

Mortem Incarnatum

Enterprise Earth

I am the observer. Mortum Incarnatum.
I look down upon the world perched on a rooftop.
The wind blows through my cloak.
I observe the world as it carries on, feeding on the carrion.
The flesh of their own, the flesh of their brothers, clenched in their hungry teeth.
Power and glory is what the people seek.
They can't think on their own, yet they perceive like they are alone.
This kingdom isn't made of stone.
This kingdom is made of flesh and bone.
Built on the graves of those who have fallen before them.
Masses of slaves waging war on themselves
in the name of the conclave.
Murderers. Adulterers.
Betraying one another.
Brother turned against each other.