

Conducting From The Grave "Marching Towards Extinction"

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Lifeless torsos decompose hanging from the hooks in
the walls.

The monotonous sound of dripping blood echoes
through the halls.

Passing through a candlelit chamber of lies
Wealth can't escape the shrilling screams of undead
souls.

When the sky freezes over and begins to storm with
blood would you kill your own kind,
Would you honor those that died.

When forced into battle morals become obsolete and
everyone becomes a nemesis.

Slaves of a treacherous beast to capture freedoms of
the human mind.

But in the dark glow of the moonlight's shadow this
creature awaits.

Visualizing the nightmares of an eminent future.

Spreading fear and hatred through his people
He embarked on a quest to sabotage humanity.

A stadium of genocide at his fingertips.

The apocalypse is upon us.

Horizons fog with greed.

No action is taken by the absent militia and the path to
devastation remains.

Who will escape the blade and begin a new age of
revolution?

When the sky freezes over and begins to storm with
blood

Would you kill your own kind, would you honor those
that died.

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