

Convulse

"Incantation Of Restoration"

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Lusts are satisfied and
Graves are desecrated
The master raises his wand
And calls his faithful subordinates

He utters the unholy incantation
And starts this morbid ceremony
They pray for the vital power from unknown
So deceased corpses would live again

The wind of immortality
Blows the spirit into their souls

Mould under the tombstones
Ripples from movements of bones
Corpses rise from the graves
The invocation has come true

Cemetery has born to live
Legion of death performs their duty
The chosen are allowed to live
The others judgement will be death

Judgement will be death...

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