

Beckon

Rings Of Saturn

We have brought down the cracked, and pitted, holy gates. Etch these words into your skull, I am the king of kings and lay claim to this universe.

Everything will die by the hands of your master. Call upon gods and beg them for your salvation.

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Locked away in total darkness for the rest of eternity. Silence the screams that echo through the centuries.

Speak of the devil and so he shall appear. I beckon that he may, so that I can slit him ear to ear.

Conserve your last breath and let my blade do the talking. Embrace the horror of our everlasting presence. Such inferior species shall forever feel the clench of our ruthless, unrelenting grasp. And we shall put these fucking souls to rest. This insignificant dimension is doomed.