

Through the streets of chaos in the city where the  
statues scream.  
In streets where metal meets metal, the mighty tigers  
of pan-tang.  
Inhuman screaming statues writhes in agony and pain.  
The overlords ride their wagons with proud heads held  
high.  
I pass the straits of chaos onward to the plains of  
glass.  
I searched for symbols of evil to open dimensional  
gates.  
The cult of Slortar, the genius one. To slave and  
serve.  
Become chaos son.  
Spawned from chaos, of evil born, the overlord of death  
reclaims his throne.  
With demonsword in hand and demonguards  
by side the theocrat will rule till the end of time.  
Opening an alternate timespace where fury and storms  
were born,  
searching for new demonbreeds to raise hell in glorious  
form.  
Bound for existence eternal in rings of purest gold.  
To show powers to the mortals, raising elemental  
storms.  
Summoning the travel demon to journey through the  
plains.  
To fight for what's rightfully ours, guided by Slortar  
the old.  
The city of the screaming statues belongs to overlord.  
The overlord of death.  
Spawned from chaos, of evil born, the overlord of death  
reclaims his throne.  
With demonsword in hand and demonguards by side the  
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will rule till the end of time