

Cthulhu Lou

MC Lars

H.P. Lovecraft, inventor of the cosmic horror genre, but most famously creator of Cthulhu

Calling on the phone, calling on the phone
And now you'll never be alone, never be alone
And now he's all up in your dome, all up in your dome
(As the tentacles pursue you, you can blame it on Cthulhu)

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When the Moonbeasts ride with their wicked songs
Cthulhu's on the hunt and it won't be long
So say your prayers, because you're locked in his sights
Casting shadows through your windows every night (every night)
One look in his eyes and you're sure to go insane
Still worshipped in the darkest Arctic caves to this day
300 hundred feet tall, giant wings spread, smiling
Part dragon, part demon, dividing and defiling (when)

The Reaper meets Cthulu, what you going to do when they come through?
Releasing all the demons and cursing you like it's voodoo?
Come wicked like I'm Hoodoo, they watching Polk like I'm Hulu
Evil spirits in their brain, they got 'em all going cuckoo
We the great old ones, MC Lars and Project Born
No escaping from Cthulu, pay attention, you've been warned
Like a catastrophic storm causing damage to your dome
Here's a message to your family, "You ain't never coming home."

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Because the oldest and strongest emotion is fear
Fear of the unknown, Cthulhu makes this clear
Neil Gaiman, Stephen King, and even Alan Moore
Loved Lovecraft cause he opened up the door
An amateur astronomer, lover of cats
Obsessed with the strange, bizarre and the mad
Forbidden knowledge, fate, religion and science (yup)
Inherited guilt, to him these things were timeless (Cthulhu's crying)

... and I'm riding, strictly homicidin'
Tell me what you deciding, hell-riding's in my horizon, and
I'm realizing the lie's they trying to tell
As my soul's covered in blood and my life is like paraphernalia
What the world can I tell you? The preacher's a living fate
Your family's dead, he's talking, while you're sealing up his plate
No mistakes, I want revenge, because I'm not lying

The proof is in the pudding, you see these young babies dying

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As a chill wind blows through the rows of sheaves
In the meadows that shimmer pale
And comes to twine where the headstones shine
And the ghouls of the churchyard wail
For the village dead to the moon outspread
Never shone in the sunset's gleam
But grew out the deep that the dead years keep
Where the rivers of madness dream

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