Pressure on the inner walls of my brain grows heavier. I must alleviate the pain I feel, for soon many will die as they come before me with effortless attempts. The search for divine power beckons me and the only way to achieve is to destroy. Victims of a

torn society lay in waste, as I pick through the bloody carcass es.

Dead bodies just seem to fall before me.

Saving the most edible morsels, the weak ones scatter. With blo ody

weapon in hand, I tear through the limbs. Cries of anguish filt

through the land, echoing in the valley. Many have tried to com e

before me with effortless attempts. I sift my way through the fields

of dead bodies, stopping to take a trophy or two.

The fields run deep and far, for I have killed many and I must travel far to reach my destination.

My final resting place, where I will be reborn. For now, the air is

still, smell of dead bodies is ever so prevalent. I am the last and

here I shall remain. The pain I have once felt is lifted from m $\ensuremath{\mathtt{v}}$

being. Villages of useless waste, a race witch does not deserve

live. I reek havoc amongst the children from a present with no future,

For I am the strong and those who defy me lay in waste. The day s of

travel are long and the stench of how many I have killed linger s on.

I am tired and need rest, but the forces pulls me to my destination.