

Encryptor, Post Mortem Soul

Torn apart by sickened spells, the hour has arrived for death. Feeling a final tug upon his soul, he meets his makers face.

"Bow down before me," says God. "Vengeance is mine." there is no choice Lord's request."

Sin has ruled your existence since your birth. You did not accept the Christ Chances you've had were ignored. there is no excuse for this. As your soul is stripped away...

As your soul is stripped away by demons from the realm of Satan. You are pulled in flames Another death, another soul who lost its freaking way, and was denied eternal life. And everlasting pain was his only place.

Undead will feast on your body forever. Eyes torn from your skull. Rotting in the grave. Rotting!

Sin has left your treasures in ruins. You did not depend on him. Wasted your life and now beside the Throne. How will you explain?

You died a horrible death. And because you rejected my God you lost your soul. You lost your wealth.