

The Aroused

Chthonic

Rush across the erodent Dark Cloud Desert
Dodge between the Flaming Black Rope Fetters
Tolerate the offensive Screaming Tortures
Fall straight down into the Iron Web Layers

Faces scraping, eyes gouging, poison feeding, teeth prying
Brains crushing, maggots digging, bones ripping, heads smashing

The ghost troops have failed to tie Tsing-guan down
Powered by hate, he'll leave them spellbound

Bellies slashing, ribs poking
Backs breaking, tendons splitting
Hands burning, knees slamming
Feet cracking, bowels twisting

The ghost troops march on
As Sing-Ling Temple shakes
Down in the cellar; Tsing-guan's spirit fades