

# The Invoking Of The Execution Of Worlds

## Shadow Of Intent

We descend through the fucking burning skies to search for intel on the surface of this overtaken world for decrepit, morbid parasites  
Fear clouds my mind  
As we touch the desolate grounds, purged of all its life  
The Didact himself stands upon his pedestal and with his might he pulls me forth

Awakening from cryosleep I vomit forth the medication  
Proceeding to my throne, to oversee the devastation  
Upon arrival, I sensed something was wrong; the air was rotten with the stench of stagnant death

Responding with force, elimination begins  
Slashing and stabbing their way into our bodies, tearing out our vocal chords and replacing our minds  
Handed over to the mind that binds

Overtaken we are  
Proceeding to the vessel we had just arrived on  
The possession; unable to be broken free  
No time to figure out what is happening to me

Struggling to scream  
Lungs itching from the strain; extreme agony  
Attempting to destroy the internal captor I press the blade to my throat  
My body has no reaction, I remain alive  
Failure in motion; paralyzed

Their might cannot be triumphed  
Now we pay the price for letting them go it alone

My body marches to the throne  
Actions present, mind vacant  
I sit surrounded by my crew  
They are twisted, contorted  
Their suffering; blatant

Begin the extermination  
The invoking  
The execution of worlds

Me  
A mere manipulator forced to fight  
Forced to face the horrors of our plight  
I can hear them  
Inside my head...their voices  
Me  
A speck of dirt on the tree of life  
A subject of the deepest known blight  
I can hear them  
Inside my head...their voices

This world has been stripped of all its delicacies and purged of all its life  
Their might cannot be triumphed  
Execute the mandate

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