

With Legions

Oceano

You know my name.
Recognize my number.
Cower in the presence of my wake.
My forehead foretells of the chaos to come, and as I said there
shall be no salvation at the end.
No more world, no countries, or continents.
Only a bloodstained wasteland created from the aftermath of my
Armageddon.
And with my legions, I rid the earth of all traces of your existence.
This is a global extermination.
Mutilated corpses litter the ground on which I stand.
I am the epicenter for these events.
After your execution I want to taste the blood of Christ.
Does he hear you cry out with arms to the sky?
So continue to pray and endure this unrelenting onslaught of pain.
So continue to pray, find refuge in your faith.
So continue to pray.
On judgement day, God is no longer listening.