

# Marching Towards Extinction

## Conducting From The Grave

Lifeless torsos decompose hanging from the hooks in the walls.  
The monotonous sound of dripping blood echoes through the halls

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Passing through a candlelit chamber of lies  
Wealth can't escape the shrilling screams of undead souls.  
When the sky freezes over and begins to storm with blood would  
you kill your own kind,  
Would you honor those that died.  
When forced into battle morals become obsolete and everyone becomes a nemesis.  
Slaves of a treacherous beast to capture freedoms of the human mind.  
But in the dark glow of the moonlight's shadow this creature awaits.  
Visualizing the nightmares of an eminent future.  
Spreading fear and hatred through his people  
He embarked on a quest to sabotage humanity.  
A stadium of genocide at his fingertips.  
The apocalypse is upon us.  
Horizons fog with greed.  
No action is taken by the absent militia and the path to devastation remains.  
Who will escape the blade and begin a new age of revolution?  
When the sky freezes over and begins to storm with blood  
Would you kill your own kind, would you honor those that died.