

Before the Throne of Infection

Annotations of an Autopsy

Kneel before the tomb of disease
Decimate all
Standing at its doorways, ghostly shrieks aproach me
Distorted by the air
Kneel before the tomb of disease
The stench, the smell of dismemberment pleases me
This place will be my tomb; it haunts me
Ghastly shrieks, pungent stenchs, this is my resting place
This will be my undead fortress
My soul reigns eternally
On my throne

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