

Breath of the Pestilence

Zemial

The Breath of the Pestilence is near
By the misuse of black spells beyond all fears
The scepter of power in your hand you clutch
The black lotus put you in a deceiving trance

Hypergeometry and it's codes are now distant words
Like dreams forgotten by the sound of singing birds
The Devil smiles and the demons at his feet
Speak through your mind: "Prepare for true taste of defeat!"

The Breath of the Pestilence is here
The Reaper's scythe brushes your flesh he is so near
Panicking, you blow the ancient dust
Of mouldy magic scrolls, to travel far you must

Hypergeometry and it's codes are distant words
Your concentration fails, your key to distant worlds.
Now silent shadows in your chamber float
Demonic, deathless steel menacing your throat!

Blinded he screams in defeat
A crystal ball lies misty by his feet
Young pride that bears a mark
Of inter-dimensional Sorcery

Breath of the Pestilence

The Breath of the Pestilence is here
By the misuse of black spells beyond all fears
The scepter of power from your hand you drop
The black lotus put you in a deceiving trance