

Voodoo Curse

Mortician

A mission in a world of death
Where walking zombies roam the earth
The powder to bring back the dead
Protected by an ancient curse
Souls are trapped in endless torment
Controlled by the high priest of death
Caught, tortured and buried alive
You meet with death, your soul is mine
Powder returns you back to life
To roam the world with those that died
You're cursed forever to roam the earth
A soulless corpse of living death

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