

*Half Deaf Clutch*



*Crown Soul*



Companion to the album CrowSoul  
By  
Half Deaf Clatch



**Extract from the journal of Elijah Humball**  
**October 12<sup>th</sup>, 1906.**

If you are reading this then I can only assume that you have found my journal, but truth be told I had hoped it would never be gazed upon again. The reason? Its contents offer a tiny glimpse into dark secrets and forbidden knowledge that no man should ever know, I solemnly wish I knew nothing of that accursed place where it all began, the whole ghastly business has left my nerves wracked and any hope I had of a bright future for mankind forever shattered beyond repair. This aside I feel a strange compulsion to record my findings, to lay them down in print and with them hopefully I will find some semblance of peace. What follows is a brief account of what I found on my visit to that wretched, god forsaken town many months ago:

The reasons for my trip are of little consequence to the reader, and the name and location of the town are a secret I will take to my grave, for I wish no other sane person to visit such an abysmal place. I will start this account with my observations on approaching the pitiful, decaying burg. The curious lack of people struck me first, and then the unsettlingly pungent odour. I dismissed the town's desolation to the lateness of my arrival, but had no explanation for the stench which seemed to cling to the air most insipidly. Walking down the dirt roads and partially paved lanes, I noticed an ever-growing mist crawling sluggishly at ground level throughout the town, I surmised this could be the source of the offensive odour, but where were the towns folk? I consulted the crudely drawn map of the area I had in my pocket, and deduced that a place I could enquire about lodging must be close by, I travelled eastward for a while, still perplexed by the lack of people,

paranoia was taking hold of me and I resolved to get myself indoors as soon as possible. The buildings I passed were in grave disrepair, they were nothing but neglected carcasses of their former selves, it was evident that this decrepit town had once been a thriving centre of commerce for the area with many banks, stores and offices – so what on earth had happened? What calamity could have caused this extreme change in circumstance?

I approached the hotel as the sun was setting, the twilight made the ghostly town eerier still, I opened the hotel door with a forceful push, it felt as if it had not been opened for an age, and to the sound of old cast iron hinges creaking and groaning I entered the tumbledown building. The foyer was thick with dust and strewn with heavy cobwebs, the stench of the place was almost overpowering, and the smell was one of death and decay. A sense of deep foreboding was starting to take hold of me as I surveyed the dilapidated ground floor rooms. I rang the bell for service, guessing that no-one would answer I consigned myself to investigating for clues as to what had happened in this gloomy deserted place.

Carefully making my way up the rickety staircase watching for missing or loose steps I found myself on a landing with several numbered doors, obviously these were the hotel's rooms, maybe I would find a clue as to what had transpired inside one. I knocked on the first door and receiving no answer I gingerly turned the door knob, it obligingly yielded to my push. My eyes struggled to adjust to the dark surroundings, but as they grew more accustomed I started to make out shapes, a desk, a wardrobe, a bed - all the usual things you would wish to find in a hotel room, albeit covered in dust and cobwebs. I found a candle and lit it, it was only then that I noticed a bulge in the bed clothes, and it was distinctly human in form. I half whispered a feeble greeting as

I approached the bed, but there was no reply. Slowly, cautiously and with trembling hands I lowered the sheet to reveal the face of the bed's occupant. What I saw sent me reeling, I had expected to see the face of a corpse, I was prepared for that, what I was not prepared for was the contorted face of a poor soul who had died in terrible, hideous torment. The features were heavily decomposed, but there was no doubting the anguished expression and the madness in its eyes - I swore it had looked straight into my soul as I had peeled back the sheet.

Desperate to distance myself from the gruesome scene I fled quickly out of the room and caught my breath on the landing, that hideous face still foremost in my mind. It slowly dawned on me that death must have been almost instantaneous for the corpse to look this way, frozen in time at the moment of death, left where it lay to slowly rot and decay.

Taking long deep breaths to compose myself I planned what to do next, and although common sense was screaming at me to leave town immediately, against my better judgement I opted to survey more rooms in that ghoulish hotel.

