

Epitaph of the Credulous

Suffocation

The servant of the higher power is summoned by the emptiness of the lost souls.
With wings extended, it sweeps across the land looking for it's helpless victims.
The young and old are it's prey; the ones not strong enough to survive.
With blood dripping from it's talons and flesh between it fingers, it feast upon human prey.
Fetuses decorated with blood. Wombs torn from their mothers; the beast has no feelings.
It sees no remorse and pities the hopeless.
It's meal vast and plentiful, for there are many to feed upon.
You see, there are too many who have no need to live and something has to clean it up.
It comes with no warning and takes what is his.
The old try to find their way through God.
Yet they are following a lost cause.
You see, in this world, he is God.
No God can save you from him.
The beast was called by your so called God to clean up what has been destroyed by the race that inhabits this planet.
The beast is full and the weak are scattered among the litter and trash.