

The screenings have been reviewed
The targets have been compiled
We're coming after you
Swift justice with guile
My eyes now blanket the world and beyond
We are charged for the attack
There is no turning back

I have gained the trust from all the peoples within the Sanctioned Spheres
Epsilon and Cygnus: you have much to fear
Neither of you could maintain the natural order; you've become unbound
Like a weed that has to be plucked, I am breaking ground

Blackened wings outstretched over the sky
Harbingers of death invading your mind
Sentinels deployed to Earth Epsilon
Flee from the Reaper Squadron: Pteropticon

The Reapers break through the clouds
Missiles unleashed on the weak
My terror kept under shroud
Stealth fighters, black and sleek
Compiling terrorist cells
I get the help that I seek
Taking down the Cygnus regime

Panic inspires chaos: the discordant order of things
Before the waves wash you clean, you are beaten down, nearly drowning
You have been screened and your fate I am summoning
You hear the sound of their engines humming; they are coming

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Everything falls into place
As I cure the plague of falling empires
Balance restored
Cygnus is in contempt of my desires

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We have our eyes on you
From every Reaper Wing
They are tied into your mind
Knowing what you think

The population will be halved through our cleansing: every defect razed
Cygnus V.2 is now in command; your future will be safe