

With Legions

Oceano

You know my name.
Recognize my number.
Cower in the presence of my wake.
My forehead foretells of the chaos to come, and as I said there
shall be no salvation at the end.
No more world, no countries, or continents.
Only a bloodstained wasteland created from the aftermath of my
Armageddon.
And with my legions, I rid the earth of all traces of your exis-
tence.
This is a global extermination.
Mutilated corpses litter the ground on which I stand.
I am the epicenter for these events.
After your execution I want to taste the blood of Christ.
Does he hear you cry out with arms to the sky?
So continue to pray and endure this unrelenting onslaught of pa-
in.
So continue to pray, find refuge in your faith.
So continue to pray.
On judgement day, God is no longer listening.