

Occult "Souls"

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We the souls of evil unite
We the black figures appear
Battlefield is near, Occult legion laugh
We have no fear, strong and rough

We are spawned by forces
We are taught by the master
We are dressed in black
Our goal lies there
We stand in pride
Side by side
We raise the signs
Who searches will find

The horses are packed armed with artillery
The faces paint black, causes more immortality
Our weapons are loaded, each one has two
Our clothing is strong, forged in blood
The storm awaits, high in the air
And darkened clouds gather
We shall fight forever
And blood will flow...They shall know!

They cannot kill...
They cannot kill...what moves in black
They cannot kill...what's stronger
They cannot kill...what's already dead

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