

Abdul Alhazred

Alhazred was born in Yemen,
Traveling in the known world;
Amassing lore and legend,
And the tales of the fiends.

A writer and a poet,
He was educated much.
Geometry, algebra, Alchemy
And magickal incantations' need.

From the cup of occult knowledge
He drank deep...
Driving a normal person
To madness or beyond.

Alhazred was once a normal man,
With desires like we all can.
He was Arab by birth,
With a pale skin in rebirth.
Being labeled the mad,
As he was once a dad.
But had to eat his child,
By the King of the Palace's might.

He wrote down the Necronomicon,
In more than one song...
The obscure, the forgotten,
The suppressed, the rotten.
Never meant to be read;
It causes insanity with speed.
Not interpreted rationally,
The thoughts cause a rally.

Alhazred was insane,
By the lore he learned within.
But he wrote clear,
With many a tear.

The state of the Universe,
In reality suspense;
Plaything of mad gods at best,
Sewer of evil in the north, south, east, west.

Humans dare not dream of this,
For their peaceful lives they cannot miss.
A warning and guide this book is,
And by the Djinnns you do wish.

Alhazred died, not a mystery,
It is written in history.
In the marketplace,
He was erased.
By the Demon from beyond,
Who wanted him gone.
Blood upon the sand,
There he was banned.
In broad daylight,
With many a sight.

He meddled with evil things,
With beings with wings.
He is now dead,
After he bled...