# New Pantheon

**Crionics**

"A paradox... Natural development
And the desire to be a better life-form
Combined with the overpowering need
To feel feeble
To equal their own, imaginary gods
Before which they kneel every day with humility
With hope in their hearts that their blind devotion
Will be rewarded"

Mankind has longed to be abased for ages...
Burdened with a feeling of infeority

Is it faith and fear that give meaning to your lives?
Your power which at the same time is your curse?
Is being human governed by the will to be a puppet
And expecting the unexpected?

We therefore give you new gods
To nurture your sense of dependence
We give you the manna -- fear
Food for the hungry souls
For which you only find meaning
Whining and begging in prayer

We give you X'no-D'aah, the new pantheon
We watch as the new gods, created
To man's likeness from flesh and blood
Send into oblivion those, whom until now
They bad served

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