

Soldiers Of Immortality

Thy Art Is Murder

Beneath the surface lies a legion of the darkest era, buried in masses, burnt and left as ashes.
The graves are filled with maggots eating, rotting flesh decay, slayed.
Their life raped from them.
They swarm like locust, in the form of spectral hate.
Ghosts in the fog, reapers of the night, they remain trapped between
dimesions disembodied souls, tormented in the afterlife.
Haunting the living, possessing the weak, their spirits hunt to a venge
their death haunting the living possessing the weak controlled by the
army of torment, seizing their mind, infiltration of insanity, turning
their prey on each other, tearing organs from their allies, the
poisoin
fumes from these burning souls now spread this flame.
Tearing themselves apart from the inside ripping sanity to pieces...sanity to pieces, unsuspected slaughter from an icon of trust
once a protector, now an executioner.
The dead will rise.
Soldiers of immortality.
The dead will rise.
The depths of hell await thee.