

Bane Of Existence "The Approaching"

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They're out there.
They're coming
Their arrival... approaching.
They're coming.
Judgment Day.
Our doom... impending.
One with Space
Forgotten Ones as ancient as time
Preparing to unleash destruction and evil on Mankind.
There is a force more evil,
More sinister than Hell.
Minions from the furthest reaches
Propelled from the deep blackness
In which they dwell.
Vomited forth,
A plagued creation
Spawned millennia ago.
Now they've returned to erase our existence
From the face of this dying world.
Ancient evil,
Shadowed in darkness
Has arrived at last
Mankind's reality now reversed.
Blood and bone.
Back to dirt.
The race for the end has now begun.
Joined in death by the rays of our dying sun.

The approaching is at hand...
We tried to make a stand.
To rise up and rebel against the invading forces.
A failed attempt to survive
For the Earth turned red with our blood.
There was no escaping chaos.
Hell hath reigned down from the sky.
With swift and cruel impiety,
The demons dominated freely.
New World order now instated
To bring evil back from slumber.
With technological advancements,
The creatures performed acts of cruelty
On their feeble human captives.

Vile sickening experimentation
Used to resurrect the soul of Satan.
From the deep and dark dimensions
They had returned with one intention.
This is the end of our civilization.
Slaughtered by our ancient creators

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