A Brumalisan Wish

Lyrics by H. P. Lovecraft • Music by Troy Sterling Nies

From the damnable shadows of madness, from the corpse-ridden hollow of Weir, comes a horrible message of gladness,
and a ghost-guided poem of cheer——

and a gloom-spouting pupil of

Poe—— sends the pleasantest

wish of the year——

May the ghouls of the neighbouring regions——
A Brumalian Wish 3/5

and the cursed necrophagous

things

lay aside their dark

habits in legions, for the

bliss that Brumalia brings

and may Druids innumerable bless thee.
as they dance on the moor's fairy rings!

Galba, may pleasures attend thee——

through——— all thy bright glorious days;———

may the world and the mighty com———
mend thee, and the cosmos rend

sound with thy praise and may

all future ages be brilliant

with the light of thine intellect's rays!