

## Incantation Of Restoration

Convulse

Lusts are satisfied and  
Graves are desecrated  
The master raises his wand  
And calls his faithful subordinates

He utters the unholy incantation  
And starts this morbid ceremony  
They pray for the vital power from unknown  
So deceased corpses would live again

The wind of immortality  
Blows the spirit into their souls

Mould under the tombstones  
Ripples from movements of bones  
Corpses rise from the graves  
The invocation has come true

Cemetery has born to live  
Legion of death performs their duty  
The chosen are allowed to live  
The others judgement will be death

Judgement will be death...