The Case Of Charles Dexter Ward

Orphanage

A magician with powers so strange resurrected from the past
He changed dust into flesh so not to rest eternally

See:
What is dust?
Death?
Or youth for life?

Onwards your spell drew it
Eyes will seek for you, trust a secret
faith in the unknown ancient melancholic times
Where the mist was, the old, the weak, are silenced
Like the folks that ran away after years

Never play with the raising of the dead
Powerful minds will overtake yours
Do not call up that which you can't put down
Memorize the words of the descending node

I'm climbing down now, it's dark in here
I hear the moaning now
I'm going back again to the cellar stairs
I hear the moans again
This time I hide my fear
I climb down deep and find the answers here

Embrace the darkness!