

Reeking Tunnels

Full of Hell

There is a cellar of many doors
Beneath our Earth
Reeking tunnels stretching deep

The oil burning low in cruel haste
Leads you astray
Yawning pitfall of confusion

A labyrinth wandering beyond sight

The more part of men's works
Remain secret enshrouded
Eternal push against the curtain
Demanding affirmation

Rise from the corpse you fed on
There is no haven to speak of

Gorging on what remains
Mostly hair and skin
Only to again retreat
Reeking tunnels stretching deep

Fever and madness
Chaos and blood
The stench overwhelms
The lust overcomes