

Lyrics





Prologue: A Cursed World's Tale

In the days of yore, a fearless crew is on a ceaseless journey through the boundless expanses of the ocean, each soul driven by an insatiable curiosity. With wind as their guide, they're sailing tirelessly into the veiled mysteries of unexplored realms.

As they venture into uncharted waters, the crew revels in the thrill of discovery. Little do they know that beneath the shimmering surface of the sea, a world of unknown dangers is lurking.



01. Haunting Echoes of the Sea

full speed ahead sailing through a roaring sea
every sailor need guidance
mysterious and hidden dangers are lurking under the surface they're waiting for you
existing for eons but still unseen
demanding what is due to them
a crew once known for inhuman bravery is sailing towards the edge of the world
a crew once known for never going down under broken sails
becoming part of the everlasting entwined void
a dreadful storm seeking death and misery
threatens the life of every man on this ship
but in the blink of an eye the storm clears up and the ocean seems tame again
every syllable is poisoning your spirit and your mind is broken
you will obey the damn sea
just follow the chanting, hear the chanting
they're baiting their pray
enchanted daughters of poseidon
these evils spirits devour all your fear
even the boldest man is crushed by the first shriek
the symphony's horrible beauty devours them all
you may navigate through the wildest seas
but you cant resist the call of sirens
slaying souls
navigating to the maelstrom of greed
leaching vitality feeding the scorn
ruthless and hellish rebuke
terrorize
navigating through the hell gates of styx
swirl to oblivion is fueling the madness inside



Interlude: The Rise of the Tashmar

Under the shroud of midnight, hooded figures assemble in the hidden tombs of old kings, where the stones themselves murmur secrets of past eons. With grim determination, they unfurl ancient scrolls bearing dark incantations, written in a language long lost to the tongues of men.

The Tashmar, a cult - forgotten for centuries - desire to resurrect the echoes of a sunken god, a deity entombed in the abyssal depths, believed to possess the power to reshape the very face of the world.



02. Whispers From The Depths

banished into eternal damnation
fearing the wrath of an elderly god
never trespassing the forgotten dungeon
lost in the memories of bygone centuries
the beholder beneath the ocean
patiently regaining his powers
sensing the silence
and hearing his whispers
throughout the darkness
we will worship the sunken god
let Cthulhu rise

