

The fabric of our mortal consciousness slowly deteriorates. The masses have returned to a state of primal action. Sit back, and watch as this material realm decays to a pile of bubbling flesh and bone.

Microbial proliferation, from the frothy tissues, stings the throats of the humans thinking they have survived. An utterly terrifying demonstration of natural selection. They're dismantling delicate limbs at a molecular level. Their fleshy tissues begin to diffuse, as the maggots slowly eat the eyes.

Their numbers have grown and humans are left alone to wait for the day that the king will claim this decayed throne, to take this crown of thorns as my own. The fabric of our mortal consciousness slowly deteriorates. The masses have returned to a state of primal action. Sit back, and watch as this material realm decays to a pile of bubbling flesh and bone.