

Fruitless Existence

Rings Of Saturn

Erasure of degenerates by the celestial

Divine otherworldly beings prepare for a detrimental invasion of another planet

An empire reborn, fabricated from the inhabitants neglecting it's utter importance

Hollow eyes pierce the soul with no remorse, an emptiness not of the mortal comprehension

The atmosphere, thick with the stench of decomposing bodies, entice my minion to kill

Bow to your true fucking creators

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The odious, suffering the doom they have reaped

A fruitless existence

Ungrateful species of filth and corruption, we cast you into the void

Heavenly wrath upon the nefarious

Created to satisfy our growing hunger

They fade away, their extinction predestined

In place are celestial avengers

Who now gaze upon us humans

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