

Son Of Aurelius "Slaughter The Immortals"

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A final stand is being made
A final fight they're all afraid of Olympians
Each making their goal to take down the
Creature, but swatted away like flies;
Heroes, titans, gods alike, angels
From the skies, every trick has been played
Each strategy will quickly fail.
Son of Kronos
Scepter fails to make a scratch and die
The Immortals will weep
As Poseidon makes his pass, Great Sea beasts
And Trident, shall not make him drown.
Legions from the undead armies crumble in the dirt.

Athena's wisdom can not trick him.
All strategies will fail, quickly,
No Immortals will survive.
The Plagues of Apollo will rage and death will soon
follow,
Cannot protect them.
Arrows are worthless, child throwing branches,
Threat quickly passes, tremble next to it.
Aphrodite tries seduction as he makes her his pet.
Stealing pleasure from her perfect body
Mutilated, devoured, gaped.
Kronos sending his Titans, devoured never frightened,
The last stand of

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