

The gears are set into place; the final stages of purification are nudged into motion by our pious Pope. The prevention of the second coming of Christ is now drawing closer to completion. Dissolution of component forces act together as one - a single congregation tied together with one purpose in mind: The prevention of Christ's birth. Dead are collected and piled to feed the flames of a furnace fire. The day lit sky is now blackened by the infant ashes. As they rise they bring us darkness, turning day to night. With the remnants of the children burning, we begin the last stage. Surviving females are loaded onto transports and then shipped to our parishes where they're tagged, then stripped of their clothing, assigned numbers and then taken to eugenic controlled concentration camps. This is where they spend the rest of their pathetic lives. One by one the worms dry out in the sun at the mercy of their new master. Their existence exhausts itself without the ability to procreate. Seared onto their heads and their hands is the mark of The Beast. This holy number, sacred in its symbolism, now marks the doom of fertility. By the order of the Pope we condemn them to be neutered with a machine devised to sterilize. With a hundred tons of force, its name is The Cuntcrusher. Hooks pierce through their feet, then suspends them upside down to be fed into the side where they are conveyed to a press of blades. With their legs pried open, their cunts align. At the flick of a switch they are sterilized.