

The Crypt

Septicflesh

In a dream I saw a man
A face not strange to me
He stared at me while I was asleep and wispered in my ear
He led me through the corridors of my anscestral home
He stoped one step before one wall, and then I fainted

In the eldest wall of my home I found the entrance of a CRYPT
The view I saw was so obscure
Alien remnants, pentagrams and candless of the floor

THE CRYPT was made as a passage to the gates of reality
And just when I realised the truth I was in a different shape

I hear thousants of sounds
Like bestial laughs, deafening flutes and daemonic choirs
Possibilities fall under control, unfolding new dimensions