

The Pulse of Bliss

Vulture Industries

A thousand hinged screech as it opens its doors, inviting eager and reluctant to settle its floors. You must com in; within the fold we'll uncover your soul. It might sting a bit but in the end will fit the mold. Blood upon stone; consecrate, unify. Clay upon bone; dead flesh must go to ally heart with solid brick. Men of stone affirm all sticks to the pulse of bliss. Thus the night will never come and our walls stand for evermore.

A thousand hinges groan as the doors all shut tight. Sealed off, locked up secure from what lurks about in the night. Here you are safe, from those who wish to befoul and deceive. It's not a healthy option to even consider to leave.

Blood upon stone; consecrate, unify. Clay upon bone; dead flesh must go to ally heart with solid brick. Men of stone affirm all sticks to the pulse of bliss. Thus the night will never come and our walls stand for evermore to the pulse of bliss, in glorious light, this monument to what is right.