

## **Rings Of Saturn**

# **"Grinding Of Internal Organs"**

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From the bowels of the earth they will arise I summon  
your dead to work for me  
From the bowels of the earth they will arise I summon  
your dead to work for me  
To raise an army unlike one's ever seen ancestral  
beings wipe out  
This failed race  
Fertile earth and water for the starved true creators  
once extinguished but brought forth to kill another day  
Oppressive rule returns to transcend the weak  
foundations of man  
Awakening the undead immortal servants risen only to  
eliminate  
Sinking rotting teeth screams of the frail as they get  
devoured carrion corpses running wild there is no  
salvation  
Grinding of internal organs creates a pleasurable  
sound

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your dead to work for me  
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To raise an army unlike one's ever seen ancestral  
beings wipe out  
This failed race  
Fertile earth and water for the starved true  
creators once extinguished but brought forth to kill  
another day  
Torn apart by the mutated deceased ripping you apart  
as your stumps bleed eternally  
I live on even as your flesh deteriorates spreading  
myself among the oblivious populous infecting  
everything around with my viral antigen

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