Apocalypse

The Chasm

When the forces of utter chaos, ruled the land of Barbarian Majesy.
The lords of ancient cruelty were the Architects of Apocalyping empires,
a legion so foul and strong, their wicked souls, Madness to the extreme,
but with a bright sense of will and pride.
Dressed in putrefaction and gore, Kings of the universe of the Deceased,
They were the main fiendish fear, they are the spirits that will reign again,
they swore to return to spread the suffering, and with anxiety my heart is pounding faster, as I wait,
'coz I'm part of their Immortal blood....and together we shall bring our past alive.

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