Of all the creatures in existence, there are none most disturbing and vile than the undead. Brought into existence from the darkest of magics and the foulest of curses, those returning to life as legions of the undead rarely even know they still exist. They wander the lands without purpose, without thought or emotion, simply ignoring the rest of the world. There are, however, rare occurrences when those returned to life in this form are returned with their full intellect, full strength, and a renewed purpose.

Those who have known the pain of returning to life undead soon learn that while their physical being has become weaker, and more vulnerable to the ways of the arcane, their mental state of mind has expanded to planes they never knew existed. Perhaps even greater than this new mental growth, those who return undead find that a return to the grave is no longer much of a concern.

After all, how does one kill what is already dead?