

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

# Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

# *The* **E**lder Gods

By W. L. HASTY, JR.

The gods my fathers knew are long since dead.  
They rest in peace; their ghosts no longer walk  
With silent steps through dusky rooms to talk  
To men with dreaming eyes. They lie instead  
Beneath great domes; the candle flames are red  
And flicker low; the wax shines white as chalk.  
Ah, bleeding lily on a broken stalk!  
Dead in the void which echoes overhead. . . .  
Drums throb dark passion in the reeking night;  
Thronged blood-mad worshippers salute the dawn.  
Grim, death-masked priests perform the dripping rite  
And chant the mystery. Its lines have gone  
Back through the mists, dissolving out of sight.  
They drink the Life which they themselves have drawn.