

Lair Of The Minotaur "Horde Of Undead Vengeance"

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Pierced by the sun,
Enduring time
Stands a shrine,
The haunted forest of the witch,
Repulsive theurgist,

Grim Alkimedede
Brings unholy offerings,
Summon shades to the pit,
Spill the blood in hallowed trench,
From the spout of virgin necks,

Swarming black snakes, half dead tissues
Yet living entrails and gouts of blood,

Hekate led, the ghosts to the upper world,
Her passing heralded by baying hounds,
With fierce cries, the witch calls upon the night,
As the spell is cast, the spectres rise,

The ghost of Kretheus, gazed upon his mournful son,
He sipped the blood, and uttered ancient words,
"Jason is safe, but the King plans Aeson's death,
Pray to Phlegethon to raise his horde",

She appeased, the god of triple form,
With the sacrifice, of the grand bull,
Go you demons, from this evil crypt,
Raid the caravan, of the emperor,

Horde of vengeance,
From hallow graves,
Undead soldiers,
Usurp the wicked crown,
Cursed dead,
Rising from the ground,
Nekro army,
Bring the tyrant down,

Eagerly they drank from the castle guards,
And drained the blood from the queen,

Let accursed fear, grip his mad heart,
Let him scream until he is senseless,
Let him live, so my son my come,
With grim steel, he'll take...

Vengeance!!!

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