In every room, I encountered the same grim scene, hideously deformed expressions on the faces of the long dead, contorted in torment with the glare of madness in their eyes. It was almost too much to bear, I ran out of the hotel as quickly as I could and didn't look back once.

Panicked and panting I crouched down in the street, struggling to make sense of what I had just encountered, the mephitic vapour malignantly swirling around my ankles invaded my senses, its stench only added to the nauseous feeling that was now gnawing deep in my gut.

Over twenty minutes had passed by the time I had calmed myself enough to think rationally, and I began to wonder - had these people all died the same way? If so what could be

capable of such a thing? All sane answers to these questions escaped me, and as the time passed my curiosity once again got the better of me, albeit for the last time that frightful night. Once more, against my better judgment, I decided to randomly select houses for investigation, starting with the grandest looking buildings, then working my way through to the outskirts of town. Everywhere I went, everywhere I looked there was death – a strange and horrifying death. It had invaded the town during the night whilst all its residents were sleeping. These unfortunate victims showed hideous anguish in their poor dishevelled faces, and a stark mad, dead eye stare, that once seen penetrated the soul and imprinted an image so dreadful on one's memory.

After two hours of searching it was in a curious house on the edge of the town that I finally stumbled upon an answer, the house itself was rather less ruinous than the others, although it was still in a moderate state of disrepair. I forced entry through a downstairs window as the front door had proven impossible to open. Once inside I was slightly taken aback, the dust and cobwebs were markedly less dense, as if to suggest the property had been occupied long after the other residences had fallen silent in death. Peculiar archaic symbols adorned the walls, painted haphazardly in crimson everywhere. Large antique bookcases formed most part of the room and after perusing a few books I concluded that the owner had been well versed in matters of the occult, in fact I began to believe he or she must have had something to do with the inexplicable deaths in the town. The more I searched the house the more the evidence seemed to corroborate my theory, books on every manner of forbidden knowledge, ritualistic weapons and altars to unspeakable gods made up the largest proportion of the house's contents, and those

mysterious crimson symbols were painted on every single wall.

The bedroom was the last room I entered and I was not surprised to see a body laid out on the bed, I walked closer, expecting to see the now familiar look of torment on the face of the deceased, but instead I saw the gentle wizened old face of a man, who although extremely old had died peacefully, and a good long time after the rest of the wretched town had met their ghastly end.

I found a gas lamp and lit it, surveying the room in murky half-light a strange wooden box caught my gaze, it rested on a beautifully carved oak desk, and on the top of the box inlaid with gold was one of the mysterious symbols which had been painted on the walls downstairs. I walked over to the desk and slowly lifted the lid of the box. Inside were numerous old manuscripts, some in English, some Latin and others in the celestial language - Enochian.

It was at this moment that the full horror of what had occurred unfolded before my eyes, reading the manuscripts the terrifying truth became frightfully apparent. I hastily put all the macabre documents back in the box, and made my retreat as fast as I could away from that house and that town, desperately clutching the box as I ran.

What was written on the manuscripts? I hear you ask yourself. Suffice to say I will never divulge the majority of their contents and I have burnt a good deal of the most dangerous texts, all that are left are a few salient pieces which I have included at the end of this journal entry.

Cornelius, the wizened old man in the last house I visited had indeed been an occultist of some power and note, and through archaic rituals and sacrifices had foreseen the rising of an ancient entity known as the CrowSoul, of which it was written had the power to drive mankind insane whilst they

dream before sucking the souls from their frenzied bodies, leaving their corpses to rot where they lay. One particularly old document states that this can only happen when the Blood Moon falls on All Hallows Eve, which in itself is a rare event indeed, long are the years in between each coming of the CrowSoul, he has existed for aeons and time has no meaning to he who waits in the netherworld. Cornelius had found a way of protecting himself during the soul reaping using an ancient sanctuary spell, of which the mysterious crimson symbol was a key element.

After the CrowSoul had fed on the souls of the town, and dawn brought forth a new day, he retreated back to the netherworld, waiting for the next Blood Moon on All Hallows Eve and his next chance to feed.

