

In Silence They March

Crystal Eyes

Far away in the desolate East,
something evil has been unleashed
The dead are restless, they rise from their graves.
The Undead King is calling his slaves
"Come!"

Forever onward in pale, cold moonlight
the undead march from their kingdom of blight
They seek revenge upon all living things
Behold the army of the Undead King

In silence they march,
hundreds of thousands of living dead
For vengeance they march,
they will not rest 'til the living is dead

Legions and legions of foul skeletons,
rotting zombies and dark fallen ones
All have been summoned by the Liche Lord,
who will murder the world with this horde
"Die!"

Forever onward in pale, cold moonlight
the undead march from their kingdom of blight
They bring destruction and death to all living things
Behold the army of the Great Undead King

The Necromancer is filled with dark mirth,
soon he has slain and conquered the Earth
At last his revenge is within reach,
when all are undead slaves to the Liche

And somewhere in the army of the Undead King
marches a blackened corpse that bears a golden ring