

Spectral Visions of Mental Warfare

Nargaroht

In the old Man's Dream
I was woven into spectral Silk
In the old Man's Dream
a Serpent fed my Hunger
with the Tears of Babylon
In the old Man's Dream
he saw an Emptiness in my Eyes
Insatiable
In the old Man's Dream
I threw my Heart
into the Cosmic Core
In the old Man's Dream
I left as Son
and returned as (harbinger of) Chaos