

# 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  
dimensions 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  
poison  
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.