

Elephant "The Demon Incarnate"

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Asleep below the freezing earth, stirred by the call of
the accursed mask
Old, dark memories of triumph - a sanctuary of pain
and hate
Decaying limbs claw through the dirt - the gruesome
stench of the past
Grotesque shapes obscured by the fog, the moon a
bone-white glow
Primitive ghoulish hunger to kill, to gore, consume
Decrepit are the living, The Demon's will be done
The Evil Eye aflame with the power of necromancy
An immobilizing stare torturing pitiful souls

The cemetery is alive with the lurching undead
Exhuming horrible sins in the dead of night
A lurid flashing light - anguish and torment
Raising all enslaved by death

A grim and turgid darkness, contorted forms and
shadows
Ashes of angels fall like snow upon a grey and lifeless
ground
The throbbing pulse of The Gravehammer is buried by
sadness and gloom
Until only silence is echoing in eternity

In the rotting air, Granath smiles upon Ovu Mobani
incarnate
The graveless horror embodied in a zombie's flesh

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