

Prologue Phantasmagoria

Limbonic Art

Dark woods summon me to enter
As the moon emerge from behind the clouds
Enlightening the primordial ruins of a hidden burial site
Ghastly shapes of undead souls flitting about in the murk
Very pale and death-like appearance, embodiment of evil

There is a legend in the region of this place, evil
buries but not dead
A psychic presence moving in the haze, cursed creatures
demented
Few have seen the entity and lived to tell
What dwells beyond the iron gates of hell
Supernatural forces, disembodied voices
Caught in the spell, phantasmagoria
When the undead speaks at night, from the black space
beyond life
Apparitions haunting at the darkest hour
Screaming in anguish, tormenting the living
In the shadows of the tombstones
A paranormal phenomenon is breeding