when the time has come the Tashmar will chant the forgotten phrases

and open the gate

to release a banished god

rising from his ancient tomb he will devour every soul

seeking for redemption, raging on his path

we will die for every sin we did commit

suffer to pay for

misery will lead this world to its final destiny

Kah Lih Mah La Toh Rah Sol

Gul Vex Jah Ith Ber

Sol Ral Tir Sol Ral Mal

Sol Thul Tir

Koh Ith Thul Kah Lih Mah

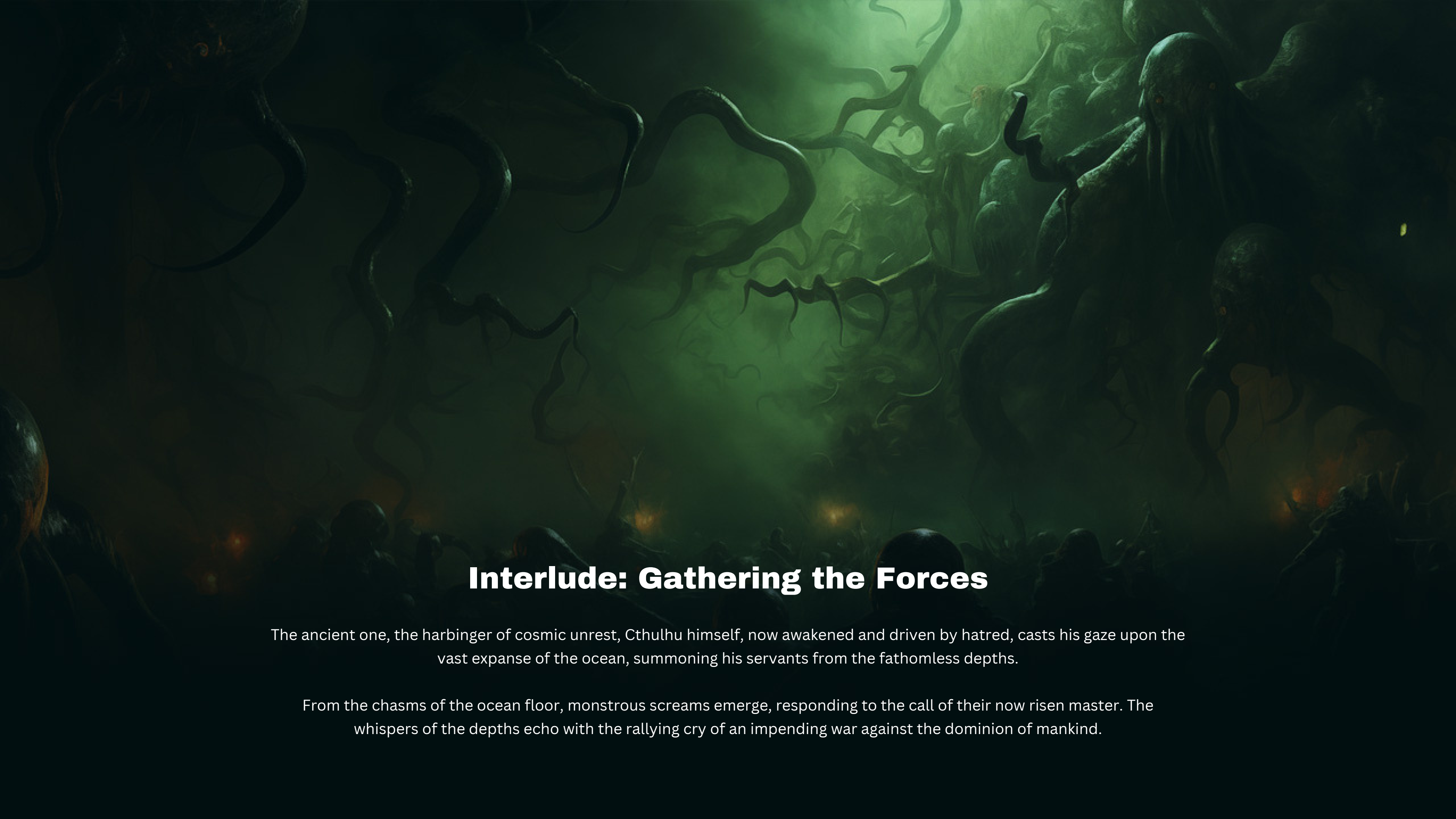
KAH LIH MAH

rise from your endless sleep

yes master i will serve

take this world with you

KAH LIH MAH



Interlude: Gathering the Forces

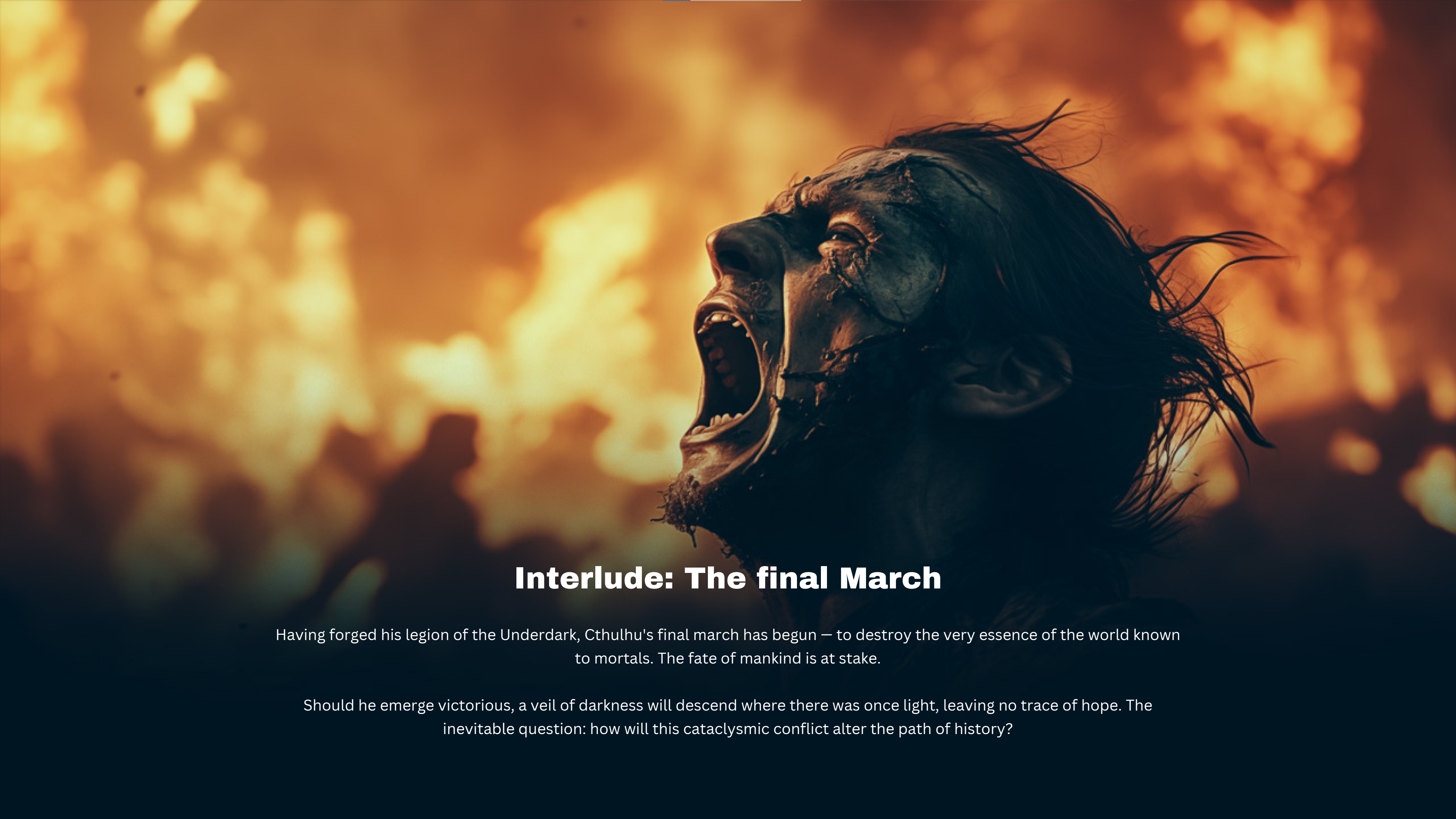
The ancient one, the harbinger of cosmic unrest, Cthulhu himself, now awakened and driven by hatred, casts his gaze upon the vast expanse of the ocean, summoning his servants from the fathomless depths.

