

"He screamed and screamed and screamed  
in a voice whose falsetto panic no acquaintance  
of his would ever have recognized: and though  
he could not rise to his feet he crawled and rolled  
desperately away from the damp pavement where  
dozens of Tartarean wells poured forth their  
exhausted whining and yelping to answer  
his own insane cries"

Subterranean vaults behold  
man mad enough to be here  
Through the Stygian hole  
to this malodorous gulf

Down, down ran the stairs  
in three abrupt turns  
Down, down, down below  
But this fool man just went on

The chorused anguish  
of doom-dragged moaning

Like a stricken flesh sans mins  
And the voices continued  
but so did he...  
Through the cyclopean vaulting  
and black noisome corridors

Revelations found  
Like silent eerie sentinels  
Haunted dreams that carry on  
Like vacant planets on their way

Haunted cavers he  
They wail their twisted cry  
The wail of the Tartarean wells  
Like a smister planets on their way

Sickening  
The formulaes of Curwen were  
found amid these haunted memories  
Where the science went to madness  
and madness to science

Theme from H.P. Lovecraft's  
"the Case of Charles Dexter Ward"