Crawling out from the primordial slime, desecrators from the dawn of time.

Grotesque idol crimson on stone,
cities are rising hidden now shown. That is not dead which eternally lie,
and with strange eons even death may die.

(Bridge and chorus)
...It's the time!

Shambling shapes and alien landscapes,
forces of chaos emerge manifest. Spreading disease and all the madness like dreamscapes,
realisation that the deep ones infest. ...Your mind is broken!

(Bridge and chorus)