

Leveler

The Breathing Process

I am the leveler We are century take heed my dust and humble.
You'll bow down and humble.

The sands will vanquish, vanquish your memory.
Now a desert was once a kingdom take heed my dust and humble.

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Even your gods have faded into oblivion in my realm of existence.
My hunger cannot be stifled.

Legion follows through where his muses have sent him to die.
The abyss known as time has threatened death upon his name.
The sands are all Centuries children.
And blood is what they lust.
Faith within his name is his only guiding light.
Light is consumed by darkness beneath the levelers tide.
As Legions devoured by the vortex, He's prepared to die.
Now you'll bow down.
Kill.
We are century take heed I am ever consuming