Cornelius, now the only one left and living the life of a recluse, spiralled into madness. He wrote archaic manuscripts, performed ungodly rituals and wrote poems depicting the events of the CrowSoul's murderous dalliance through the town. He called himself Cornelius the Mad Poet from then on, and although there were many of his verses in the curious box, I have only included his main and most legible work at the end of this journal. In some of the documents Cornelius emphasised a great importance in the chants and mystical melodies, which he called 'The Accursed Música'. During the night the CrowSoul came Cornelius says these melodies carried through the air on the wind, like disembodied voices crying out. Although I have not and will never utter them aloud I have included them here in this journal as a curio for future occultist scholars to ponder over, if they dare. Last of all for your protection dear reader, the mysterious symbol adorns the cover of this publication, memorise it, you may need use of it if the CrowSoul ever returns.

**Manuscripts From  
The Curious Box Of  
The Mad Poet Cornelius**

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## Part One - The Emissary

Obsidian lusted night from the gloaming came  
Still lunar light it pierced mid wax and wane  
Death's messenger it flies on carrion wings  
Surveying lost hope of all the wretched things  
Corvus spy down over gloom hung low  
Corvus glide down over lives so hollow  
Over bleak landscapes of eternal damnation  
Shrouded in veils of Death's ministration

This is no hell or fabled lowly place  
This is Earth's own soil now devoid of grace  
The children of Eve grown strong in sin  
Oblivious to their impending reckoning  
Now to be judged corrupt souls of mankind  
Eternally lost in the mire entwined  
Carrion harbinger brings forth new doom  
Carrion messenger cries out through the gloom

Your time has come, unworthy souls  
The time has come to end all woes  
Taste oblivion and its long sweet kiss  
Dwell in darkness far from heavenly bliss

The CrowSoul comes to end all things  
He of flesh and bone and ungodly wings  
Black as pitchest coal outwards they spread  
Envelop all in darkness and dread  
He will come forth on the blood red moon  
He will come forth on the blood red moon  
You can't run and hide, he is your doom

The CrowSoul will walk amongst you soon  
The CrowSoul will fly 'cross the blood red moon  
The CrowSoul will sound Death's bell toll  
The CrowSoul will feed upon your soul

Hear this proclamation and hear it well  
All wretched sinners bound for Hell  
He is without mercy he is the flood  
Cleanser of this world baptised in blood

*Tempus propinquum, tempus propinquum*  
*Tempus enim prope est, tempus enim prope est*

Now Death's emissary takes to the skies  
Over mountains high this carrion messenger flies  
Proclamations all told, the night deathly hushed  
Machinations stirring silent that cannot be rushed  
Not even the breeze betrays clandestine schemes  
The damned lay sleeping, dreaming hopeless dreams  
In an eldritch sleep, unknown to the dreamer  
Subtly propagated by this carrion schemer

For the CrowSoul invades the world of sleep  
He burrows and slithers inside your dream he'll creep  
Bombards the mind with unspeakable dread  
Torments the weak willed 'til they lay dead  
For the CrowSoul dwells in a stygian place  
Twixt real and illusion deep in nothing space  
Inside the abyss devoid of dimension  
Waiting for his moment of deadly intention

*Tempus propinquum, tempus enim prope est*  
*Anima impii omnes colerent*

The CrowSoul invades the world of sleep  
He burrows and slithers inside your dream he'll creep  
Bombards the mind with unspeakable dread  
Torments the weak willed 'til they lay dead

The  
The Crow  
The CrowSoul  
The CrowSoul Comes

When the blood moon falls on All Hallows Eve  
A tangled thread of death he will surely weave  
Sucking the life from those of impure thought  
To leave their families alone in their grief distraught

The  
The Crow  
The CrowSoul  
The CrowSoul Comes

## Part Two - The Reaping

Time passed mundane thru twenty-nine cycles of the sun  
And twenty-nine lunar phases thru the sky did run  
Each accursed night brought forth tormented dreaming  
'Till the full moon hung in sanguine hue,  
malevolently beaming

Blood red omen of what is to come  
Loathsome carrion prophet will not be undone  
Sickness 'cross this sinful wretched land  
Will be cleansed by otherworldly hand

