

Demonic Resurrection "Invoking The Demons"

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Grim cold caverns, standing at the edge of the earth.
Wretched little spawn, sitting at the helm of all he
surveys.

Bones of the dead and obscure trivial things,
From the depths of hell, and of magical origin.
Amassed with intent for invoking of the demons.

Advent darkness ascertains commencement
Of pagan rituals, to summon forth
The legions of demons who shall rise from the dead
And come to the bidding of the wretched little one

Thundering skies
Panoptic gray clouds of doom
From which the lightning strikes

The encompassing vile wind
Ravaging the cold barren land
From bloodied heavens, hell descends

A raging fury in the form of pure evil
And blood that falls in form of rain
Marks the coming of invoked demons

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