From the chasms of the ocean floor, monstrous screams emerge, responding to the call of their now risen master. The whispers of the depths echo with the rallying cry of an impending war against the dominion of mankind.



03. Legions of the Underdark

buried underneath an endless water grave
deep down in a cold and lonely place without light
cursed and damned to outlast
to outlast time
sinister souls are staggering in a disgraceful and eternal prison
and they are lurking in their shelter of darkness forever
driven by their hatred, keen to escape
wicked abysmal pain
existing in a sunken society
no one of them ever seen light
they will still strive for the surface
dweller of darkness
disfigured and dissected souls, rotting in the underdark
once a golden civilization now cursed to suffer
swallowed by nature
suffer, buried below
pure and reputable once glorified
suffocating in darkness, suffocating in the void
in the void
thirsting for blood, eager to kill
conquering back the stolen land
in the name of their king
thirsting for blood, eager to kill
conquering back for the honor of their king
repopulating the dispossessed land
a new empire
hail to the king



Interlude: The final March

Having forged his legion of the Underdark, Cthulhu's final march has begun — to destroy the very essence of the world known to mortals. The fate of mankind is at stake.

Should he emerge victorious, a veil of darkness will descend where there was once light, leaving no trace of hope. The inevitable question: how will this cataclysmic conflict alter the path of history?



04. The Omega of Creation

Cthulhu the great leader rises from the deep
unholy prisoners, the world it seeks to reap
oh Cthulhu the harbinger of despair
unstoppable force spreading terror everywhere

oceans tremble
the land begins to shake
his wrath descends
the world's fate at stake
its from the darkness ascending
a nightmare manifest
horror to abhor its form
grotesque and immense
no defense will withstand
cults and whispers
secrets shrouded in mystic lore
humanity oblivious as chaos knocks
with every step it takes, reality fades
insanity grips minds as hope starts to decay
cities crumble swallowed by the mighty waves

as Cthulhu's presence grows
the world will be our slave
Its ghoulish army marches
on a path of dread
no refuge to be found In this shattered world
their efforts seem in vain where darkness holds its sway
humanity's last remnants strive to find a way
a tragic end awaits as the world decays



Epilogue: Cataclysmic Eclipse

Having vanquished the mortal forces and demolished their last stand, Cthulhu ascends to rule over a desolated world — the earth now shattered to ruins, its once proud civilization disfigured to smoldering embers, the air heavy with the scent of ash, blood, and the putrescence of decaying flesh. The risen god claimed dominion over a world now irrevocably broken.

In the aftermath of conquest, Cthulhu reshapes his new kingdom: light turns to darkness, hope turns to despair, and everything once thriving becomes silent. Welcome to the new world, the new order! OBEY THE KRAKEN!