In the ancient boneyard where no one ever goes  
Mists are swelling silent with phosphorescent glow  
The CrowSoul comes this very night  
All is aligned, the time is right

Tumult upon tumult, mephitic vapour spreads  
Leaving no exception, covering graves of the dead  
Swirling round, round and round  
Shadows now are forming, ghastly shapes hideous to the eye  
Slowly with foul purpose a figure now does rise  
Rising up, up and up

Dressed all in black in undertaker's clothing  
Monstrous figure now fully formed, inspiring deep loathing

Hooked beak-like nose, red eyes violently glowing  
Black wings outwardly spread, crow-like they're growing

Outstretched so high and wide, blotting out the moon  
CrowSoul takes to the sky, to wreak a terrible doom

Circling and soaring o'er damned souls everywhere  
Frightfully silhouetted in the Blood Moon's glare  
Black wings a' beating swiftly pushing through the air  
Poor fools of these wretched lands, Beware! Beware!  
Lordy, Lord the end has come  
No Hallelujahs  
You'll never see the rising sun  
Oh, my Lord

He has come to take your souls every man, woman and child  
Suck them out from where you lay, in your torment wild  
There's no escape, in his wrath you are beguiled  
Dragged down to that loathsome place, so feared and reviled  
Lordy, Lord the end has come  
No Hallelujahs  
You'll never see the rising sun  
Oh, my Lord

And now he comes down to rest  
In the centre of the town  
Pungent mists swell at his feet  
Swirling round and round  
Arms outstretched he chants and sings  
Accursed, abysmal sounds  
The mist obeys his every whim  
Slowly covering the ground

The night air fills with blasphemous tones  
Vibrating through the gloom  
Invading the dreams of all who sleep  
Unknowing in their rooms  
Wretched choir it sings aloud  
Disembodied through the air

On the breeze the infernal dirge  
Propagates everywhere

In every room, in every bed  
Insanity prevails  
Fevered dreams of crawling things  
Move under death's cruel veil

The dirge goes on, suffering endures  
Souls of the damned, he now lures  
Pulled from their earthly bodies, joining with the mist  
Sea of ethereal spirits, unable to resist

Like the piper of Hamlyn pied  
The CrowSoul lures his prey outside  
With the mist and down the streets  
Souls make their way, their fate to greet

Out of the town they follow  
Towards an ancient mystic hollow  
Writhing round on the ground  
In a vapid whorl of sorrow

In doleful song, he leads them on  
In macabre procession  
Glowing mist of a thousand damned  
Tragic cortege 'cross this wretched land

Out of the town they follow  
Towards an ancient mystic hollow  
Writhing round on the ground  
In a vapid whorl of sorrow

They follow each other down  
One by one in twisted form  
CrowSoul looks in grim delight  
Upon the wretched swarm  
The ground opens to deliver them  
To their final destination  
Where CrowSoul is master of all  
The space without dimension

Lordy, Lord the end has come  
No Hallelujahs  
You'll never see the rising sun  
Oh, my Lord

Hear this proclamation and hear it well  
All wretched sinners bound for Hell  
He is without mercy he is the flood  
Cleanser of this world baptised in blood

In the inky black they'll meet their end  
O'er aeons their souls devoured  
Until the CrowSoul rises forth again  
And by the Blood Moon he's once more empowered

## The Accursed Música & Translations

על נפשות



*Tempus propinquum* – The time is close

*Tempus enim prope est* - The time is near

*Anima impii omnes colerent* – Ungodly soul that all should fear

על נפשות על נפשות – Secret Scripts

על נפשות על נפשות – Clatch



This album was recorded at Sound Cave Studio by Half Deaf Clatch. All songs written and performed by Half Deaf Clatch.

Both songs were recorded using a Vintage 'Gemini Baritone guitar, Part One tuned to Open F minor and Part Two tuned to Open C minor.

Half Deaf Clatch uses and wholeheartedly endorses Vintage® Guitars and Diamond Bottlenecks.

CrowSoul album artwork by Martin Bedford

