

Desolate Paradise

Rings Of Saturn

The worship of a false deity has reached it's end.

Civilization has run amok. Completely devoid of all mercy. The harbinger.

An insatiable urge to destroy the planet, even one as pathetic as earth. Vengeance is the most refreshing.

Fingernails split as you try to pry my hand from your throat With my ascension, my new dynasty will be devised. It has begun, awaken from your slumber.

Awaken.

Plant the weapon in the galactic nucleus. Disorganized, disordered planet. The energy increased with each final dying star I am a creature of malice and affliction. History shall at last repeat itself once more. Through me you will enter your own desolate paradise. I am destruction in it's most elegant form.

Break from the core. Shatter the crust. Claimed these souls as my mindless drones.