

## The Aroused

Chthonic

Rush across the erodent Dark Cloud Desert  
Dodge between the Flaming Black Rope Fetters  
Tolerate the offensive Screaming Tortures  
Fall straight down into the Iron Web Layers

Faces scraping, eyes gouging, poison feeding, teeth prying  
Brains crushing, maggots digging, bones ripping, heads smashing

The ghost troops have failed to tie Tsing-guan down  
Powered by hate, he'll leave them spellbound

Bellies slashing, ribs poking  
Backs breaking, tendons splitting  
Hands burning, knees slamming  
Feet cracking, bowels twisting

The ghost troops march on  
As Sing-Ling Temple shakes  
Down in the cellar; Tsing-guan's spirit fades