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En ganska spontan och smått över-pretto Lovecraftish-text.

Thunderous Beings Of Night

Infernal names spoken in the eye of fenfire,

Esoteric territories obscured in drunken marshlands,

Still, in infant ages of creation.

Claws of mountains growing cold,

As perpetual spires of skies ascend.

Thunderous beings of night,

Spawned by stars and spiral galaxies,

Whose graves are long since sunk,

In depths of unforgivng oceans.

So profoundly unknown,

Yet a constant stranger in the mist,

And an immortal guardian of mysteries.

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