

Procession

"The Funeral Of An Age"

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The King spoke:

This Empire comes to an end

Long forgotten shall be my name

Once crowned

And now betrayed

By this sickness running through my veins

My vision has turned to black

In this pestilent chamber of disease

Human fragments

Over my face

I cannot breath

I cannot see

The Cult spoke:

Defeated

Devoured

Shall be the king

Eternal

Superior

The Cult of Disease

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