

Pazuzu

"The Haunted City"

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Hundreds lay dead and plaster the wet cobblestone of
the haunted city

There are no streetlights but the full moon on this
chilling

December's night.

Silence all around nothing but the cry of crows and the
rumble of the

Deads chariot ...The brave lie broken on the field of
fate, where once

Justice was sought...With pride our legions fought and
with raging

Anger, our armies clashed with the forces of light...

A grim sight, as bodies paint a dark picture unto the
hillside...at last,

Triumph at Armageddon...renewal is at hand...

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