

Mystical Plane of Evil (Chapter II: Enigma of The Unknown)

Kataklysm

Floating in torment, suspended animation, captured in frontiers
,
Between time and space.
Dimensions, stepping through barriers, toward the void, the dark
Forces increase.
Near my goal, from my calling, still resisting, still hoping.
Perceiving in a shower of black fog, a big bright vortex straight
Ahead my course.
Where Damians block my path, using my last drop of energy, I smash
Into the exit.
Destroying them and gaining entrance.

Revolution of time, passing the vortex, restores my soul, feeding,
My power grows.
Of hate and desire, to destroy and receive, pain and pleasure within.
The lost domain of GANZIR, an ethereal plane, the world beyond of Beyond.
Afterlife of Damians, war bound of demons.
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The captor of inverse energy, the destructor of captive tortured Souls.
Protected by emissaries of alien creatures, unknown to human race.
The wishes of every souls here came through, the gift of

Annihilation, confrontation, elimination.
And reborn of new unlife demonic forces, instead of their freedom.
Damians....Damians...
In the great battlefield of death, some of LEVIATHAN minions use
Portals to travel back to earth.
To get more food....more souls.
Here, they are draining life with malevolent crystals which feed

And replaces the spirit 's energy with dark fumes, what did I wish For?
I fly through the exit of this hell, emerging from the astral Horror.

Reentering my body that was in my room, lying in a pool of blood.

I raise like a zombie from my bed, I am now an undead, a terror
izing
Terror of the living.
No, I want to live, revive.
I want to undo what I 've done!
Dead, dismal, rebel, warrior, sinister, hunger for life.
Unblessly taken to rotten crypts...