

Kataklysm, Mystical Plane Of Evil

(Chapter 2 - Enigma Of The Unknown)

Floating in torment, suspended animation, captured in frontiers, =
between time and space.

Dimensions, stepping through barriers, toward the void, the dark =
forces increase.

Near my goal, from my calling, still resisting, still hoping.

Perceiving in a shower of black fog, a big bright vortex straight =
ahead my course.

Where Damians block my path, using my last drop of energy, I smash =
into the exit.

Destroying them and gaining entrance.

Revolution of time, passing the vortex, restores my soul, feeding, =
my power grows.

Of hate and desire, to destroy and receive, pain and pleasure =
within.

The lost domain of GANZIR, an ethereal plane, the world beyond of =
beyond.

Afterlife of Damians, war bound of demons.

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The captor of inverse energy, the destructor of captive tortured =
souls.

Protected by emissaries of alien creatures, unknown to human race.

The wishes of every souls here came through, the gift of =
annihilation, confrontation, elimination.

And reborn of new unlife demonic forces, instead of their freedom.

Damians....Damians...

In the great battlefield of death, some of LEVIATHAN minions use =
portals to travel back to earth.

To get more food....more souls.

Here, they are draining life with malevolent crystals which feed =
LEVIATHAN.

And replaces the spirit=B9s energy with dark fumes, what did I wish =
for?

I fly through the exit of this hell, emerging from the astral =
horror.

Reentering my body that was in my room, lying in a pool of blood.

I raise like a zombie from my bed, I am now an undead, a terrorizing =
terror of the living.

No, I want to live, revive.

I want to undo what I=B9ve done!

Dead, dismal, rebel, warrior, sinister, hunger for life.

Unblessly taken to rotten crypts...