

## **Thy Art Is Murder "Soldiers Of Immortality"**

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Beneath the surface lies a legion of the darkest era,  
buried in masses, burnt and left as ashes.  
The graves are filled with maggots eating, rotting flesh  
decay, slayed.  
Their life raped from them.  
They swarm like locust, in the form of spectral hate.  
Ghosts in the fog, reapers of the night, disembodied  
souls, tormented in the afterlife.  
Haunting the living, possessing the weak, controlled by  
the army of torment, seizing their mind, infiltration of  
insanity, turning the pretty on eachother, tearing  
organs from their allies, now spread this flame.  
Tearing themselves apart from the inside, once a  
protector, now an executioner, the dead will rise.  
The depts of hell await thee.

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