

The Sound Which Has No Name

Xanthochroid

No ancient script
Was ever writ
No jewel-decked throne
On which to sit

Soaring high
The Watcher waits
To slake his thirst
To clean his plate

His jaws agape
His claws unfurled
The Winged-Watcher
Swallows the world

The oceans rise and fall
With his heaving chest
And in the wind
We feel his breath

No cries are heard
No tears are wept
For wise ones know
The bond once kept

The price he asked;
The cost of death:

A single drop
Still glistening wet
Of crystal'd pain
To pay a debt

As time went on
The debt accrued
And we foolish Men
The price refused

Now all is lost
And we, Erthwile
Peer at the stars
Through his crooked smile

Your soul is crumbling, rotting
Beneath the chains of hate

Can you hear those mournful, helpless cries?
The sound which has no name
Open your eyes
The blackened fog has blinded you
And with this darkness you have shrouded
Our deep and wooded home

He is our fatal end
Our recompense
He is the fear
We all can sense

The creeping serpent
The reeking breath
The fangs of Erebus
The certainty of Death

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The certainty of Death