

They rose from the night ; shouldn't ever been born
Ghouls from the lives that ended so torn
Cursed for the decayed souls they once had
Dishonored warriors no eyes can be laid..

Upon these times of fear and hate
the shadows twisted form on the walls
Upon these times of sin and retributions unclaimed
the spirits will march in the night
Wretched spirits in the night

Despair forms a darkness solid on a torn empire
Spectres roam all around the land
Beings unspoken gathered here from afar

No redemption
Doomed to scavenge!

No freedom
Gods revenge!

Shackles remain on the fallen

No redemption!

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Hatred pierces the hearts of men
bringing down the August Star Of Heaven
Now cursed will be all that once was pure
No forgiveness shall be given..

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