From Ruins We Rise

Conducting from the Grave

Enslaved to the cold earths scorn we lie buried and long forgotten, once heroes loved by our kingdom we decay in a nameless tomb, for we journeyed forth on a path of empty promises paved by the bones of our predecessors. We gained nothing for what was lost. This throne was left to shatter in this endless frost. Enslaved to the cold earths scorn we lie buried and long forgotten, once heroes loved by our kingdom we decay in nameless tomb. Our crown has been relinquished, overthrown from the throne, forgotten as we fade to bone flesh withers beneath unmarked stones. Those who escaped this fate, the very ones we saved, they breathe the air above, as nails seal us in and dirt piles fall upon us, they journey onward as we rot below. How could it end like this? We sacrificed it all, only to perish, only to fall. Frantic fists strike this casket lid a splintered hand escapes, blistered claws climb up through hardened soil. Break free the chains of this earth, retribution fuels an unholy rebirth. Break free the chains of this earth for retribution. We rise! We have risen from the grief of the grave seeking those who enslaved and the ones that we saved, the tellers of false fortunes shall suffer, this skeletal onslaught rides to reclaim the crown, a path of our journey traced by the bodies of liars. We gained nothing for what was lost, this throne was left to shatter in this endless frost. Limb by limb and piece by piece, bone by bone your life is released, we cleave and we hack and we rip and we tear and we break and we sever. We rise from this burial reborn no longer lost souls to be mourned,er for human flesh to be torn. an undead army enslaved to bitterness and scorn, we hung

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