

Ten thousand years pass as the flesh of a god remnants,
waiting for the spark of oblation to become nevermore
suppressive. Scales in the form of spines, Eyes;
translucent creators of sin and enthrallment. These eyes
radiate in never ending pattern until it's animation. The
anticipating factor of an act of blasphemy, pagan like
and serpentine. The circle created a square, the night is
luminosity. A vermillion spear of light, a howl of the
beast soars through the oceans of time. It's time for our
abstract aspiration to shatter the arms of Morpheus. Now
we are just a schematic. A figurement of time, a
measurement of mine. Now we are just a race with a
visible end. The human race is the only valuable source
of subconscious sustenance for the underwater ensemble.
Now we are just a schematic. Let the star-god apocalypse
begin.